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the
student

We begin The Student's year not with a welcome or a quarrel but a quotation and a request.

"There is no new thing under the sun.

"Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us."

Now that the second month of school has shoved all that could have seemed freshman-new into part of another continual process, these lines ring increasingly true.

Yet now seems the time to suggest *one* thing does remain eternally new—the ability to see old things with young eyes and new understanding.

We think Mr. O'Faolain, interviewed on page 4 has set this ability as a challenge before us—for the writer, creation of it; for the reader, perception of its creation.

We think Dr. Chee's paintings were done with the wisdom of such insight.

Of our own editorial board and contributors we asked above all an attempt to view their subjects with this light. We think they did.

Now we ask it also of you.

And saving our welcomes and quarrels for later, we consider The Student begun.

the student

VOLUME 77 NUMBER 1 OCTOBER, 1961

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Sylvia Burroughs

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ARTICLES

A Writer On Writing — Sean O'Faolain
Four Sigs In Europe — Frank Quattromani
Review: Clock Without Hands — Bud Creech

FICTION

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A Ten Year Old Tear — Mary Martin Pickard
Father Black and the Carnival — Bruce Smith

POEMS

Three — Diana Gilliland
Cemetery — Sam Allen

ART

Oriental Brush Paintings — Changboh Chee

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Profiles

— Hop

The first issue of every year is a challenge to those of us who huddle around the broken-down couch in the *Student* Office. There are many problems to be met, many questions to be answered, and much work to be done. How can we, the staff, publish a magazine that approaches within reasonable distance all of the ideals which lie before us?

A popular magazine has one basic goal which overides all others. It must sell magazines and advertisement. All other considerations must be secondary due to economic necessity. We have no such problem, the college gives us the vast majority of our operating expenses. You, the students, are a captive paying public if not a captive audience. You have to pay for the magazine whether you read it or not. Whether they admit it or not most popular magazine writers also hold one consideration above all others in their motivation to write. They get paid for it. We do not. For some strange reason we bat feverishly at typewriters or scribble madly on envelopes to have our words published for free. It may be that we are not at all well. At any rate, in this strange situation we find ourselves that we must reconcile not our income with our debts, but our aspirations with your taste. We both try. Often we make each other ill. The eternal question remains: How can we stand to write what you want to read and how can you stand to read what we want to write? No wonder even the most unfeeling of our staff sometimes wakes up in the night with foam on his lips.

This year we will try, as others have tried before us, to reach a balance. We will try to keep our magazine interesting for you, but we will not publish dirty jokes. We will try to write about some of the things which interest you and will try to communicate some of our fascination for the things which you consider "arty" or effete. This is our pledge. With a lot of luck, a lot of tranquilizers, and a little talent we may make it.

This month the talent seems to be in abundance. Our editor is well known for both her efficiency and her winning ways. Sylvia is the first editor of the *Student* in many years to be both female and a junior. She overcomes both obstacles with consummate ease. Her fund of ideas is inexhaustable and her knowledge of publishing complete. Besides, she is pretty. Such a wealth of sterling qualities completely overwhelms my petty quibble that she tries to make a human being of me.

The associate editor is quite mad, but other members of the staff seem to know how to handle him and he becomes violent less frequently now. (Editor's note—Beside being quite mad, the associate editor can write. A rare combination of a talented *and* an angry young man. His work will appear in forthcoming issues—probably talented, perhaps angry, but certainly mad.)

The first picture to adorn the page is our art editor, Mary Martin Pickard, who seems determined to carry on a tradition of having a completely confused Pickard wandering around the office at all times. For those not already acquainted with this notorious scourge of the co-ed dorms, Mary Martin is a junior from Lexington, N. C., sister to Dwight Pickard, last year's editor of The Student, possessor of an infinitely indeterminate major, and passionately dedicated to summarily terminating my existence.

All things considered, she is quite charming. In this issue she is responsible for a short story of a rare emotional insight and two illustrations. There is no need to enumerate the names and pages for her work—she insists that her insignia be garishly displayed on each.

Our other fictional ventures this month include a short story by Bruce Smith, who contributes his magnum opus of suspense in "Father Black and the Carnival."

Bruce has long been a fixture along Pub Row, having been last year's entertainment editor of OGB and a frequent contributor to the Student. Alas, however, he has graduated to move on to greater vistas of carving corpses at Bowman Gray School of Medicine. While an undergraduate, Bruce was a Sigma Chi and well known among the less tasteful of co-eds.

Another intruder (or invader, visitor?) from our colleagues next door is Carolyn Young who contributes a story of summer love. Carolyn is the assistant editor of OG&B, a junior English major from Ridgeway, Virginia and pinned to a Kappa Sig.

Our art department is well stocked. Kay Overman is a junior English major (ever notice how many of those we got?) from Roanoke Rapids.

Lest the muse be angered, we have included poetry by Sam Allen and Diana Gilliland.

Sam is another who is no stranger to the Student magazine. He is very active in the College Theater and will soon appear as Polonius in *Hamlet*.

Diana Gilliland makes her first appearance in the Student with her three poems. Diana's parents are missionaries in Nigeria. A sophomore, she considers Wake Forest her home base now and spends the majority of her time here. She is also active in broadcasting and does the programming for Evening Concert over WFDD.

Frank Quattromani, author of "Four Sigs in Europe" is from the Bronx. A senior, he is planning to enter medical school next fall. One of his major interests is travel and Alaska is his next goal.

Dr. Changboh Chee of the Wake Forest Sociology Department was finally persuaded to allow publication of some of his pictures in the Oriental style. A native of Korea, Dr. Chee came to the States in 1953 to finish his degrees and then came to Wake Forest in the spring of 1959. Painting is his favorite hobby and he follows it in order not to forget about the cultural flavor of the Orient.

Last in our sojourn into the literary world comes a book review from Bud Creech, a man of no less mystery than the legendary Salinger. When pressed for information and a picture, Bud replied, "You can't just get that kind of stuff without going through a lot of red tape. Come back in about a month and I'll give you some forms to fill out."

We invite your perusal of our efforts and hope for your approval.

Penny

by

Carolyn Young

THE PIG sat on the bookcase shelf and stared blankly into the room. He was quite familiar with every detail of the chintz covering on the little rocker opposite him, for it had been some time since She had left him in that position. Tired of counting the number of pink and blue roses on the chair—he got 127 almost every time now—he half closed his glossy black eyes and tried to remember when he had first seen Her.

Oh, yes . . . He had been sitting on the shelf in a little gift shop when They had come in. Like all human couples, They walked around and picked up various items only to replace them a moment later. Eventually They reached the corner where he was fraternizing with a couple of ducks and a pink elephant. Pig had smiled at Her in his funny, lopsided way, and She had spied him and picked him up.

"Isn't he darling, just darling!" She had said as She rubbed his pink and green spotted back. The pink insides of his ears had turned a shade darker, and his little tail, which was curled precisely one and a half times, would have wriggled in delight had not china been so confining.

Then She had put him, too, back in his place and moved on. But Pig had felt even then that he would see Her again. Later that day He had come back alone, placed Pig on a soft mound of cotton inside a dark little box and carried him away.

Inside his box, Pig wondered where he was going. After what to him seemed a long time, he began to hear voices which he recognized as belonging to Him and Her.

"Jenny, I have something for you," He had said. Then Pig felt once again Her cool, soft touch as She lifted him from the box.

"Oh, Danny," She had whispered softly, "thank you so much. He is so very sweet with that funny, sidewise grin."

Pig once more felt that little thrill of pleasure that comes from being appreciated. Then he could concentrate on all the strange thing which he was seeing for the first time, for They weren't saying anything anymore. Pig opened his snappy little eyes as widely as he could and took in every detail of his surroundings. One giant lightbulb gleamed palely against the velvety black ceiling. The floor was covered with a soft mobile carpet which dimly reflected the light from above. To his left was a strange, restless wall which was adorned with flashing jewels and frothy white lace. And pervading all was a soft, yet commanding music and a gentle breeze which caressed his sides and brought a tangy perfume to his nostrils. Pig and They were alone in this vast room—surely the largest in the world.

Then Pig listened again, for He was speaking. "It's been a wonderful summer, Jenny," He had said, "because I found you. I want you to take Pig and keep him close to you. Here is a shiny new penny to feed him with. And next summer, when I get home from school, we'll add another and another until his little sides can't hold any more."

Together They had dropped the coin in to the slot on his back.

Pig had sat on the bookcase shelf in Her bedroom and smugly felt the round hardness of the shiny new penny in his stomach. And he had waited for that mysterious time called Summer when he would be fed again.

The shiny new penny slowly tarnished as Pig sat on the shelf and waited and counted roses and gathered dust.

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SEAN O'FAOLAIN

A Writer

On Writing

FIRST OF ALL, WHY?

Writing is a mysterious business and its reasons must be various.

It is a private occupation—Hemingway always insisted on the loneliness of a writer's life—and it is a rather secret profession. The writer is aggressious, one outside the flock.

But every writer wants to communicate. The process of communication is basic to his technique. A thing is not completely written until it is read. The hard part of this communication is to write knowing each reader will filter it through his own personal experiences. The writer must therefore be keenly aware of the need for accurate writing. *Good* writing is accurate —expressing precisely what the writer feels.

Sean O'Faolain, Irish writer and critic, has covered a wide range of biographies, histories, fiction, a play, critical essays and translations.

Among his works are "A Nest of Simple Folk" and "The Vanishing Hero"—a series of lectures on contemporary literature delivered at Princeton in 1954 and later published. "I Remember", a collection of short stories, was published by Atlantic-Little and Brown in October.

Mr. O'Faolain has traveled extensively in Europe and the United States. Last year he was writer in residence at Princeton University.

On October 6 and 7 Mr. O'Faolain was on the Wake Forest College campus as Phi Beta Kappa visiting scholar. He gave a public speech and talked with several classes. "A Writer on Writing" is excerpts from his talk to a journalism class conducted by Dr. E. E. Folk.

STYLE

This is certain personal views of life by the writer expressed in old language in refreshed ways.

The views and ideas of each writer are peculiar to him because they are personal views and ideas.

The language of his own must be developed as Salinger and Heminway did. The search for the language must be revivified.

Poetry is the clearest instance of revivified language. People in the estacy of love frequently ask "what did we *do* before we fell in love?" This must have been said a million times before John Donne wrote the lines "I wonder by my troth what thou and I did before we loved". The emotional impact of this idea in this new language—

Each man is different and the writer hangs on to his differences like a flame all through life. He *is* different.

It is quite possible to sell a bit of this difference and this flame to some job. And then a bit more to advance in this job. And a bit more to fit in with the others on this job. And so on until there is no difference and the flame is gone.

INSPIRATION

The writer has a job to do and an object to make.

He should feel something the first time but not sweaty inspiration where he ceases to be a craftsman and is just excited.

He should never write immediately out of a subject which excites. The writer should let it stay in his mind. It will accumulate and grow as if by cell division and if it still itches, he should write it . . . a month later.

THE SHORT STORY

It must have at least three characters. With one, it will be mooning; with two, very difficult to write. With three, each will act as a light casting shadows on the other characters.

The incident must produce in the character some selfawareness of his varied self and should produce in the reader an awareness of *his* varied self. A good example is *The Chorus Girl* by Chekhov.

Generalities are dull and generally sentimental. The true to life is not necessarily the interesting. The character must add the personal element. The writer must move immediately to the particular and the peculiar.

The incident is like a small thing, a small explosion which sets a rocket off. The story must go on after it is over. To do this, the incident must break down the common round of life. It will be like a pinhole in a card—the reader can look through and still see an entire room.

The short story characters can be put through a hoop to dramatize what you want to say, dramatize feelings and ideas.

I should say it would take about two years to write a good short story.

JOURNALISM

Writing truly is man speaking the language of the few to few. In contrast, journalism is the language of the many to many. The journalist knows his audience is vast and searches for a common mode to express and put over his ideas.

Newspapers are exemplified by a loose use of language. To a journalist, it is acceptable to describe a cliff of "incredible height." To a true writer, no cliff is incredibly high.

PLOTS

Unnecessary.

A writer must write primarily, first and last on human relationships. He must write to give emotional pleasure of seeing two human beings coming into relation.

REALISM

Realism is not an end but a technique to persuade the reader that he is there. The writer must use his eyes, ears, touch of senses—fell and see freshly.

The greatest pleasure in reading is the recognition of reality. In Faulkner's description of a possom hunt, we know he is right whether we have ever seen one or not. To deprive the reader of the recognition of physical reality is to depreive him of a basic pleasure.

Faulkner could also give this pleasure with one phrase. In *Sartoris* he describes the steps of a country store as "heelgnawed." This is not merely describing but conveying idle timelessness of the South and the fellows sitting there, conveying the sense of tradition.

Flaubert uses detailed realism to convey things behind things. In *Madame Bovary*, when Charles comes back to the Bovarys' and wonders why he likes the old house so much he describes the place—the barn, the outside of house, the old kitchen and Emma's wooden shoes clacking against the floor. He describes the house but manages to convey that Charles liked Emma's legs. The things described are not as important as the man that sees it.

• • •

A Ten Year Old Tear

by

Mary

Martin

Pickard

Sweat And Heat mixed with burning grease and spicy onions permeated the sickening air inside the patched khaki tent. Nola Bennett sniffed the frying onions and beef which burned from the outside of her wide nostrils to the back of her mouth where her tongue flicked. It was humid and close inside the small tent, jammed with many workers from the fair who came in shifts to the mess tent. Everyone was sweaty from the summer heat and the dust was blown by the late afternoon wind on their bodies, and Nola felt sick.

Tonight it was too hot to have all of these odors centralized in the airless tent. And the onions made it worse. She felt sick, but she sat at the scratched table anyway, because at least she was out of her dark smaller tent where mobs of unknown laughing people passed by. At least, she had a moment to sit at a table with a plate, and not a crystal ball, in front of her and could do whatever she wanted in this hour when the sun was crawling to the night's horizon.

Everybody around her was gabbing and joking as if this hour were an eternity of paradise smells. They were happy creatures assembled in relaxation and satisfaction. They now had, as it seemed, a timelessness in which to fill their stomachs or crack obscene jokes, because they didn't have to work in this hour, and they were happy.

Their nonsense chatter and smell bothered Nola as it always had. Their crudeness in body and talk distracted her and caused resentment. But she tolerated them, because this was her life. They were all she had, and were interesting. All people were interesting for her.

As the talk subsided, Nola felt her tightened shoulders and neck relax. She breathed more rhythmically as she stared at the brown pieces of onion, jelled on her plate. Tonight, especially, she wasn't hungry. It wasn't just the heat and smell and people—she had become accustomed to them in the last ten years of tents and dust. But tonight inside the stuffy canvas she had a lot to think about.

Hundreds of stacatto thoughts clicked in her mind. Nola, or "Madam Knowla" as she was known at the fairs, just stared at the sickening onions and pushed her elbow companions and their odors far beyond the horizon and wondered about the things she always wondered about. As the brassy notes of the merry-go-round pierced her ears, Nola remembered the long-ago time of more than ten years of grinning cotton-candied faces, when she lived not more than two miles from the dust where her menagerie companions were now plopped.

She thought again about her hated life, about why she was in such a smelly and dirty life, and felt the same tinge of bitterness hit her stillknotted stomach. But

tonight these thoughts hit harder, because tonight she had for the first time returned to the place of former happiness. The fair had come to the little town of Pleasantville where she and her husband had lived and where their only child had grown up. Here—just two miles away—and her stomach knuckled at remembering.

It had been ten years of traveling all over the country, stopping for a week or more at most of the small towns to entertain the crowds. Nola had been in every state almost, but never here; and tonight her thoughts more hotly burned her temples. Tonight she felt sicker than ever before, sitting and thinking, and felt more helplessly suffocated by all that disgusted her.

While the forks were clicking on the clipped plates, checkerboarded around her, thoughts and remembrances returned. "The same town," she thought, "Why Pleasantville? Of all the towns, why here? I meant to stay away, but, then, maybe it's not too bad being back. Maybe—no—well. yes, maybe I'll see Harold. But, no, I shouldn't—not like this. He's a good boy; he's clean and decent and wouldn't understand. His mother's just a dirty fair worker now, I hate this life too, but he wouldn't understand why I'm here and not with him but I had to leave him.

Of course you did, Nola; you had to quit high school to help your family. Then you got married. You had a good home. didn't you? It was small, just the one bedroom, but you liked that; because after Harold was born you liked the baby in the room with you and Ben. You liked the thick powdery baby smell and liked the family being together.

And remember during the day when Ben was away in the mill, you would give Harold something to play with while you worked in the garden. You always kept the house clean and the windows open. even in the winter, because you didn't like the heavy smell of the gas heater.

Of course, I remember all that, especially the gas heater. Oh, damn that gas heater. or maybe damn me for letting Harold fall behind it and burn his forehead. He was so little, and the scar was so big and shiny and wrinkled.

But Harold didn't cry, did he? You raised him well, and he was a strong boy and even after he was older he didn't mind the scar. The scar didn't matter to anyone but you. Don't blame yourself. It was an accident, that's all. Besides, everybody out in Pug Town knew you were a good mother.

I know. I know. I was a good mother and wife, and they knew it too . . . we were so happy then. Even though there weren't more children, we were happy enough. We watched Harold grow tall and strong and good like his daddy . . . he wasn't loud or rough or mean; he wasn't like the other kids. We were so happy then, but now. Look at me now. I'm not happy, and what have I done to my son? What's happened to Harold? Oh, God, I'm sorry.

But, Nola, you can't always live in the past. You were happy then, and it's over. and what can you do about it now? Just remember the happiness and don't blame yourself. When Ben died, what else could you do? You couldn't provide enough money; you had no place to put Harold; there weren't any relatives or friends who could take him. You just couldn't keep him, so you had to put him there and leave. Ben's brother got you a job here, so you came. He was eleven, so he wouldn't stay long, and he could support himself afterwards. What if you haven't come back for him—you're too ashamed to come back. Now you're back in Pleasantville by chance and what if you do or don't see Harold? It'll hurt either way. You'd be humiliated if he found out his mother worked with fairs. and you'll be tormented if you don't find out something about him. So what does it matter? Don't be silly—it doesn't make any difference.

I know, but if I could just see him; he doesn't have to know who I am—he wouldn't find out if he just saw—

Yes, he would, Nola. You couldn't talk to Harold without letting him know you're his mother. You love him too much—he'd know, and then he'd be humiliated and bitter, and you'd be hurt. Is that what you want? Forget the past and don't try to find him.

But I want to see him so much. I'm home now—maybe he's still here.

Nola—

You're right. What difference does it make? Look at me—Harold would be ashamed of me now . . . I'd rather be lonely than for him to be ashamed. If it just wasn't for this dirt, these people, I could —"

"Nola? Come on, Nola, we've got to get back to the tent," interrupted a rasping voice coughing from the weasel face of "Doc Able," phrenologist and tent partner. "Nola, you haven't eaten a thing again—you just can't keep going this way, woman. You know you can't—you won't last much longer. All you ever do is sit around and stare out somewhere. Nobody can understand you, Nola—you're—oh, come on; we got to get back; folks'll be coming. Gotta keep working you know, keep the people happy—tell them they're extra benevolent behind the ear or mighty wise over the right eyebrow. Well, come on; let's make 'em happy."

Walking through the dust and crowds toward their tent, Nola and Doc talked. The sky was graying outside, it was a hot August night, and the people swarmed like locusts around the large circle of steel-clanking rides and amusement shows and game tents. As Nola brushed through the swarm, she didn't notice their faces; she just saw teeth staring through stretched mouths and heard laughter and screaming. The dust puddled over her shoes and brushed the hem of her long black skirt; the clanking of machinery banged in her ears; the cotton candy and candy apples lightly sugared her nostrils and emptied her stomach in sweetness. And Nola felt sick again, more than in the onion-burning tent. Now she was sucked into the seductive vacuum she hated.

"You're right, Doc; all you have to do is make them happy. Just take their money and you make them happy. But I don't like it. I'm tired. But I'll stay. There's no place else to go and—"

"I don't see how you take it, Nola. At least, I'm content. But you don't even try to get away. If you don't like it, why don't you—"

"Because there's nowhere else to go. I wish there were. I wish I could leave and find my son and—"

"Your what? Did you say son, Nola? Why you never told me that you had a —well, where is he for heaven's sake? Why don't you have him? You don't like it here, so why don't you go to your son? Where is he, Nola?"

"Here."

"Here! What are you talkin' about? At the—"

"Come on, Doc. Here's our canvas home, and we've got to make the people happy."

"Damn it! There you go again. Nola. Just like always—never talk about anything personal. I just don't understand you. We've had the same tent for almost six years, and you don't even talk to me. Damn it, I said. Now, please talk to me this time, Nola. Now, what about a son?"

The tent flap smacked her skirt. "Don't get excited, Doc. That woman's looking at your sign over there; and if you get all huffy, you won't be able to tell her meanness from her beauty, and that would be a big mistake with all the lipstick she's got on."

She let the flap on her half of the tent fall.

While Nola dropped her thin elbows on the shiny velvet cloth of her small table, she stared at the empty seat across from her and wondered who would be the next to sit there. A large, fat woman, standing outside, came towards her side of the tent. Nola took a deep breath and waited.

The woman clumsily fell into the folding chair. Nola smiled as she asked the woman to put her palms on the table. When she looked up at the woman more closely, she recognized the plump, lipstick face of always-talking, always-giggling Betty, who had lived several houses down from Nola many years ago in Pug Town. Nola smiled again, because Betty hadn't changed. She still jabbered, giggled and was only a little fatter with new wrinkles shining in the smooth plumpness of her triangular face. And she couldn't mistake the Oriental eyes and flower pursed lips. It was Betty. A new fear made Nola feel empty.

The large woman moved her hands nervously on the velvet as she waited for the fortune teller to speak. She stared at the little woman, stared at her sad brown eyes and thin nose, at the wrinkles and greying hair, at her old costume, frayed at the edges, and wondered when she would say something. Betty began to nervously giggle because she was afraid of the silence and dim-lit tent and the old-looking woman, staring at her. She relaxed once Nola began telling her what was seen in her palms. Slowly the conference proceeded, and Betty was astounded at what she heard. She had always wanted to go to a fortune teller even though everyone told her they were frauds and a jip, but now she was glad she had finally come to one. When Nola at last mentioned herself in the reading and gave optimistic signs in the future for her friend, Betty rose giggling, saying thank you and stumbled through the tent flap, still giggling and saying thank you. Though nostalgic, Nola was glad she was gone—she hadn't recognized her.

As Betty walked from the tent, Nola saw a group of boys and girls standing outside, looking at the signs, soliciting business for "Doc" and "Madam Knowla." There were three boys and some trampish fair girls hanging on to them. The boys were talking loud and making dirty remarks to the girls and wise cracks about the fortune teller. She saw Betty looking at a lanky, sand-haired boy, dressed in tight jeans and then waddle up to him and pull at his shirt. While the others were laughing and making obsenee comments she heard Betty speak to the boy." You thinkin' about goin' in there, Harold?"

"Naw, hell naw, Mrs. Beck; I mean no mamm. I was just looking at the sign. The bunch of us are just here looking around and having a little fun. Slim and Jer wanted to stop here for a minute."

Betty broke into a sly grin, and nudged him, "Uh, huh. I see you're having fun. Who's that blonde with you? I don't mean to be prying' or nothin' but she looks kinda old for ya—oh well, Harold, fair don't come often—it's Saturday night; go on and have fun. And listen, about this Madamn Knowla in there—"

"You've just been to see her, haven't you? She's a fake like they always are. Geez, what a jip."

"Yeah, Harold, I been in. But, listen, that woman's for real; she ain't a fraud. Honest, I'm tellin' the truth. She told me things somebody who knew me would have to know. I ain't never been so shocked. Harold, she's good, I tell ya. Why she even told me about the time when your ma and me—oh, I'm sorry, Harold."

"That's o.k., Mrs. Beck. Guess, I'm sorta getting over that now that I'm older. That woman's not really a jip?"

"That woman's not really a jip?" echoed the loud, heavy vocie of one of Harold's friends. "Why don't ya go in and see Harold? Why don't you find out for yourself? Hell, go on in—I'd like to see you get stuck."

"That'd be a laugh, wouldn't it, Slim?" added the other boy. "That'd be a good 'un on ole Harold. He don't never spend that money he works so hard for. He won't even buy us a beer. Yeah, go on in, tight boy. Go on in, Harold."

Betty stood next to the yellow and red canvas sign and was sorry she'd said something to Harold. She could tell that he didn't really want to go in. As Harold turned back from the tent flap, she saw Slim and Jer shove him through, then loudly guffaw as the flaps closed their friend inside.

Nola sat up in her chair and felt her legs shake out from the knees as Harold sat down and roughly threw a wrinkled dollar bill on the table. She had heard the loud voices outside, hollering for Harold to go in. And she watched as the dirty boys pushed her son into the tent. She heard their nasty remarks and stared at the cheap girls and felt sicker than ever before at the name. Harold. She couldn't believe it was her Harold until she saw the sear over his brown eyes, reflecting her own.

She tried to smile as she stared in the young face, at the square jaw brushed with blonde fuzz, which reminded her of how long it had been since she had seen her son. As with Betty, she gazed a long time in the remembered face, now slightly changed with age. She looked at the small brown eyes and remembered her little boy, now touched by metamorphsis.

"Well, lady, if you hadn't got anything to say, I'll just take my money and leave. I didn't pay to get stared at."

"No, no. I'm very sorry, young man. It—it just takes a while before I can receive any messages. If you don't mind putting your hands on the table please." And she wondered why she didn't tell him then.

"I guess I have to do that to help the messages. Boy, are you a fraud, just like the rest. Hell, you couldn't know anything about me or anybody else—it's all a jip."

"Son, without faith, there's no belief. So be still a moment."

"Be still! What a phony. I'm leaving."

As he slumped away from the chair, Nola made the only attempt she knew to keep him in the tent. "Harold. Your name is Harold. This is your hometown and you are twenty-one."

Filling back in the chair, he said, "Well, I'll be a—. How'd you know that? I'll bet it's—sure it is—you and Betty are pulling it on me. It's a framed."

"Your father died; your mother left. She—she—Nola was he name. She couldn't support you, because she couldn't get a job

Nola stopped for a minute and didn't think she could finish. The falseness hurt. Her throat and mouth went dry and she could feel the tears rising from the knots in her stomach. She tried to moisten her lips and tried not to believe that her son had become bitter like herself. Nola cried deep inside and wanted to quickly blurt out who she was and hold her son and take him away from the dust and smells and loud noises outside. He needed her love now more than ever. He had no one and was losing himself in a dirt that he didn't belong in. And she could wash it away as she left her own.

But she let her head fall instead, fisted her hands, because she knew it was too late now. It was ten years too late, and all she could do was to make him believe in her for a few minutes instead of a lifetime. She knew she had brought this punishment on herself and that it was too late to eradicate it—just for a few minutes if she could soften him and make him believe. She inhaled the tight air, and made the only attempt she was privileged to make now.

"Your mother loved you, Harold. She was good to you and made you good. You had a small clean home, and your parents were happy. Remember that? And do you remember the only time you saw your mother cry was when you fell behind the heater and burned your forehead? And do you remember when your father died, you couldn't understand why your mother left you. You cried, because you didn't understand, and later you became bitter, because you were alone and couldn't understand. And you're still bitter. Bitter, because of that and bitter because you're living a life you had never known and one that would be against all your mother ever taught and lived herself. You're unhappy because of this and because of your friends outside, because you know it's not right for you.

The she softly stroked the deep lines in his palms, she chokingly mumbled, "And I see here that your mother is still living. She still loves and wants you very much but knows that ten years has made it too late to come back to you. And that you'll never see your mother. That's all, Mr. Bennett. It's too late. That's all I see, so if you'll excuse me, I have business outside."

The anger was gone from Harold's face and pensive butterfly wings nestled on his forehead as Nola saw him look puzzingly at her. He said nothing and as she backed through the tent flaps behind her she stared as he focused his eyes on her. Nola felt the flaps across her shoulder as she blinked at the wonder and belief now visible in her son's eyes and felt a ten year old tear slide down her cheek as she stepped behind the tent and walked toward the highway.

• • •

THREE POEMS

by Diana Gilliland

The sky is dead.
It lies in torn pieces
in the confetti at the bases of the lampposts.
Behind the dust-covered window
The blue-glass peacock
Stands and watches.

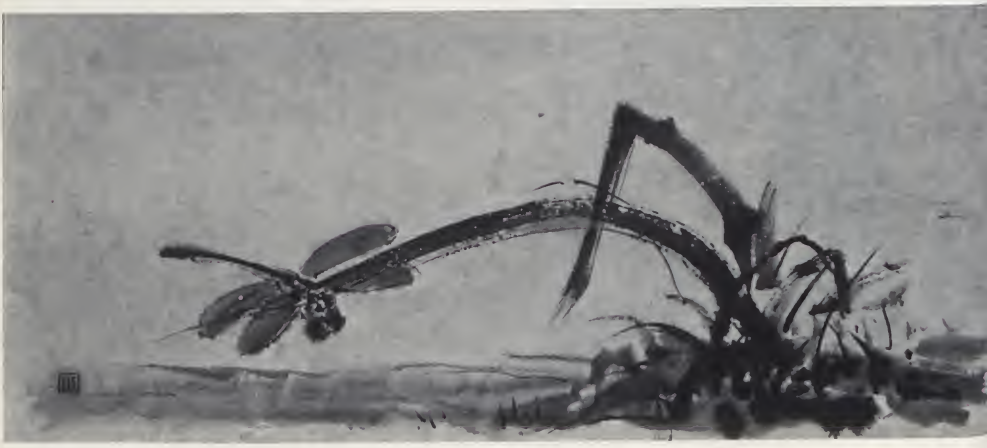
The room was black and
there was heard a whispering
of curtains
indignant
at the light
which slipped in
on the
tip
of a cigarette.

"Immediacy"

what is felt
by real poems and when
your chin of stubble
enters
my steriоptican view

ORIENTAL BRUSH PAINTINGS

by
Changboh Chee



The two essential parts of oriental art involve brush-stroke paintings and caligraphy (Chinese writing.)

Oriental brush paintings are done with Chinese black ink on rice paper.

Father Black and the Carnival

By Bruce Smith

"FOR ALL HAVE SINNED AND COME SHORT OF THE GLORY OF GOD!' yes, brethen, we all have. LISTEN, hark unto my words, yea, even though I stand here in front of the gates of burning hell, I tell you we are ALL SINNERS, and we must ALL REPENT, yea, even fall on our knees and beg, in front of hell's fiery entrance, our LOVING GOD for forgiveness," the preacher entreated the crowd of youngsters gathered about him, mostly from curiosity, in front of the ticket gate of the carnival. Blue jeans and tight short sleeved sweaters, or T-shirts, were the mode of dress for the evening fun, and this was the attire of the hand-holding and swaying group which listened to the "preacher" deliver his soul-searching homily. They were a group of teenagers, mad with the excitement of the carnival, gay with the excitement of each other, nervous with anticipation.

"listen, LISTEN!" the preacher exhorted, "do you know what you are subjecting yourselves to?"

"Yes," gleefully.

"Ah yes, but it should sadden your hearts, as it does your parents before you, for you are going into the carnival, unawares, a sea of blasphemy, a virtual pit of evil, yes my brother, (we are all brothers you know) the sins of the body, sensuous, dirty!"

"HURRAH"

A wave of laughter broke on the crowd and it started toward the gate with even more zest.

As the old preacher stood standing, a young boy, hardly old enough to use a razor turned and mocked, "Hey preacher, you love God, yea, verily I say unto you, WE LOVE LIFE!"

The preacher stood, hands at sides, watching with admonishing eyes. The passionate twitching of the right corner of his lips was hidden, in this light, under his beard.

The youngsters pushed around the ticket booth and slowly filtered through, and feeling eyes on him, the preacher turned his attention to his left. He met the dark blue gaze of a small child, of not more than ten or eleven. The freckled boy glanced quickly at the ticket office with sparkling eyes, then turned back to the dark man in front of him. They looked at each other intently for a moment.

"Tell me boy . . . do you believe in God? Do you love all people?"

"Yessir," not knowing what else to say.

"God—are you going to the carnival?"

The boy, afraid to answer in an affirmative, hestatingly opened his hand to the "preacher" revealing three shiny quarters.

"Ah, I see," frowning menacingly, "but don't you think that your coins could be put to a better use?"

The youngster bit his lip, looked down, shuffled his feet nervously in the dust, and muttered that he "really DID want to go."

"Yes, I suppose so, but it only costs' fifty cents for you, so give me one of your quarters and I'll send it to a young fella I know. He lives across the ocean and is very poor. He never gets a chance to have fun at a carnival." By this time the "preacher"

was kneeling before the boy with a fatherly hand resting on the young shoulder. The boy diverted his disbelieving eyes quickly toward the color of the carnival and made a motion as if he would start off, but the fatherly hand instantly tightened on his shoulder. Wincing, the little boy held out his hand with a quarter in it. The preacher took it and the boy watched it glint in the light and then disappear into a pocket. "Bless you boy, that's a gracious and wonderful thing you have just done, thank you." Then as an afterthought, "Have a good time, be careful and enjoy yourself, you know you never can tell what kind of people you'll meet at a carnival."

A middle aged man, not bearded, but unshaven, sloppily but cleanly dressed, had been standing near watching the scene.

"Ah, "father" that's a *wonderful* thing you're doing, taking that boy's shiny quarter and sending it all-the-way across an ocean to another boy, yes, about his own age, yes, truly a humanitarian spirit you have, are you proud, yes? How does your soul feel, "father", did you see the tear sparkle on the youngster's cheek when he bought his ticket, aren't the tears of defeat beautiful? Here' father', here's another quarter. Buy yourself a cup of coffee, or send it to a needy man, about my age."

The preacher stood, wanting to cower under the gaze and bitterness of this man and he said nervously, softly, "It's all for the glory of God."

"What! here, say glory, or did you say wrath—or was it God, or 'Me' that you said?" The unshaven man just stood, leaning forward slightly with his fists clenched, his arms just noticeably pendulous, waiting, watching.

The "preacher", sweating now on the brow, sat down on a bench behind him, and stared at the carnival lights. A drop of sweat ran down his nose and fell, a pearl in the thorns of his beard.

The man who had accosted the "preacher" with such humiliating cynicism turned and walked under a tree where he sat down with his back against the trunk. He watched the "preacher" sit there, sometimes with disconcerted eyes, sometimes watching the old "preacher" as if he were an imagination figment.

The preacher sat, as he would sit until all had gone home, on a wooded bench, under an unclothed light. He didn't notice that the unshaven fellow was reclining not more than twenty feet away. He didn't notice the big green luna moth circling the light above him, or the thousands of bugs beating their wings and bodies in frenzied flights to reach the bulb, only to hit it and fall, circling back to the earth, or missing it and hurtling into the darkness above. The old black-clad preacher did not notice the buzzing bit of animation that fell and became entangled in his own beard, shaking the sweat droplets near it so that, for a moment or two, they danced with minute reflection. He sat paralyzed, his stare fixed so that it caught the action of the midway of the carnival. The gatekeeper leaned out of his box-office and looked darkly at the preacher, for his gaze was fixed exactly through the office archway.

The "preacher's" thoughts were wild, unrevealed by his stoic outside appearance. His thoughts were reeling, dizzy in time with the music of life that he observed. His thoughts kept time with the hum of the carnival, sensuous and dirty, degrading to the pure mind.

He could see the couples, young and old, walking by. He could hear an occasional extra-loud laugh, a laugh robust and full of life. He cringed inside and felt hidden muscles convulse, and, unnoticed to himself, his hand crept up and rested over his heart. He watched, watched . . . thought, and now he knew that his thoughts were becoming incoherent, as they had before when he became so posessed with the spirit of God, at those times when he had observed his contemporaries and their children involved in this hedonistic and chaotic orgy or life.

Still sitting under the tree, the observer sensed that the old preacher's thought's were not as pacific as his exterior, for he had observed the movement of the hand to the heart, and he had watched the tips of straining and clutching fingers turn white with pressure on the black lapel, and even from the distance at which he was watching, he could see the fierce fixity of the "preacher's" eyes and he knew that the images dancing in those eyes were not of realistic nature, but agonized and contorted in hideous motions and colors.

He was right.

The preacher watched . . .

A girl came into his view, and he felt himself rivited in attention to her, standing there looking about, then suddenly mutated into a naked and red misfit, with cotton candy breasts, beckoning to him with shapely arms and hideous head, She was deformed and dancing, with children gazing at her in wonder. She became blurred and clear in his eyes intermittantly, and everything happened in time to the music of the carnival life.

The "preacher" started suddenly with a pain in his knuckles, and he looked at his hand, palsied at his breast. It hurt and he relaxed it without moving it.

He glanced back through the gate and saw a young woman deliciously proportioned, holding two cones of cotton candy in one hand and beckoning to her children with the other one to come and get it.

She was obviously entranced with the ecstatic rhythm of the midway and she moved in time with the music of the merry-go-round.

"The preacher sat and watched . . . watched.

The observer under the tree turned his head toward the action of the carnival and was caught by the lights on the ferris wheel. He reflected for a moment that they looked like hundreds of shooting stars playing follow the leader around the center of their own discrete universe, then he chuckled to himself as he remembered a school boy pun about ferris wheels. He let his gaze fall from the myriad sparkling diamonds of white lights above to the palate of running colours below, and he thought for an instant of the beauty of his existence in this multicolored world. He never thought, at this time, about how much dirt was necessary to complement it. His attention remained diverted for some time after this.

It was late, finally, and the crowds of people heading home became larger and then smaller, and then only an occasional couple, or "lone-wolf" passed. They all passed the old "preacher" in black still-staring through the gate. He didn't notice now that they walked hand-in-hand, laughing, flirting, talking, living.

When, at length, the music and carnival noise became subdued, along with the lights, and the carnival people; barkers, dancers, fat ladies, strippers, freaks, weary concession stand operators with ties at half mast, and kewpie doll masters with green neon-shades, were quietly closing their businesses and heading for their bunks, the "preacher" stood up and turned toward town. He stopped, not ten feet away from a voice coming from under the tree.

"'Father Black' meditated, and said
don't be in the swing with things
'Father Black' told everyone
not to live life
'Father Black' meditated and
came out with a
bad view of good fun
He watched,
and maybe even envied,
Because his ferris wheel was spinning,
backwards.

"Father Black" had remained standing, looking straight ahead as he listened, and at the end of the poem dedicated to him, he turned and spat piously in the direction of the voice. His action was returned by a coarse laugh. The "preacher" looked then in the direction of the laugh and saw a form, stretched out on the grass. The man was looking up through the tree leaves toward the stars, as near as the preacher could tell. He watched a cigarette brighten, then dim, then fly in an arc to nestle in the grass and go out painlessly. With this, he went on toward town.

The night was clear, and the walk under the stars was pleasant. Even a man like

the "preacher" could look forward to a walk home on such an enjoyable night, and he reflected to himself that he was glad that he allowed himself this one sensual pleasure of finding joy in nature. The night was also calm, and even the smallest and weakest leaves on the trees remained motionless. Few windows framed light at this hour of night and he walked along, "Father Black" wondered what secrets lay behind those windows, and what sins were being committed behind the dark ones. He thought about the baseness of the body and wondered how it could be called "home" for a soul that God Himself had created, never casting a thought on this absurd reflection. He remembered how he was beaten as a child, by his father, out of love of course. He wondered how many innocent children had felt the wrath of their father's that day, in his mind, making this like the relationship between man and God.

He sat down, under the security of a street lamp, and rested, for the walk home was long.

At this same time, about two blocks away, a husband and wife were having one of their frequent arguments, and, though it was late, their ten year old son was watching them. He was a sensitive boy and was very upset by the argument. Although they came almost daily, it terrifiied him that two people who were supposed to be "in love" (he had heard that term used, along with many other less refined ones) could be so violent toward each other. He didn't know what they were fighting about now, but it had all started over who had given "the kid" seventy five cents to go to the carnival with. By this time the scene was grossly metamorphosed from the small matter of three shiny quarters.

The boy had never seen anyone strike another, especially not a man attack a woman, and at the sight of blood in the corner of his mother's mouth, he ran, crying, out into the night. It was quiet outside, and he walked along the street, his sobbing growing less pronounced. Calmed now, he stepped onto the circle of light that framed the preacher. He was startled at first and made a movement as if to run, but the old man stayed him with a cursory "Wait a minute, son."

The youngster stopped and to the old standard of "What is your name?" answered "Danny."

"That's nice," the old man's beard seemed to widen with a smile. He was standing now and held out his hand to the boy, "Come here, Danny." They looked at each other for a moment, maybe ten seconds, then the old man asked him what he was doing on the street since it was well past midnight now. The boy simply told him that he was taking a walk.

"Did you have a good time at the carnival?"

"Yes"

"yes SIR"

"yes s-sir," swollowing.

The boy did not become apprehensive when he saw the old man's face darken, or when he saw his dark eyes narrow and glint in the light of the street lamp. He only became a little afraid when he noticed the preacher's lips quivering under the covering of his beard and when he noticed a few drops of perspiration appear on the old man's forehead, but he shrunk in fear and his eyes grew circular when he felt a hand tighten on his shoulder, to the point of pain, and saw a hand raise, as he had seen his father's hand do not fifteen minutes before. The child fell under the slaps of both sides of the preacher's hand and lay on the sidewalk, sobbing in hurt and disbelief, tasting the warmth of his own blood as he watched the preacher, wavering in his tears, walking away from him. As the old man disappeared in the circle of darkness, reappeared, then went on again, it was evident that only he and the boy, Danny, would ever know know that a reverent old man in a paroxysm of rage at all man kind, had vented his fury by beating an innocent child.

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FOUR SIGS IN EUROPE

George Williamson

Dave Olmstead

Charlie Chatham

. . Class of 61

by

Frank Quattromani

. . Class of 62

We arrived in Europe on a rainy day and picked up the Volkswagon bus that was to carry us through twelve countries. During our stay in a small southern German town we found the name for it.

The owner of the establishment where we stayed was a widow — six feet tall and weighing two hundreds and fifty pounds. When we checked in, she picked up a very heavy bed and carried it easily into our room. Later she and her daughter, a lass well on her way to outgrowing her mother, passed us in the lobby carrying a pool table that our whole group could never have managed.

But it wasn't until dinner and the widow tried to explain the porkchops to us by imitating a pig that we decided on the name for our Volkswagon — "Big Mama."

FRANCE -

"Big Mama" developed engine trouble in Spain and we started a hitch-hiking spree to "De Las Fiestas De San Fermin."—the running of the bulls festival.

The small Spanish town lies virtually dormant eleven and a half months of the year. We arrived two days after the festival had begun and the wine blotches covering the streets and sidewalks testified to festival activities.

Charlie and Jim (A Sigma Chi from Duke that we picked up on the Continent) prepared to share in the spirit by purchasing a seven and a half gallon jug of wine for two dollars.

By sunrise a massive crowd had gathered. Hundreds of enthusiastic runners had lined up in the streets waiting for the first shot of the cannon to indicate the bulls would be freed. At first the bulls were hesitant, uncertain over their new freedom, and it amazed us to watch the Spaniards waiting for the bulls to make the first move. Dressed in the customary garb of white shirt and pants and red neckerchiefs, the runners ran speedily through the narrow streets as though their lives depended on it — and so they did. The course covered approximately a quarter of a mile and led into the arena where the bullfights took place later that night.

At the entrance a great number of runners tried to enter at once. Year after year there have been pile-ups of people here and many have been injured when the bulls ran over them.

We saw a young boy, about 12 years old, become frozen in his tracks when a bull turned on him. Horror-stricken, he made no effort to get away from the thrust of the bull's horns.

The crowd ran for the boy and as he was carried off the roar of the runners continued. He died almost immediately.

SPAIN -

GERMANY -

We were impressed by the blond-haired German girls — and the elegance of the German language.

In the divided city of Berlin the struggle of the German people for reunification became quickly obvious even to our untutored eyes.

In west Berlin hotels flourished, people filled the restaurants and shoppers crowded to see displays. In east Berlin streets were bare. Few parking areas were designated and fewer needed. Every store had the letters HO written on the window — state owned.

As we left the city we were handed a two page booklet by a German youth organization. Attached to the cover was a silver pin with a small representation of the Brandenburg gate. Inside a mother hen was pictured separated from her young by a barb wire fence. A glass-studded wall of cement had replaced the barbed wire and the pressure was building to an unpredictable peak.

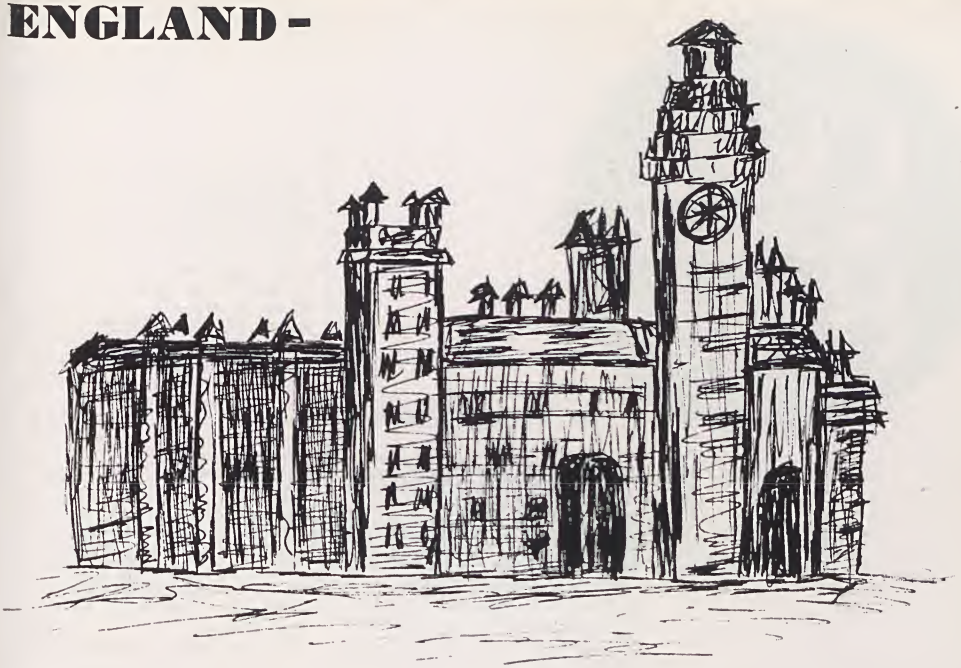
ITALY -

The less happy things we experienced included George's prolonged illness and the day an over-friendly Germany bus driver accurately plowed his bus and us into an innocent tourist car.

DENMARK -

One of the most wonderful experiences we had was at the Trivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, our last stop. The rain was pouring down and four German youths asked us to join them under their already-crowded shed. There, with the water dripping rhythmatically from every side of the shelter, we sang old German and American drinking songs and discussed the coming election.

ENGLAND -



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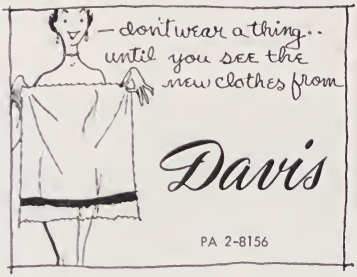

A New Novel

by Carson McCullers

Carson McCullers' fiction is among the best of this century and those who have been delighted by the poignancy of her poetical yet direct prose have long awaited the publication of her fifth novel. Her ability to create, in a few words, incredible heights of emotional intensity, to tell a story in a clear, original style and to express the most subtle intricacies of her characters reveals a rare genius, openly manifest in her new novel, *Clock Without Hands,* Houghton Mifflin Co.

The story has only four main characters all of whom are male residents of Milan, Georgia. J. T. Malone, a forty year old druggist, has just learned that he has leukemia and can expect to live only a few more months. With his days numbered he becomes aware of "the tedious labyrinth of his life" and wonders if life means enough to him to justify his dread of death. Malone knows that his life has not been so different however from the lives of those he has served in his drugstore.

The one exception might be his friend Judge Clane, "the leading citizen of Milan." The Judge is certain that he has lived his 85 years to their fullest extent. As a former Congressman he feels he must actively meet the responsibilities of his position as "leading citizen" of the community and spends his time masterfully answering the letters he still receives and working on a plan for the redemption of Confederate money. With the Judge lives his grandson, Jester, whose father died before he was born. Jester, an intelligent, fair complexioned adolescent, finds that in his search for love and idenity he can no longer seek the help of his dogmatic grandfather.

The fourth and most important character is Sherman Pew, a blue eyed negro orphan caught between two races and between ethical justice and the strong Southern code of Milan, Georgia. Sherman has his own problem of idenity. Although McCullers' primary concern is with the human soul she focuses sharply on the racial problem that affects all of her characters. Sherman is able to find some semblance of idenity from this problem which is also to be his ultimate destruction. His death is to offer some salvation to the doomed druggist Malone even though he had long since been aware of his guilty part in the town's prejudice. Many of the Judge's sorrows can be traced to his racial views which now are beginning to separate him from his grandson as they had separated him from his son.

McCullers' familiar themes of love, idenity and the meaning of life are here in scenes of great depth and scope that artfully overlap and give the book a vignette — like quality. What is missing is the author's almost mystical ability to create characters. The characters in her latest work are never really believable and never come off properly. The book does, then, seem to be somewhat incomplete. Nevertheless, the quality of Mrs. McCullers fiction still remains far beyond that of most modern American writers and only when we compare Clock to some of her earlier works can we complain.

Bud Creech

Cemetary

by Sam Allen

"Each grave in the valley
Of the soldiers
Reads a name.
Read them out to me."

" 'John Doe,
Valliant in the war . . .
With bravery . . .
Served his country well . . .
John Doe . . .
At the battle of . . .
God rest his soul . . .
In honor let him rest . . .
John Doe
Here lies he . . .
Who gave his life . . .
Captain of the . . .
John Doe . . .
John Doe . . .
John Doe . . .
Brave . . .
Valliant . . .
In the battle of . . .
John Doe . . .
John Doe . . .
John Doe . . .

They read a million miles
Of nameless names.
Look here . . .

'John Doe
Who died because
He did not live.
Who died because
He knew the word
Before he ever
Knew the pain.
Who died in vain,
Perhaps you think.
John Doe
Who died and waits

For you to read his grave
In hopes you'll know
He died.
Who walked the valley
Of the shadow.
Who died because he
Did not live.
Who wanted only
To be free.
And died because
He knew the word,
And decided he would be.
Take him home,
And never let it be
Said he died without a cause;
He died because he knew the word.

"I die so you won't
Have to die this way for me." ' "

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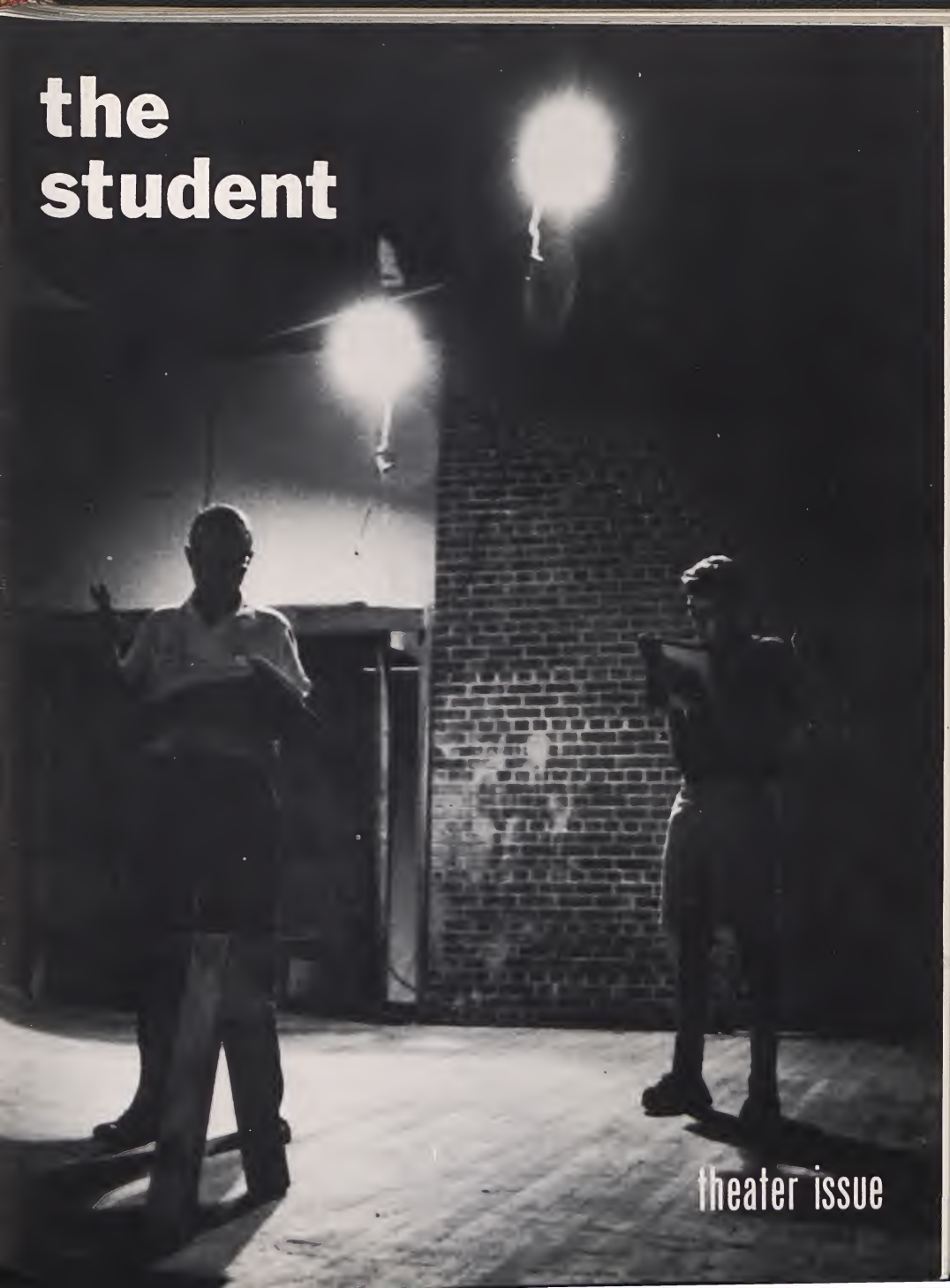

theater issue

In emphasizing the theater this month we found a set of figures which seem to us quite strange.

Hamlet ran for two weeks in the Wake Forest College theater, a product of the combined efforts of freshman-through-senior energy and devotion and professional talent and work.

A beautiful product, we thought—and one which drew favorable reviews as well as 1,220 people.

Of these 1,220, less than 200 were students or faculty members at Wake Forest.

The remaining 1000 came from surrounding colleges and towns. Many were in high school groups. And if some of these giggled or threw pennies on the stage during the death scene at least they came and their presence saved the play economically.

Perhaps that is enough.

Yet coming back from the seventh level of the library to a dorm where girls are playing bridge or to the snack shop where students stare aimlessly over cokes—then 200 out of 1220 seems not only quite strange but a little sad.

Cover by Joe Tyner

the student

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(guest contributor)

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Profiles - HOP

The second issue of a year may well be the most difficult of all. With the first issue we were excited and filled to bursting with the wonder of having something of our own to sweat, swear, and slave over. With subsequent issues (we hope) we will begin to acquire some vestiges of professionalism and polish. This issue lies somewhere in between. Some of the wonder and excitement has left us and not enough of the techniques come easily yet. The theme of this issue is the *Theater*, or the theater, or perhaps, just theater. A semantic problem for the English department. Far too much has already been written about the smell of greasepaint, memorizing lines, and opening nights. I have no intention of repeating it. What we have tried to portray is *how* and *why* these things are important, or, at least, important to some of us. We have tried to include something about each area of the theater and to show you why the dramatic art can be the most immediately exciting of all. We have also included numerous other goodies (such as an expanded book review section) which we hope will be welcome.

We remind you to look forward to the next issue, out before Christmas, which will have a unique Holiday Message for all. Also look forward to trouble on all sides. I am turning my obvious talents to their true intended direction and purpose, bugging the administration. A series of provocative articles will begin in the next issue, under the title *What Is Christian Education Really Like?* or *All That Glitters Is Not the Pearly Gates.*

With the November issue, a new post is created for The Student . . . that of Advertising Manager. The numerous concessions to crass materialism (advertisements) scattered throughout this and the previous issue are the direct result of the handicraft of E. Haden Hamilton, a true child of Madison Avenue.

Haden is a sophomore from Rock Hill, S. C. A business major, he is the only member of the staff totally unable to scratch in English. He plans to make his permanent abode on Wall Street after graduation, barring any unforseen SEC injunctions.

While dealing with the rather unpleasant but necessary side of life in the college magazine game, it might be appropriate to mention the Business Manager of the Student — George Cleland. George is a senior English Major from Larchmont, N. Y., with his eyes on law school after this year. His hobbies are writing nasty letters to his own editor and fruminating. George may be easily identified on campus by his dignified air (?) and a rather constant and quite attractive companion.

Creative work appearing in this isnse includes photography by Joe Tyner. A senior from Leaksville, Joe is majoring in journalism.

James Walton, director of the college theater, shares honors with John Rosenthal and Linda Sutherland — Hamlet and Ophelia — for the essay on "Shakespeare's Hamlet — Overrated!"

Mr. Walton, almost as young as some of his students, has his graduate degree from Michigan State University. He has directed several summer theater productions as well as ones here at school.

John is a sophomore from New York. This summer he played in the Tanglewood Theater productions in Winston-Salem. One of his most outstanding roles there was Nichols in MacLeishes' "J. B." Now that Hamlet is over, Johnny has cut his hair and returned to the magazine where he is on the editorial board.

Linda is from Macon, Georgia . . . and is the new Homecoming Queen. Her other talents include writing and playing the uke.

Francis "Sonny" Berces, author of "The Tourist", is a senior English major from Mount Holly, N. J. President of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, Sonny is also active in student government and student publications. He professes a great interest in philosophy.

Still in the Lambda Chi's — Charles Stone, author of "All The Little Boys — an Unfinished Play," is from Roanoke, Virginia. A junior English major, he acquired his interest in dramatics from the Wake Forest freshman labs and summer experience in one of Virginia's outdoor dramas. He also writes for the Old Gold and Black but likes us much better (or so we tell him.)

Dr. Elizabeth Phillips of the English Department finally surrendered five of her poems to the magazine. Dr. Phillips considers herself a "vacation-time poet" and in turn considers this definition an adequate reason for not having written more — no vacations. Who is her favorite poet? A ridiculous question she says — favorite poets depend on the moment.

She received her B.A. degree from Woman's College and her PhD. from the University of Pennsylvania. Last year she was in Korea teaching and one of the poems included in this issue "No Matter Where You Are" was printed in one of the Korean papers.

Richard Eaton, a professor of English here, returns to the magazine with a review of Kennedy's book. Dr. Eaton received his graduate degree from Carolina and taught there for four years. He made this up by drawing cartoons for us last year. An expert in folk music, he owns an assortment of guitars. He also just got married.

Angela Johnson, a senior from Wilmington, reviewed Steinbeck's book. Angela speaks French, talks with all representatives of the Peace Corp that find their way to the campus, and writes for the Old Gold and Black. She has acted in plays, been to France, and wore her hair in a pigtail last year. One of our more interesting people, we think.

B. C. May is a freshman from Alexandria, Virginia. His review of Act One was a work of love — for the theater as well as the magazine. B. C. had a role in Hamlet and seems destined for a lot of work in the college theater (anybody up there usually ends up with a lot of work but we think B. C. will have *roles.)*

HAMLET - the birth of a play

On October 23rd, the Wake Forest College Theater presented its first production of the year, **HAMLET,** Shakespeare's immortal master-tragedy. What the audience saw was a Whole, a Unit, a Play-Put Together. They were not listening to a dramatic reading of **Hamlet,** or observing character interpretations; they were watching a "play," that organic sector of literature which begins as an embryo, the written word, and through intelligent imagination and grinding work, transforms itself into the more powerful word, the acted word. The "birth of a play" should and must be emphasized, for often the untrained observer makes the ill-fated mistake of separating a play into individual unities, thus disregarding the over-all creation, the One Unity.

By this pictorial essay, I would like to show through pictures and print the process by which a play is conceived: at first, in its incipient stages; then its slow growth and ultimate maturity; and finally, its debut to the public, or better, its "opening night."

The cast first met in the office of Director Walton. It was here that the immediate problems were evened out: various interpretations were conjectured, subtle phrases were combed for meaning, and the much needed script-cuttings were made. Was Hamlet mad? The Queen innocent? Should obsolete puns remain and clutter up the script?

Although mostly business, the meetings would occasionally take on a gleeful nature. Here the joke is on a character that has just realized that his largest scene has been cut, due to its utter irrelevancy to the play.

During the reading, the actors, trying to be helpful, but often failing, would pass interpretive hints back and forth.

The office is soon abandoned and the stage-rehearsals begin. At first unique and inspiring, the experience becomes tedious about the eightime through; especially for the spectator.

The actors, without their lines learned, must carefully step through their blocking, constantly watching their scripts so as to say their lines on time. Here, Horatio and Bernado await the ghost's entrance.

A week before show-time, Miss Gina Petrushka, a New York actress comes to Wake Forest. She is to play the role of Gertrude, the Queen. Being an experienced actress, her understanding, insight, and perception of the various Shakespearean characters made her instrumental in the "play" creation. Actors suddenly discovered new depth in their roles; lines began to unfold their rich and latent meanings; and the theater became stimulated again, egged on by Miss Petrushka's enthusiasm and unflagging interest.

The set finished, the costumes ready, the lights set, the play now goes into the all-important dress and technical productions. "The play within the play" is rehearsed till perfected. The choreography and dueling techniques are mastered. Dramatic intensity is built. The "play" is almost completed - almost - but not quite. There is one thing missing; the one thing which will carry a play beyond the realms of musty literature and pretty poetry, making it a "play," a completed creation

the audience

and then and only then, a play is born

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET

Overrated!

by James Walton
director WFC Theater
told to Linda Sutherland
John Rosenthal

Before I begin, I must tell you that what I have to say may lack continuity and form; I am not going to comment on "Hamlet," the complete play. I am going to comment only on those sections which, I feel, impose great limitations on it as a play for the producing theater.

I want to make it clear that I have no quarrel with Shakespeare's reputation as a poet, and as a writer. My training is in theater, and not in literature. But considering Mr. Shakespeare as a dramatist, writing serious plays for the producing theater. it is my opinion that he is an overrated playwright.

I suppose I share the same feelings Edward Gordon Craig felt upon returning to London after designing "Hamlet" for Constantin Stanislovski's Moscow Art Theater. He said. "Was I satisfied? Yes. I am more thoroughly convinced than ever that the plays of Shakespeare are unactable — that they are a bore when acted — but also that the crowd loves nothing so well as good confusion of principles in a theater as they do in architecture. as they do in music."

Previously I have spoken if his "serious plays." As for his comedies, I have directed two of them; "The Taming of the Shrew" and " A Midsummer Night's Dream." Both these plays are well-written; both are good theater; they possess excitement and enthusiasm in abundance, and this, in essence, is the theater experience, whether it is entertaining theater, or art of the theater. However, these plays are examples of entertaining theater, rather than plays which lend themselvest to the art of the theater experience.

The question may now arise: what is "the art of the theater experience?" The response of an audience to an artistic theatrical production is both Emotional and Spiritual, and true art of the theater is a noble, religious experience. Those plays which delve after Truth, ie, Beauty, do so by appealing to the spectator's soul, rather than merely to his intellectual responsiveness. Thinking may he provoked, but only as a secondary outgrowth of the theater experience.

But to get back to "Hamlet": obviously the play has some strengths, ie. characterizations. And the play has many weaknesses that I will not discuss for reasons of brevity. But let me now give you an example of one of the play's basic weaknesses which tends to undermine its potential for the theater. There are two scenes of exposition in this play that occur near the conclusion of the drama. These scenes are necessary to the conclusion, but they also destroy or sidetrack the audiences' spiritual response to any production of this play. One is a lengthy scene between the King and Laertes in which they discuss the impending duel. The second is a lengthy scene between Hamlet and Horatio in which Hamlet divulges what happened to him on his way to England. Both of these scenes contain intellectual explanation at a time when the audience should be racing emotionally to the theatrical conclusion. They are boring and each night of our production the audience shifted and squeaked chairs as they lost interest in these two parts of the play. It is quite doubtful that a good modern playwright would include such lengthy exposition at this point in his drama.

One could say that the acting was at fault. This could be true, hut the play "Hamlet" does not necessarily demand good acting. It demands excellent oral interpretation, and even an adequate actor with a good interpretative voice would be successful in a play of this type. In fact, the play is easy to do, and this is a relief since most of our recent productions have been very demanding

I would now like to make a comment about the use of words in theater production. Words are the uncontrollable factor in play production that weaken the theater as an art form when compared, for example, with painting and music. Words are connotative and are therefore uncontrollable. Because of this, a good theater playwright will use brevity, selection and suggestion in choosing words for his drama. This is why a fine theater play will not necessarily read well. In "Hamlet," Shakespeare does use brevity, selection and suggestion, but not to the extent that Friedrich Duerrenmatt does in "The Visit," which, by the way, is a far better play for the theater.

As for our "cutting" of "Hamlet," I would like to emphasize that we cannot improve on the literary or poetic quality of "Hamlet" through cutting or addition. *But that was not our purpose.* Any deletion in the script was made solely for the purpose of improving "Hamlet's" theatrical possibilities. Certainly it could have been a better cutting from the literary standpoint. I am not a writer. Each member of the audience has an equal right in determining the cutting's effectiveness in terms of theatrical response. After all, every good theater does its productions for the sole purpose of moving, exciting and stimulating the *layman* spectator.

The characterization given Polonius has been criticized on the grounds that it is very unlikely that a fool would be the chief advisor to the King of Denmark. This could be an exceptionally valid criticism, but the criticism should be leveled against the playwright, rather than against the people connected with the portrayal of this character. Most of Polonius's lines in "Hamlet" would certainly indicate that Polonius is a fool. Thus, if a fool would not be the chief advisor to the king, their quarrel is with William Shakespeare.

In summary, I don't think we should mislead ourselves into assuming that this play is potential art of the theater. Rather, it should he done as a "museum piece" with some historical or literary purpose. By that I mean, Stratford Connecticut and Stratford Ontario are contributing to our literary culture if they present basically uncut versions of "Hamlet." Other theaters which try to duplicate historical conditions of the Globe theater or representations of the Elizabethan acting styles are contributing to historical value. But let us not pretend that "Hamlet" is theater art, though it may very well he dramaturgical art. And let us not revere William Shakespeare as a theater artist or a saint. In this one man's opinion, he is neither.

Paul Green

Pulitizer Prizewinning Playwright

Author of "In Abraham's Bosom"

"The Lost Colony"

and other plays

Were you decided when you came to college that you were going to write?

MR. GREEN: No, I had not decided. I was looking toward the future but I was not certain which I would take. I was interested in becoming a philosopher because I found Plato and Aristotle so exciting.

I had that belief in common sense and reason — that if you study a thing hard enough you could solve it. I thought this was possible because it can be possible that all this display of nature and man would be reasonable — and therefore reason could understand it.

As a freshman I read a book called "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It is a mixture of the religious points of view about the universe and the scientific points of view.

I was interested because I found quite a contradiction between the Orthodox churchman view and the scientific view, and because they didn't fit I was interested. I became more and more determined to study philosophy to understand things.

Were you doing any writing at this time? Any poetry?

MR. GREEN: I was writing a lot of poetry but it wasn't any good. It was something to do while plowing or picking cotton to cut away the loneliness. I was writing poetry when I was about 8 or 9.

These characters that you write about in the collection of short stories — "Dog on the Sun," seem to be doing the same killing of time.

What was the foundation for your literary interest in the lower class of North Carolina?

MR. GREEN: I was from the lower class and I was interested in my people. You try to express yourself about the things that meant the most to you and moved you. You want to speak to somebody about it.

I remember an old lady who used to work for us died. I got to thinking about how she had spent her whole life working for someone else. What did her life amount to? Somebody ought to say something about her so I tried, and in order to do it I had to write it down, and that's how it was. A Negro teacher got hit in the face by a white man because the white man thought he was uppity. Someone ought to say something about that.

Do you see anymore of the classic struggle of man that is won against nature and evitable death in these Southern characters you write about, the oppressed tenant farmer and the Southern Negro?

MR. GREEN: Everybody has a type, but it just simply means that he wears that kind of clothes—wears that kind of physiognomy. There is plenty to write about wherever people live. Society uses labels — classicism, romanticism, but they are poor labels. Thinking about these labels sometimes ruins beautiful poetry for me.

Another thing, regionalism . . . ' I'm tired of hearing about the Old South, the New South, or the Emerging South. Let's think wherein we belong to the new age and to the world view. Our politicians act as if we were somehow set apart.

At the moment you were creating a play or a short story how much were you concerned with technique and theory?

MR. GREEN: If you start with a theory in the kind of writing I've done like stories, some plays and movies, it is a matter of recall and also creation at the same time. You hear and you see and you can actually smell it. You are not thinking about theory anymore.

I was experiencing this with these people — riding along with them. I write a scene for a play in two ways: I go out in the theater and sit in the auditorium and bring people in, but most of the time I'm on the stage with them. I'm putting it down with an intent and with a control. You are guiding people towards a conclusion. When I wanted to write about the Negro teacher who was being hit I first set up an idea. I had my conclusion somewhat in mind when I started. Sometimes you ride with him too long. What they say and what they do is pretty much determined by what you call the theme that you are working on.

I recently wrote a play on Stephen Foster. I set my theme down. He wanted to write music and still have a normal life. Can he have it? In "Abraham," he wants to be a school teacher in a land where they need teachers and where there was plenty of prejudice and ignorance. Can he do it? No. They hung him. In the case of Stephen Foster, he could do it. The one you would call a tragedy and the other a comedy.

You mentioned seeing the play as you write it. Can you simply see the play or does it have to be read? The majority say it has to be seen, but there are some who say you can just read the play.

MR. GREEN: I say both. I like to read plays and only rarely to go to see them. So often they are badly done. You can read it and get your own mental picture. I know that a play read, not once in a hundred times, will make the impact on you that a play seen and heard will make, because in the first case you read the play through the eyes. The words you hear and the characters are very dim, and they don't make a sensory impact on you. A play produced actually impinges on both your eyes and your ears, and also works on the other senses, and the sheer nervous impact will be stronger. Some people can read a play and get a lot more out of it than one who sees it.

The American theater in the past 25 years has been on the down grade, but I notice in cities like Dallas, Los Angeles, and Houston an interest in drama is being found. Do you think this can go very far, and why you think Broadway has been on the down grade for so many years?

MR. GREEN: From the 18th Century up to about 1920 we didn't have much drama. Playwrights were of no stature, and plays were purely for entertainment. They took their models from Europe. It was not until 1920 with Eugene O'Neal that American playwrights began to measure up. From that time to now we have produced a number of pretty good playwrights: O'Neil, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams. All these men have come along when the theater, as you say, is on the down grade. From the American point of view, which deals in quantity, we have been on the down grade. In 1924 there were over 100 theaters devoted to plays, and then the movies began to cut in. Now there are about 30 theaters. From the point of view of numbers the theater has been on the down grade, but from the standpoint of writing, maybe not. The theater in the country is thriving as never before.

I've heard that a playwright whose plays don't reach Broadway is not considered as a playwright, while in other countries they are.

MR. GREEN: That is due to the fact that style is still set from N. Y.

You mentioned the movies buying up the theaters. Are there any other reasons for the decline in the number of theaters?

MR. GREEN: There is one thing that has affected all art, and that is eye appeal. Pictures are more frank now, and the rise of the camera has caused a demise of many things. Magazines that bought stories have been killed off by LOOK and TIME and a few others.

I don't understand how all art can decline at the same time. Isn't there a need for drama or creative fiction?

MR. GREEN: The development of the machine age is the most powerful effect in the modern world, but there is still the spirit of man.

Do you think the spirit of man can ever be replaced?

MR. GREEN: No, because there has to be a man to run the machines. The spirit of man is that strange power of yearning. Some people get all swallowed up in it.

This could be a reason for the lack of need for the expression of the spirit. There just isn't spirit anymore.

MR. GREEN: It is this one-sided, nationalism that our country has. The Americans don't stand as high around the world as they think. We've got two great machines, two tremendous agencies — television and motion pictures for education and culture; but we do not use them this way, because the rest of the world believes that Americans will do anything for money.

I know you were interested in films, but you didn't have much luck because of Hollywood's interest in money and consequent lack of interest in "arty" pictures. In Europe they are overcoming this, and doing a good job. Do you think this will ever happen in America?

MR. GREEN: We gave birth to two great picture men, Chaplain and Disney, but we're not making pictures comparable to those coming out of Russia or Italy. There has never been a better chance for a playwright as there is today, with the powerful means of modern lighting, sound equipment, etc. The imagination is pretty free. We should do some tremendous things in the theater because we have the tools to work with.

Do you think in the years ahead that Europe will widen the gap in motion pictures between America and Europe?

MR. GREEN: No. We should become more and more one world and intermingle and fructify to help create many more wonderful things. Through mutual stimulation we can make a worthwhile world.

With the rise of the middle class it looks as though the lower class is disappearing. You imply in your collection of plays, "Out of the South" that the South will become a melting pot.

Are you saying it is just going to die someday? Won't there be a need for tenant farmers?

MR. GREEN: It looks as if this welfare state socialism has to come. By socialism you mean that the power in charge—call it the Federal Government. They see that the welfare of every person is looked after. The old democracy was that every person has an equal chance to look after himself. In the South we have really been undemocratic. We have been working on the basis of equal opportunity to take care of himself provided he's got the right color and all that. The modern machine with its tremendous productive ability looks as if it is going to make it more and more the welfare state where the welfare of every person will be looked after, but it is obvious what will be required is that every person must do something to be worthy of being looked after. Then you have something like Russia, and you won't know the difference. If this does come during your life time you won't be able to take any job. You will have to appear before a board and give your reasons for wanting to move and so on. But, people will like it.

If this happens the Southerner's close association with nature will be gone. Do you think this is bad?

MR GREEN: I don't know I say this machine business is a wonderful democracy in a way that a carburetor will work for anybody. He knows no prejudice, so when you bring industry into North Carolina you won't even have any question of segregation in the schools because this industry is democratic. It is functional and it is looking for brains. This is just like Russia, and they don't care about color or how long or short he is. So in Russia today the Negro has a wonderful opportunity, and opportunities are coming here and it is a shame that it has been so long in coming because we rob ourselves of so many wonderful talents by not having the thing open. I've got a colored fellow working for me who talks down around low C, but doesn't sing in the choir because he has never had an opportunity to learn one note from another. Think of the talents we have lost over the years — the Negro has been here in North Carolina for nearly 300 years. We have had 14 to 16 million of them live and die here. Do you know one that has ever made a great name? Do you know a great chemist, great lawyer, a great scientist, novelist, singer? No, but they are all there. They perish and they never had a chance. Now, that is wrong. So in the new state that is coming, you are not going to have that. These people are going to have a chance. You are going to have art and singers. So. I feel mighty good about the future.

How did you begin writing outdoor or symphonic dramas?

MR. GREEN: I tried a symphonic drama in New York and it was a big flop. The high real estate value has killed off many theaters in New York. It was very expensive and finally caused me to move out to the country with this sort of thing. I got a chance down at Manteo.

That was a big jump from your folk plays to symphonic dramas.

MR. GREEN: I had one little Southern thing about the Negro people and that was that flop in 1934. In 1935 or 1936 I got a chance at Manteo and it was there that we were lucky in a way — the welfare state began. It was the WPA. We got federal theater, actors, and CC Camp boys. The Govt helped to build the theater. We could never have done it except for the WPA. I've done a number of them since. There are a lot of them in America having no mutual relationship. Maybe we will have amphitheaters in time like they used to have in Greece where we can celebrate our history.

You mentioned that "In Abraham's Bosom" is a tragedy, whereas your outdoor drama about Stephen Foster was comical. Would you say that this made it more meaningful than their symphonic dramas?

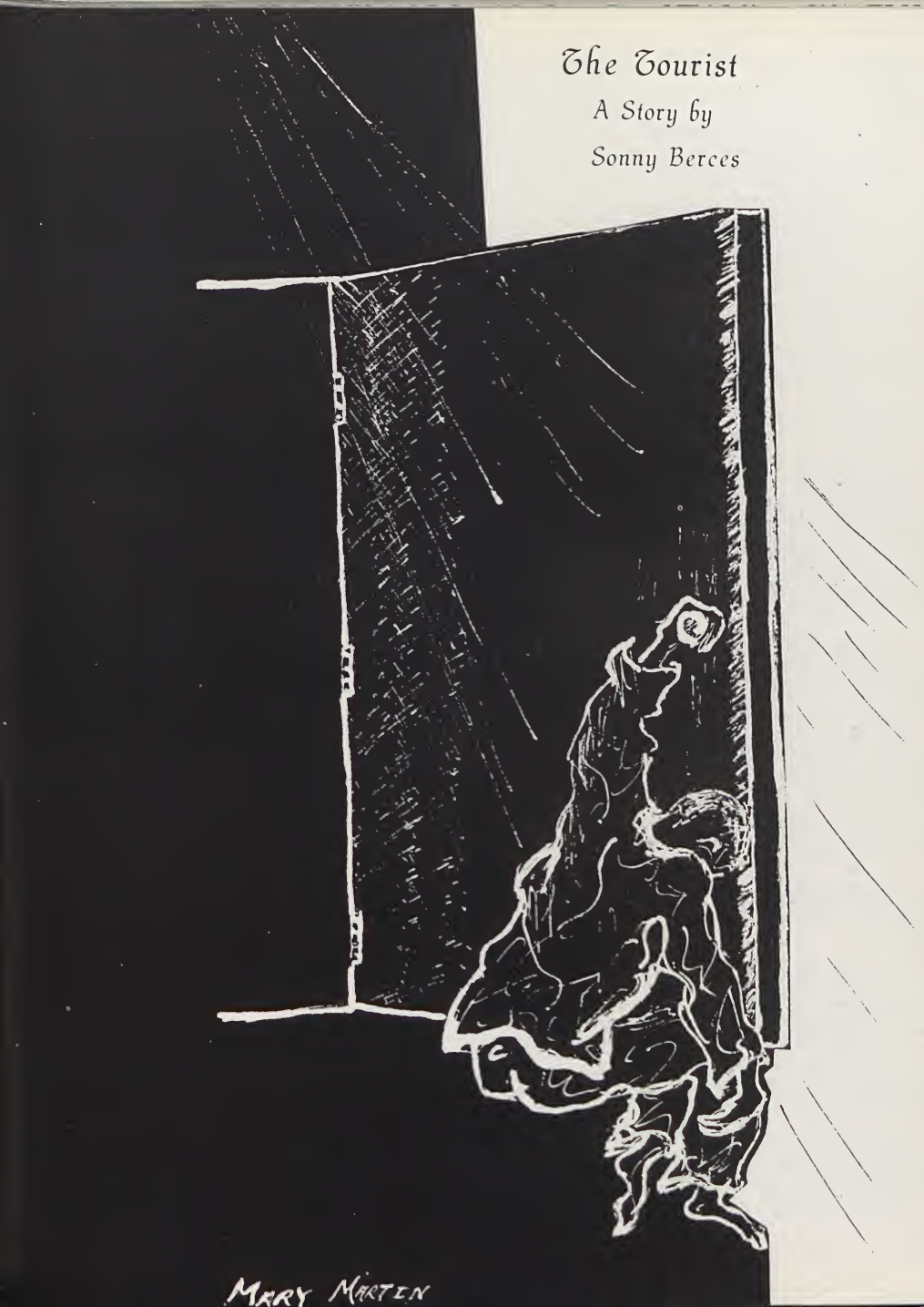
MR. GREEN: Yes, I suppose so. I hope that I will participate as little as possible in crucifying others. In this Southern business, we rob so many people of their real life. I think Terry Sanford is doing a lot of good in quietly and logically working with the future. One of the most nonsensical men I know up and begged the Negro to keep the voluntary segregation. The race question is dead in the South. All we need now is to bury it. The funeral is going to be long in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, etc. But democracy, as written down 185 years ago says that talent has nothing to do with color. A human being should have his chance to grow — that is democracy. This is Christian and religious. Jesus Christ taught it, but we haven't been able to get it into that Southern way of life you were talking about.

Interview
by
Bud Creech

The Tourist

A Story by

Sonny Berces



Someone was spilling a black impenetrable ink across the once clear sky, and beneath, two questioning eyes were observing it wtih increasing dread.

The eyes were interred in a human form lying still in a room hopelessly dark save a solitary stream of light which guided its way between the curtains to a hidden corner, quite apart from the bed.

He lay in the bed unconsciously aware of awakening shouts in the street, intently absorbed with a dusty light bulb, which heretofore had emitted coarse but sufficient light, now unlit and hardly visible on the shadowed ceiling.

Above the light someone's alarm clock screeched. The sound of muffled feet followed. His eyes followed the sound to the wall, then slid heavily to the floor.

"It's absurd," he muttered, but the rest of his sentence was buried in the racket of old pipes.

He gripped the sheets with his wet hands and experienced pain.

The muffled feet were heard again, followed by the slam of a door and the heavy sound of someone going down the steps and out into the early morning air. Strenuously he accompanied the sound until it faded. Beads of sweat erupted on his forehead, became heavy, slid down and became part of the soiled pillow.

He had heard the wise and venerable doctor mention acute poisoning, but neither the doctor nor the landlord had said anything to him. What had ensued constituted the doctor leaving, the landlord jamming something foul down his throat, subsequent vomiting, and more trouble for the religiously bent and aged landlord who by all appearances was nearly dead himself. But the landlord hadn't returned, justifying his absence with the intention of making the final arrangements for the visiting body when the inevitable moment arrived.

"Poor man, waited too long for help," he'd diagnosed several times repeating the absent doctor. "Ate the forbidden apple, he did."

Consequently he was to be banished from his Eden. Having freely toured the Garden, he was being forced to leave. Alone with his impending exile, he was now arbitrarily forced to acknowledge and accept his death. After a lifetime of escape he had finally been arrested and imprisoned. Now he awaited the final uncompromising sentence in a prison where no guards, no walls, no bars prevented him from leaving: the most ridiculously confining prison; trapped by no one but his ailing human self. And he had to resign himself to it.

"That's the absurdity," he thought for the first time. "I'm flung here; and sometime later I'm snatched away, like a lobster thrown on the ice display, until outside, a passing appetite points you out. Then you're snatched from the ice to satisfy the whim. How long you remain there depends on fortune—fate. But sooner or later someone points you out."

All his life he felt that at the last minute he would understand the reason for his birth and his death. But while living he felt there was little he could do. He lacked what he had others reveal . . . whatever it was that made them believe life had a more sensible meaning than was obvious. How could he hope to divine the meaning of existence when so many philosophers, men of genius, before him had either failed or merely contributed numerous superfluous abstract ideas to the file: "abortive attempts at the meaning of existence." To see, to feel, to hear, to enjoy appeared to him as the way of life. It was easy for the ascetics in the pulpits to laud the pious and temperate life, he had often thought, by nature they didn't enjoy the things he enjoyed. His paradise was here. Who could blame him for not giving up the things that were important to him, for a beyond no one *really* knew existed. Yet, he had thought he would understand at the last minute if any transcendent place existed. Then, when he was sure, he would believe in the life beyond; he would render his act of contrition.

But the air was thick with dust; and instead of things becoming clearer, his vision became all the more obscured. He feared there was nothing to follow his putrid and senseless death. Even though he and death had met before, each succeeding encounter failed to evoke any impression in him except the desire to flee what he knew eventually would envelope him also.

At this thought a fly alighted on his nose, walked across his cheek, and took to the air again. One of the cursed plaques of existence that have no use, respect no station, no class, no color; a menace that prevails in spite of preventative measures, that gains admittance to the best of homes.

Pain clenched and squeezed his entire body, interrupting his thoughts.

Readily it released, as if compassionate, and his thoughts wandered dizzily across fragmentary pieces of his life and came to rest on generic woman — she who was alive and capable of awakening him, giving him expression, reaction, anything that could be termed more alive than dead. His nondescript partner was undressing, laughing and undressing. She would come and help him, clean him, nurse him, make him well. But she undressed and went off with a live one. This is my world where male and female perform to the cadence of the assembly line. And profit is born. And the dollar makes its way to heaven.

Pain, growing impatient, again clenched and squeezed, this time with more determination. He emitted a muffled, gutteral sound and writhed. Again it released, and he heaved a relieved sigh and surveyed the room through his blurred eyes, and stopped at the dust-filled stream of light. His eyes slid down the thin stream and fell in the shadowed corner.

He was seven and in the cathedral at his first communion surveying a stream of light which entered through the multicolored windows high above and fell directly on the elaborately adorned altar. He remembered counting the falling dust particles in the stream while the serious fellow up front was chanting and carrying on. Mother noticed his degression and diligently poked him in the side. Aeknowledging piously, he bowed in prayer. That was the way with religion, it required automatic responses. No questions were asked, and no answers were given. Yet everyone acted as though something had been asked and something had been answered.

Later, older, he lingered with the descending dust particles in an effort to escape the vacant and tiresome Sunday morning drama. Faith, Hope, and Charity had become fate, hoax, and chariots — the latest models, with a few new accessories each succeeding year.

Dusk was creeping across the city, and the thin stream of light had disappeared. The fading howl of a distant train was heard. Someone was dying in the 20th century.

In the room he tried frantically, pathetically to concentrate on living, traveling, touring. His mind, part of the universal merry-go-round, sped swiftly, cyclically, from one fragmentary incident to another. He'd have to hire a guide, arrange an itinerary.

"Pack me a lunch mom, I'm goin' off by myself . . ."

Futilely he struggled to get his arm out the window. His eyes, black, wide, and beady, screamed while his straining claw scratched vainly at the window pane. Someone pointed to him and he was snatched away.

The following day the old landlord returned and found the door difficult to open. He phoned for the authorities. They found the tourist heavily crouched against the foot of the badly scratched door, an empty suitcase grasped tightly in his rigid hand.

Upstairs, someone's alarm clock wailed. The sound of muffled feet followed

• • •

5 Poems
by Elizabeth Phillips

No Matter Where You Are

There are those who have to creep
Out of themselves every morning.
Stoned with sorrow, lie down in sleep.

Night's for those whose eyes it keeps to weep.
Neither dark nor dreams moves heart's scorning.
There are those who have to creep.

In dirty bus stations of the mind, cripples sweep
Up any man who's spent in fawning.
Stoned with sorrow, lie down in sleep.

Even in the whitest house on the quietest street
In the isolated mid-west of mourning
There are those who have to creep.

War, defeat, or peace and love's retreat
Are slow to know the quick of dawning.
Stoned with sorrow, lie down in sleep.
There are those who have to creep.

A lone bird
Who bathes
In aloneness
Preens the self
And shakes
The wetness
On everyone
Close by.

The Inevitable Seamstress

She'll put a hem in the garment of your fear
And when you've worn it out, come back to her
And she'll tell you that the tarantula kind
You believe alive in the house at the edge
Of the cultivated forest of the mind
Sews with a poisoned needle sharper than a tear.

After Dark

The scar-faced moon sits silent

Silent in the sullen silence of grief

But the dark hush of love

Is an earth-bowl thing and brief.

A Heart Stays South in Winter

A silent snow is blowing
Here in the Mediterranean latitude
Only the heart keeps the cold from growing

Nature expresses me
But for this I've no gratitude
Love's words must be weather-free

O storm's way, brain's agony,
Love's weather must be word-free

A heart hurts wherever it's wintered
And floods its blood where snow's interred

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ALL THE LITTLE BOYS

by Charles Stone

CHARACTERS:

May
Grace
Howard Taylor
Jim
Charley
Man in shirtsleeves
Two Negroes
Woman
Man
Voices and figures

"Down among the groundlings, among the beggars and rakers of the garbage, profound passion is enacted."

Herman Melville
"Billy Budd"

SCENE:

The back alley of a cheap business section of a southern city. Three buildings are visible, so close together they might be one.

The building center is a cheap hotel by appearance, but a bawdy-house by experience. It is two stories high. Sooty chimneys and roof may be visible, but sky must stretch out behind it. The audience should see some stars and a hint of a moon right. There is a landing on the first floor with a poorly railed wooden stair extending to another above. The second floor landing is lit in red.

The building right was once a small grocery store of the type eclipsed by the supermarket. This one has been converted into a dirty beer tavern. The red blinking "Beer" sign above the shabby back entrance contrasts with "Produce and Vegetables" still distinguishable from the peeling paint on the back wall.

The building left is an abandoned warehouse. Its windows and doors are boarded, and it stands in darkness and shadows, extending off left. Large black shapes loom in the alley before it. Perhaps these are discarded packing boxes.

(Note: As originally conceived, this setting was to be as realistic as possible, but as the play has evolved, it is now conceivable that it may be represented sympolically with geometric harmony. The realistic mode of representation, however, is still to be preferred.)

At rise we hear lurid music of a blues genealogy: a trumpet, a saxophone, a tired clarinet, and drum.

The door of the beer-hall right bursts open, and TWO NEGROES enter. One stretches and yawns in the southern negroid manner: he is content. The other locks the door.

1st Negro: (Sings)

Closin' time
Time to go home,
Time to lock up
and get gone!

I don' know
On m' way home
If I'll get up
An' work no mo' —

2nd Negro:

How long yo known Jake?

1st Negro:

I dunno, 'but three year. What's he done?

1st Negro:

Ah, I heard some tale from de women 'bout how he 'n' some chip outa whitebush done pulled somptin' over on dis white man over der near de river when he waz tryin' to get his woman . . .

2nd Negro:

H-m-m-h!
(Their voices fade as they cross left and exit.)

1st Negro:

I donno. Seems to me like he left town a while though . . . went up Norf somewheres. Anyhow, I thought I saw him last Sunday, hangin' round about . . .

(slight pause)

(A teenage boy rises out of the shadows left behind the warehouse. He wears faded blue jeans without belt and a white T-shirt. He moves forward cautiously, but with a hint of swagger.)

Taylor:

Come on out, Jim!
(Another boy rises, but does not move. He wears a clean and starched white shirt and polished cotton trousers. He is a typical product of the American middle class.)

Jim:

You better watch out! If they see us, they might get rough!
(Taylor makes a big thing of lighting a cigarette.)

Taylor:

Hell, they don't care! Anyway I can take care of myself.
(Jim moves down.)

Taylor:

This is Saturday night, remember? They're too busy to notice us.

Jim:

Guess so.
(Taylor turns to him.)

Taylor:

(confidentially, yet barely shaky) If you weren't along, I'd go in and get me some.

Jim:

The hell you say. They'd throw you out so fast—

Taylor:

You don't believe I've done it?

Jim:

No.

Taylor:

Whatdaya take me for? A lizard-livered virgin?

Jim:

You ain't been in *there*.

Taylor:

What the hell do you know? I've been in there, yeah. An' I got it, too. Anybody can if ya got money.

Jim:

Don't feed me that stuff. You're underage.

Taylor:

I gotta friend, name's Big Bill Winslow, *he* took me in one night! Damn yeah, an' I got it, too!

Jim:

Bull.

Taylor:

Yeah! I went with this dame . . . pretty good looker, too . . . nice hips. Anyway, she thought I was "cute", but I showed her I ain't no kid. When I got done she said "Where'd you learn to — — — — like that?"

Jim:

Yeah, an' I bet you made up some lie like it wasn't your first!

Taylor:

Whatdaya mean lie! You think it was? A damn lot you know! Ah-ha-ha!

Jim:

Oh yeah, I guess you got first hand instruction from your mother!

Taylor:

Crap with you. I've been doin' it longern you'd think. I knew what I was made a man for at seven—

Jim:

And knockin' up sheep at twelve, I guess.

Taylor:

To hell with you. You go home and let you mother tuck you in bed, baby, but I'm goin' in this place and have myself a night of it!

Jim:

Sh-h-h. Somebody's comin'.

Authors note—

"All the Little Boys" is still in evolution. It should by no means be considered a finished work.

(Jim dodges into the shadows. A sweating man in shirtsleeves comes onto the lower landing hauling a crate of empty beer bottles.
Taylor hesitates, then saunters forward.)

Taylor:
Hi-ya Mac!

Man:
(straightening) who th- oh. You.

Taylor:
Yeah. Ah . . . who drunk all that beer?

Man:
Whodaya think?

Taylor:
You did?

Man:
Look kid, I thought Charley told you to keep away from here.

Taylor:
Aw . . . That was a long time ago. Anyway, I'm older an' I oughta be let upstairs. (lower) Sometimes I think I gotta!

Man:
Beat it, kid.

Taylor:
Aw . . . come on. I got money. Give ya somethin' extra?

Man:
You want me to move you?

Taylor:
(moves left, defeated) I'm gone.
(Man exits in, the door slams.)

Jim:
Ha-ha-ha!

Taylor:
Shut up, dammit!

Jim:
Ha-ha-ha-ha-

Taylor:
Damn you, can it!

Jim:
(through giggles) You . . . such a lover! . . . such a talker!
(Taylor grabs him roughly.)

Taylor:
I' gonna beat you to a—

Jim:
Try! Ha-ha-ha!

Taylor:
You bastard—
(chases him off.)

Taylor:
Yeah? What da you know about it huh, huh? You think you know about it? What da you know?
(Jim pulls free dodges him playfully in a limited area left.)

Jim:
I know more'n you'd think! Listen—ha, ha—listen, I'll tell ya what I know. Come 'ere, shhhh, Taylor . . .
(Suddenly he seems very serious)
Here's what I've learned—from *experience*. When a man and woman's together— (His voice drops lower. Taylor leans forward expectingly.)
When a man and woman's together, they—they start in by whisperin' to one another— start by whisperin'—
(slight pause)
HOWARD TAYLOR'S A DAMN LIAR! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Oh-ho, Ha-ha—
(resume script)
(The music rises, the saxaphone blares.
Blonde Woman appears on the second landing. She leans over the rail a moment letting her hair swing forward over her face. Then she streaches up with a yawn and a smile.
Man appears behind her. He encircles her with his arms and presses his face into her hair. He whispers something to her and covers her breasts with his hands. The woman smiles, and allows him to pull her slowly back into the building.
The trumpet improvises with the claranet.
May wanders out onto the second landing as if she is unsure of directions. She wears a plain white gown and negligee which catches the red light. May is a prostitute of about thirty-five. Her black hair is matted; she wears almost no make-up. When she first enters, she appears very old, in movement and in tone of voice. She stumbles down the stairs muttering to herself. She sits on the first landing facing front, staring forward vacantly, drawing her negligee about her.)

May:
(muttering) . . . just like little boys, all ov'em. . . . ain't no good growin' old . . . never change. . . . just like little boys. Yellin' and fightin' . . . gettin' drunk and playin' like men . . .
(She stares up into steel-blue moonlight.)
. . . only a few ever grow up!

Voice from
2nd floor:
May? Where are ya', May?

May:
(blankly, out front) I think I'm dead.

Voice:
May!
(May bends slowly straight back.)

May:
(horsely) Yeah.
(*Grace* appears at an upper window. She too is a prostitute, dark, with heavy make-up, about May's age.)

Grace:
You out *there*, May? Better come back! You ain't supposed to be out there . . . specially now.

May:
(head bowed, almost to knees) I ain't.

Grace:
I'll come down and get ya, hear May?

May:
(low) I hear.
(Grace leaves the window, appears on 2nd landing, moves down stairs with consternation.)

Grace:
Charley'd be mad if he knew you're out here. He'd be real mad.

May:
Let him.

Grace:
Now come on in with me, honey. I won't tell no one.

May:
Don't care if you do.

Grace:
You can't lose this job. Where'd ya get another?

May:
Lemme be. Can't . . now.

Grace:
What da ya mean, "can't"? Come on with me.

May:
(up and furious) I can't, didja hear? Didja? I said I can't!

Grace:
(As to a child) Come on in, little May. Come on with me.

May:
(fuming) You stay away, hear? I ain't goin' back. Never.

Grace:
But honey, you got to.

May:
I ain't. I ain't never. Never, never, never!

Grace:
(glances up anxiously) But honey, it ain't bad. Not really bad. Besides, where would ja go—like that?

May:
(Wandering down right) Away. Away from the little boys who fight and tear at ja! Away. Away from those dogs—
. . . sail. . . . yes, sail away . . . on a boat!

Grace:
What's come over ya, May?

May:
Just wanna sail, that's all. across the preeety water. gotta go way.

Grace:
(Watching her carefully) Come here, honey. Let's sit down and talk.

May:

(Allowing herself to be led) Don't wanna talk.

(Try sit on the landing facing front.)

Grace:

What shall we talk about, h-m-m-m? (looks up) The wind? or clouds? or pretty things?

(May does not respond to any of the following. It is as if she cannot see or hear.)

Grace:

I used to think sometimes—when I was alone outside—that I was kin to the wind. I thought I had a real friend. But when I'd look to see him beside me, there would be nothing. Nothing but a moving stillness. And I'd be lonely and cry!

Isn't that funny?

Then sometimes I would think I was *free!* Free as the wind itself! But then again I would think I *am* nothing. Nothing but a crazy, impossible dream, a nothing.

By then I'd have thought too much, and I'd be frightened. And for a long time I'd shiver and cry.

(pause)

I can never understand why I thought such things . . . I . . .

I used to used to say I would stop and never think again. But I couldn't.

I only know I was very lonely—terribly lonely—wonderfully lonely. Yet through it all I was still convinced that there is no such thing as hopelessness. I still am, I sometimes pretend—

Oh. I' better shut up. I talk too much, too.

But I was always so lonely. So very, very lonely . . .

(She stands, her face pinpointed in light, running the fingers of her right hand nervously through her hair.)

Once I thought I would never be lonely again . . . but it didn't work out.

(May has not moved. Grace stares out into space. We hear a mournful trumpet.

The light picks up a figure standing on a black platform left. He is dressed in a clean blue suit with the clean-cut American look.

As Grace moves to speak to him, she is much younger. The weariness is gone from her voice, but traces of it return toward the end of the interlude.)

She:

What are you doing up there?

He:

I am here, that's all.

She:

Why don't you come down?

He:

I am here, don't you understand? One can not change these things.

She:

I should like to try.

He:

Don't bother. You cannot get up here anymore than I can get down.

She:

You are very high. I envy you.

He:

This place is limited. You are the lucky one.

She:

Do you not get lonely up there?

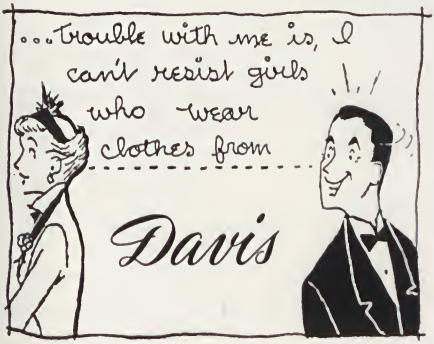
He:

I don't know.

She:

Why?

...boys + poise are synonymous when you wear clothes from
Davis


...trouble with me is, I can't resist girls who wear clothes from
Davis

SHELLEY

on Life Savers:

"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35

Still only 5¢

He:

I have never been any other way.

She:

From such height you must be able to see far.

He:

Yes.

She:

And all the relationships?

He:

Yes.

She:

(Sadly) Sometimes I can't even see my own path.
(pause)

He:

It is pleasant talking with you.

She:

I enjoy it too.

He:

I almost wish I could come down.

She:

So do I—almost.

He:

But I cannot.

She:

No. (figure blacks out)
(She is exactly as she was when the interlude began. No time has passed.)

May:

I'm just so-o-o weary!

Grace:

(Moves to her slowly, strokes her hair) I know, honey. . . . I know.

May:

No. You couldn't. You is you and not me. You feel your way and not mine. And I feel like nobody could feel who ain't me—
(She stands)
Maybe there *are* oceans someplace, with boats and sails. Maybe there are lots of things you hear tell about —cities and prairies and stars. Maybe there are flower gardens, and houses where babies learn to crawl. Maybe there are lots of things. Maybe there are.
I'm gonna go look see, Grace.
(Moves two steps right)

Grace:

No! (runs to her, pulls her back) You can't! You can't just leave like that! You can't just walk off! Why, you ain't even dressed decent!
(Purring) Come on, honey. If you gotta go, gotta get your things. Come on back.

May:

(Glances at the sky) So hot! So hot . . . ya could go ne-e-e-e-ked and not even mind. (Nervous laugh)

Grace:

(Guiding her up the stairs) Come on, honey. You just can't go off like that.

(As they reach the upper landing, a man bursts on to the porch with an angry cry. He is a large, powerful man, sweaty, dressed in slightly soiled clothes.)

Charley:

Grace!

Grace:

(With fear) We're commin', Charley. Please. We're commin'.

Charley:

(Jerks Grace free and slaps her without warning) Bitch! Where've ya been? Goin' out in the night, for a walk maybe? (slaps her again) You're keepin' my customers waitin'.

May:

(Realizing Charley's presence) E-E-E-E-E! I can't!
(She bolts down the steps terrified, half falls at the lower landing and collapses against a pillar.)

Grace:

(Following) Honey! Honey! Come back!

Charley:

(Furious) Grace! Come back here! Where ya goin'?
(He follows Grace)
(Curious figures appear at the upper window.)
(Charley jerks Grace off of May.)

Charley:

Grace! Leave this damn tramp alone an' come upstairs! You're important, dammit, she ain't! Come on!

May:

(Sobbing) We been friends. Don't go.

Grace:

I ain't goin' nowhere, honey.

Charley:

(Attacks May with a roar) Let her alone, you two bit slut! (Suggests strangle hold) Don't you go puttin' ideas in her head! She's my best gal.

Grace:

(Doing her best to defend May) Let her be! We been friends, somethin' you don't know. (whispers) Can't you see she's sick?

Charley:

Sick my arse. She's sick in the head, an' *she'll drag you down with her!*
(Grace recoils, supports herself on the opposite pillar staring at Charley incredulous.)

Charley:

If you don't come in now, I'll throw that "sick" gal out!

Grace:

(Torn) She's got no place to go—We been friends, her and I.

Charley:

(Grinning) Now!

Grace:

(To May) It's for your own good, honey. (touches her shoulder) you come on in, in a minute, hear?
(She goes up the steps and in the upper door. The red light on the 2nd landing begins to dim.
Charley remains staring at May. When Grace is gone, he slaps and kicks May from the steps into the alley.
May lies face down. Charley is out of breath.)

Charley:

You leave Grace alone, now. (turns to exit) She's the best damn gal I got. (charges up steps and in door.)
(The shadowy spectators laugh and leave the windows.
Music: long, closely harmonious cords, a solo flute.
May rolls slowly onto her back. Her face is expressionless. She lies looking at the sky a minute, then smiles. Her eyes remain beyond smiling.)

May:

(innocently) Sure is a pretty moon . . .
(She grabs at the moon playfully and laughs deep within herself. Finally she rolls over and stands painfully.
Burst of laughter from the second floor.
May had begun to move right, stops and stares at the lighted windows.)

May:

Little boys . . . get drunk . . . can't keep their pants on. (delayed laugh)
(Suddenly reviled) Brats! Screaming and fighting! Brats . . . tear me!
(She staggers dizzily, then catches herself with a cry. Her revulsion disappears. Suddenly her eyes are clear. She looks back at the windows.)

May:

Goodby, Grace. I've walked twenty years without no one beside me. I guess I can get along. But I hurt for you. One morning you're gonna wake up and find you've been dead too. (takes two steps left) (mysticly, like a conjure woman) I know! I know—I'll walk the paths of the earth asking everyone I meet if they know me, and if they say they do, then I will ask them where I can be found! Cause I must be somewhere . . . somewhere.
(A sudden scratch, a match flares up in the shadows left.
(During the following the previously lit building center seems to fade

very slowly into ever darkening blue. This fade should be absolutely unnoticeable for sometime. It should seem to sink away into memory, perhaps.)

The moonlight reveals *Howard Taylor* seated wearily on a wooden crate left. Without Jim to show off to, his bragadocio and cloke of "maturity" are gone. He smokes as if that cigarette were an irreplaceable lifeline. May is startled by the unexpected match flare.)

May:

Oh!

Taylor:

Whats a matter, lady?

May:

You scared me.

Taylor:

I scare myself sometimes.

May:

(flathly) Do you know me?

Taylor:

No. Unless I've just seen you.

May:

(without cleverness) Neither do I. That's what's really scary! (She moves toward him.) You look as defeated as me.

Taylor:

(stirs shyly) Yeah.

May:

What's your trouble, boy.

Taylor:

I'm no boy! An' I'm not in troub– (breaks) Oh . . . everything.

May:

I know about trouble. Tell me.

(Taylor does not move.)

May:

What's your name?

Taylor:

(low) Taylor.

May:

Howard Taylor?

Taylor:

(starts) How do you–

May:

You're the one–(indicates stair)

Taylor:

(wearily) Yeah.

May:

Why don't you grow up, little man?

Taylor:

Oh, hell–

May:

That's no way to start.

Taylor:

Hell, I'm just rotten, I guess. (His head sinks forward.)

May:

We're all rotten sometime. But you still have time! You can still grow out of it. You can grow to a man.

Taylor:

What makes you think you know?

May:

You can! You have it rough for awhile, but there's still something in you that can win out! It can push you above those others–

Taylor:

(with undisguised sickness) Aren't you from in there?

May:

I was. I'm gonna get away.

Taylor:

Aren't you afraid somebody'll come?

May:

Yes. But I'm more afraid of everything.

Taylor:

You're not goin' back?

May:

No! I'm not goin' back never!

Taylor:

Where will you go?

May:

(turns front) I donno. (pause) away somewhere. Maybe I'll find a church buildin' and sleep on the soft floor.

Taylor:

Church floors ain't soft.

May:

You know about churches?

Taylor:

Some. They kinda adopt me sometimes and put me under "watchcase" or somethin'. But they always get mad and leave me be.

May:

You ain't got no home?

Taylor:

No

May:

(as a child) Then make one!

Taylor:

Out of what?

May:

Out of whatever you believe in–really believe in! There's lot's of things to build homes with . . . love is nice, or maybe honesty, or maybe pieces of truth, or somethin'. You don't really need a house. You can carry it around inside you!

Taylor:

(stares at her) You know what? I tried to go in there tonight.

Here the audience should first realize the light change.

May:

Why?

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Taylor:

(loud) To show that I'm a man!

May:

(breathless but seriously) That reason ain't right! Them who call theirselves men, who go in there are smaller than you are right now. But they don't know it. An' you can't tell 'em different. But they don't fool nobody except maybe theirselves.

Taylor:

Can I ask you somethin'? Why did you ever go there.

May:

(long sigh) I . . . I woke up one mornin' an' all I had in this world was this what I wear on my bones. I'm a woman. An' I woke up here. But now I'm goin' to look for me again. Maybe, if I'm lucky, I might find somethin to believe in . . .

Taylor:

I guess I oughta go back to one of those high talkin' preachers—

May:

Don't! . . . if you don't *really* want to. The thing what's wrong with church people is that they try to make theirselves think they want to do what they don't all the time. And they're just pretendin'. But that's all over the place, I guess. . . . But I ain't got used to it yet. Some people really believe in good things an' don't go to church.

You know . . . I'd like to get to know the one they call "God" though. Just think of everything He *could* be . . .

You know, He's a beautiful bit of thinkin'.

(Taylor stands on the platform, drops his cigarette and grinds it under his shoe. His face is caught in a steel blue light.)

May:

Now go on, boy, while you can. Build you a life of your own. An' don't let nobody try to prop theirs up around you. I think you can be a man.

Taylor:

I don't know if I want to get grown all the way.

Sometimes . . .

May:

No . . . don't! Not all the way. Take a little piece of boy along with you everywhere. Tuck it inside you to hold on to when when you need it. Oh, don't lose *yourself!* 'Cause everybody will try to make you like they are, 'cause they can't see no other way. (pause)

Taylor:

When I came in here tonight, I wasn't never goin' out on those streets again unless I knew somethin'.

But now—

(He is a man with tears.)

I'll remember you . . .

(His light fades out.

May is crying softly.)

May:

He'll remember me. . . . He'll remember me! ME! Oh, Grace, me! Me!

(she is hysterical with joy)

Oh God, God, *me!* Grace of God, ME!

(she gains control after a minute and stands completely still. Very carefully, almost unnoticiably, she allows her negligee' slip from her shoulders and fall soundlessly to the ground. She is dressed beneath in a simple, free flowing white gown that night remind one of the dress of a very young maiden. She pivots left slowly, her face gripped with mature determination, and begins to walk off left with slow, measured steps. As she begins to move the lights begin to die, one white spot lingering a moment on the discarded garment forgotten on the ground.)

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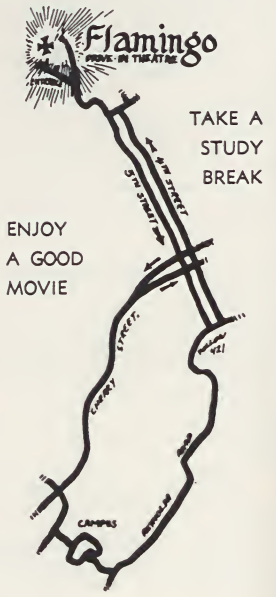
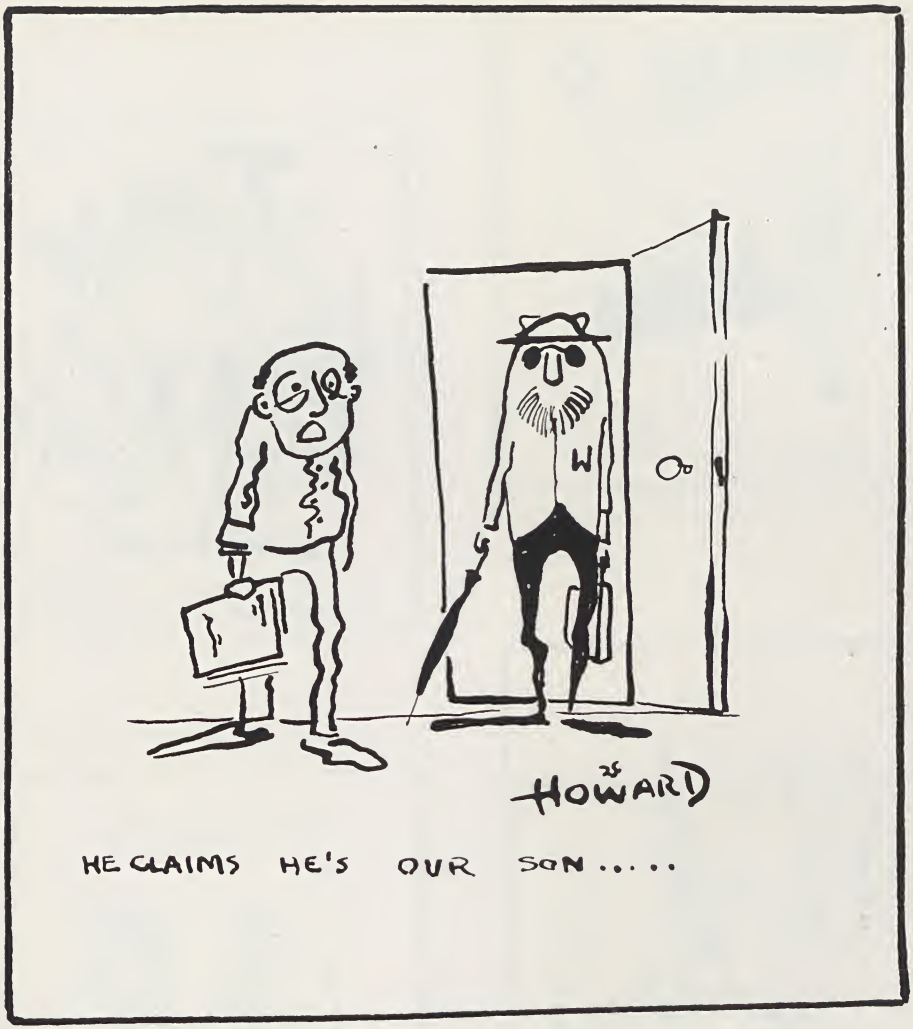
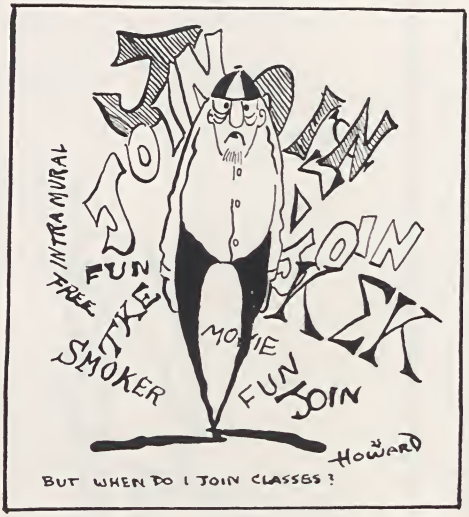
of Wake Forest





Guest contributor to The Student this month is Howard Perkins from Western Carolina College in Cullowhee. Coming from an Army family, he claims both Canton, N. C. and Edgewood, Maryland, as home. Howard is a fine arts and English major and plans to either teach or go into commercial art. Several of the cartoons in this series were originally printed in "The Carolinian", the Western Carolina College newspaper.

I'M LOOKING FOR A BLACK UMBRELLA...

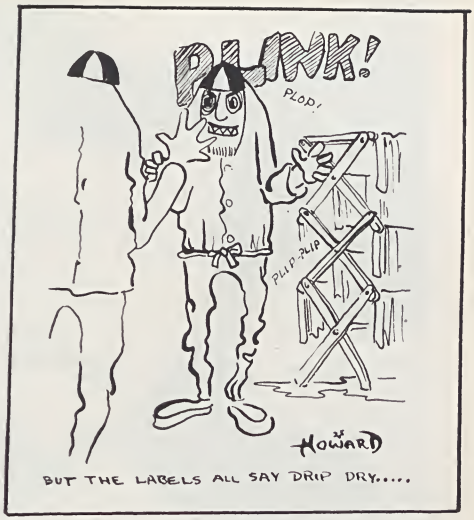


BUT WHEN DO I JOIN CLASSES?

THEY SAY HE'S A WHIZ IN PHYSICS.

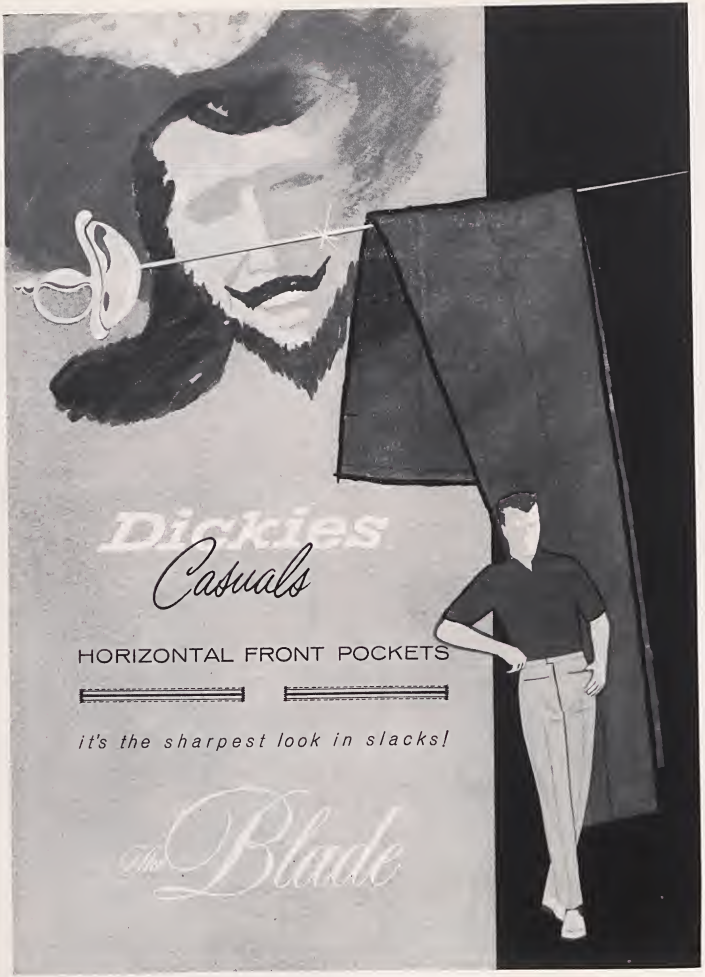
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M USING A GHOST WRITER?

I UNDERSTAND HE HAS A SCHEDULE PROBLEM...
HOWARD


PLINK!
PLOP!
PLIP-PLIP
HOWARD
BUT THE LABELS ALL SAY DRIP DRY.....

I THOUGHT MWE WAS THE ONLY ONE.... HOWARD

AND THIS IS OUR GIRLS DORMITORY...
HOWARD


Dickies
Casuals
HORIZONTAL FRONT POCKETS
it's the sharpest look in slacks!
The Blade

Why England Slept

by John Kennedy

THE significance of "Why England Slept" rests not merely in its associational value as having been written by a future president of the United States nor even in its indication of early brilliance, for Mr. Kennedy's whole career has suggested that.

The study initially appeared as a research paper in (to use the academic phrasing) "partial fulfillment of the requirements" for an honors degree in international relations at Harvard University. Presumably it was a satisfactory effort to his official readers since Mr. Kennedy received his degree — satisfactory not so much for what was said as for how the author went about accumulating, organizing, and evaluating his evidence. The conclusions drawn were not of course ornamental; they were implicit in the method of organization and were part of the logic of the exposition. Explicity Mr. Kennedy analyzed the reasons for England's lack of preparation at the outset of World War II.

When "Why England Slept" was first published in 1940 a dimension was added which was probably not a part of the original purpose. It became a propagandistic document inciting the American people to an awareness of the challenge facing them.

Why was England unprepared for war in 1939? Why is any democracy less efficient in preparing for war than is a totalitarian state? Answering the first question requires the bulk of the book. A democratic government leads; it cannot rule. Its actions are based on a climate of thought — the mass opinion of the people. If that mass opinion (in this case, the British people's desire for peace) does not, or refuses to, comprehend the trend of world events, then the leaders are first obligated to shock the people into a recognition of the true situation. Unfortunately, as Mr. Kennedy demonstrates, the leaders were either unwilling to shock, or unprepared to recognize the truth themselves. Indeed, Winston Churchill was one of the few observant enough to understand the menace inherent in Germany's rearmament and vocal cough to attack the government's policy — at first of unilateral disarmament, till 1935, and then of gradual rearmament.

Running through the woof of his analysis of one democratic state, Mr. Kennedy weaves a warp of observations on the composition and functional efficiency of democracies in general and is then able to make a fresh application to the American situation in 1940.

It is occasionally difficult to remember in reading this book that the author at the time of writing was not president of the United States, was not even tried in the realm of political thought. The personal attitudes, the asides (though often ideological cliches) are presented with an authority one has trouble fitting over the shoulders of a college student. Henry R. Luce, in his foreword to the 1940 edition, speaks of Mr. Kennedy as being "characteristic of the younger generation." One wonders what kind of college students Mr. Luce was acquainted with, who are capable of writing 250-page exposes of the world situation for the preceeding 10 years — and doing so convincingly, achieving a perspective that even the professional historian can admire.

True, the style is turgid and sophomoric, though there are occasionally seen abumbrations of the later Kennedy rhetoric (the reportorial rush of data, the sudden series of not quite vivid similes), but the over-all effort must be respected.

The real significance of this reprint however lies not in the effort of a scholar writing research in contemporary history. Twenty years of additional knowledge and interpretations have provided answers to the problems of the thirties — answers which have been honed and sharpened to finely pointed generalities.

The real significance for the present reader rests on the book's bein a commentary on and a collection of insights into the workings of the mind of a man who later became president. The reader must be struck with the terrifying similarity between the problems facing England in the 1930s and those facing us in the 1960s. Mr. Kennedy's early concern with the obligations of the leaders and citizenry to the State, with the conflict between private or minority interests and concern for the whole nation, with the individual and voluntary dedication necessary for the preservation of a democracy, hits a familiar chord for those who, say, heard, or read an account of, his speech in Chapel Hill a few days ago.

Even on the less moot points of the book, we cannot help but see a resemblance between the problem of disarmament facing England in supporting the League of Nations in the 1930s and that of nuclear controls facing us today.

Mr. Kennedy reminds us of the parallel he sees between England and the United States in 1940:

"For England has been a testing ground. It has been a case of a democratic form of government, with a capitalistic economy, trying to compete with a new totalitarian system, based on an economy of rigid state control. For a country whose government and economic system is similar to England's and which may someday be similarly in competition with a dictatorship, there should be a valuable lesson."

Richard Eaton

Reprinted by special permission from the Winston-Salem Journal Sentinel.

Act One

by Moss Hart

The lure of the theatre — its magic, its charm, and its effect upon a poor kid from New York is the story told in Moss Hart's delightful autobiography ACT ONE. It is more than just another story of the theatre and more than another example of "the great American success story." Through brilliant description and fast paced narrative, Hart tells his story with pride but with a definite humility that makes it wann and human. He speaks of almost insurmountable heights that he was able to climb

through pure devotion to the theatre. He says, "I had but one goal in life — Broadway."

The entire story is as exciting as an opening night. From the warm descriptions of his family life in the slums of Brooklyn to the success of ONCE IN A LIFETIME, he ties together the incidents of his life with this excitement. He pictures his family as poor, ignorant immigrants that possess that almost indefinable Jewish characteric of unity. There are beautiful passages depicting ignorance, defiance, hate, but most of all love of his family.

The incidents of his early life are described with the rich humor that has so characterized his plays. As he looks back on the hardships that were his early life, he views them with humor rather than remorse. His goal in life was the only thing that prohibited him from seeking a means of constant employment.

He tells of shyness that had to be overcome in order that he might present himself to artists that were already established. The quiet talks with struggling young actors at Walgreens, the meetings with producers, the endless waits for interviews provide a feeling of the color of the theatre and the wonderful people that comprise it. Of his famous collaborator George S. Kaufman he speaks with humor but with deep respect and admiration.

The style is informal and personal — more like a conversation with an old friend than a narrative of events. Although it is an autobiography, ACT ONE seems to convey a certain message — that Moss Hart's life and devotion to the theatre are synonymous.

B. C. May, Jr.

The Winter of our Discontent

by John Steinbeck

Steinbeck has gone East, and he might just as well have struck with Horace Greely's advice and gone farther West. His characters are cleaner, better educated, more noble than they have ever been, and more sterile.

The hero is the last in a prominent New England family, a Harvard graduate, a commissioned officer in the war, and a grocery clerk in his home town for the last twelve years. A business failure of his father's which might have easily been brought on by the action of his friend the banker, reduced Ethan Allen Hawley (fine-sounding American name, isn't it?) to his present state. His struggle to remain honest in a world of practical dishonesty is only part of his character. He has another struggle within — that of facing his failure and of doing something about it. When "the winter of 'his' discontent" is nearly over and things are financially looking up, his son receives honorable mention in a national I love America contest for an essay which he borrowed entirely from Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, and others from our illustrious heritage. Ethan goes to the water with a pack of razor blades with no intention of shaving but is brought back from his morbid thoughts by a talisman-some type of stone which has seemed to bring him luck before.

There are several stock characters: Marullo the Eyetalian who has illegally entered this country and made many a fast buck; Mrs. Young-Hunt (and there is a definite attempt here to have the name indicated something) who is the kindly town prostitute and friend of the respectable who knows all tells little and who is looking for someone to depend upon in her old age; There is Danny, the town drunk who was kicked out of Anapolis, Mr. Baker the banker, and any number of nice, normal, wholesome typical New England folk. All of these characters are too stereotyped to be real; you see them in every expose of American small-town society (Remember *Peyton Place!*) But I'm going too far to suggest that Steinbeck could ever stoop that low.

The plot is rather contrived. Part One—The winter of our discontent; Part Two—Made glorious summer by this sun of York. (with some setbacks). Easter brings the beginnings of Ethan's "resurrection" and his advance toward financial success which mushrooms toward the end. It's all too pat, planned. The "letter" comes giving him the grocery store just as he is planning to throw honesty to hell and rob a bank. And through all, success, failure, attempted suicide, his sweet little wife smiles in her sleep.

Where are Steinbeck's characters of yesteryear? — big Lenny in *Of Mice and Men*, the equally fine small characters in his classic *Grapes of Wrath?* And where are the situations, and the taste of dust and life as you read? And where are the snows of Antan?

Angela Johnson

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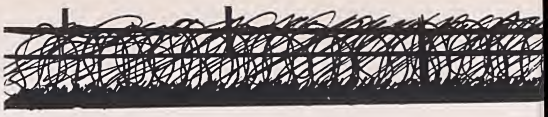
the student



As believers in stars and tinsel and wonder we wish for a Merry Christmas for you all and for peace on earth, good will to men.

This issue was planned for this – the Holy Family cover, the Santa Claus cartoons, the extended fiction section – anything we thought might add to your Christmas joy.

And even then, the idea of the bomb came in and was laid side by side the Christmas stories and the French poetry and the happy review of a wonderful childs' book.

We left it there because we believe that is where it is in real life.

After all, we are the bomb generation. Not the beat nor even the beaten but the Generation of the Bomb. We feel everything we do or think or dream is shaped by the knowledge that for us there may be no tomorrow or even tonight, that Europe may be torn into shreds of pubs and cathredals before we ever see it, and that we may be cheated of living by someone else's pushbutton.

So we left it there. But understand: we hope, and hoping believe, that the stars and wonder will outshine it.

cover by Mary Martin Pickard

the student

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Reviews ..... "The Little Prince"
"To Kill a Mockingbird"
"Level 7"

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A Small Band Of Revolutionaries ..... F. Bruce Bach
Illusion ..... Diana Gilliland
Shelter! ..... John Hopkins

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Herb Schiller
Wes Howard
Bruce Smith

CARTOONS

Peter Wong

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Profiles - HOP

Christmas comes but once a year. And I'm not at all sure I'm not glad. The reasons for such feelings are so blatantly obvious that I have no intention of restating them.

The true Christmas, according to the ultimately religious source of art — television — consists of 340 small orphans singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" outside the window of a mean old man who immediately dissolves into waves of philanthropic humanism, giving turkeys and operations to thousands of tiny Tims. Maybe so. Of course, it could also be a couple who have been having marital troubles kneeling reverently in humble love in front of a television set while Billy Graham preaches. As Salinger has said, Jesus would probably vomit.

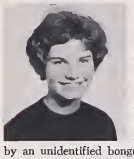
But then, what should Christmas be? What meaning can a religious festival, celebrating the birth of a savior with numerous overtones salvaged from several different pagan festivals, have for a world and a nation saturated with fear, distrust, cynicism and disbelief. The "herald angels" probably won't be heard singing this year. They can't get through the satellites, missiles and jets. Neither can we.

So, at Christmas, all the faithful do come, joyful and triumphant, to worship at their private shrines of fear, greed and war — And some few, who perhaps have an understanding, are happy without stainless steel Christmas trees, gift cartons of camels and genuine Egg-Nog at only 40 cents a quart. And this is the key word in Christmas — *happy*. Joy must be the closest thing to God, not fear and trembling. The greatest thorn in the side of Christmas is not that man has forgotten how to pray but how to laugh with the free unbridled mirth of communion with God and nature.

Our Christmas issue tries to reflect some of the dichotomy of Christmas in American life. Juxtaposed here are two elements that represent the spirit of Christmas 1961: the bomb and the groping for God.

One of the items herein which we feel has some of the true feeling of Christmas is *A Small Band of Revolutionaries* by Bruce Bach.

Bruce is one of the "better" members of the editorial board, that is, he doesn't drink in the office, swear at Sylvia, and he helps to lay the magazine out. He is also, however, a crooked politician and a Kappa Sig. Thus his good qualities and bad seem to rather balance one another. Bruce is a junior, from Arlington, Virginia, and a (ugh) political science major. He is the most handsome, dynamic and versatile personality in the United States and Mexico (he has two notarized affadavits in which he swears to this obvious fiction — a true politician.)



Diana Gilliland makes her second appearance this year with a short story. Diana's latest project is an attempt to record Chris Frost singing assorted folk songs accompanied by an unidentified bongo player.

Wes Howard appears for the first time this issue with a number of poems in (I don't believe it) French which I (Bonanza, Mr. Staley) can read in the original. Wes is a junior from Kinston, N. C. and is also very active in the college theater, having played Horatio in the recent production of *Hamlet*. He says that he writes plenty in French but has rather a good deal of trouble translating his own words into English. (I knew he didn't know what all that stuff meant).

Another item in the really "Christmasy" vein of which I am so fond is a poem by Herb Schiller, a freshman day student. Herb is a native New Yorker who plans to make a career in either teaching or psychiatry.

"Civil Defense at Wake Forest," an article was written by Dave Beal, a Lenoir junior who is head of Civil Defense at Wake Forest.

The attractive illustration for Diana Gilliland's story is by Sarah Wilson, a freshman from the Queen City. This is Miss Wilson's first work for *The Student*.

The illustration of the Chapel was done by Judy Palmer, a junior of Falls Church, Va. In addition to dabbling in art, Judy is very active in theatre, notable for some of the finest comedy acting seen in recent years, and an appreciative audience for unidentified bongo players. This is Judy's first appearance in these pages.

The books reviews for this issue are provided by Pete Billings and Dr. Pat Murphy. Pete is a senior English major who is a member of Theta Chi. He says he can find something good in every book. Dr. Murphy is no stranger to these pages, having been previously represented here both by his own words and by the art of his offspring, Timmy.

Many of our regular contributors reappear in this issue. Bruce Smith contributes a long poem, the best of its type in *The Student* for quite a while. My nemisis, John Rosenthal, contributes a fictional exercise in Salingerism. The incomparable angelique is back, this time with a review of the *Little Prince*, a children's book as delightful as its reviewer.

Last, but by no means least, is a fictional portrait of a modern phenomenon by the author of this column. "Oh, good!" I heard someone say.) This time my target is bomb shelters and their inhabitants. The outcome is designed to make your sleep restless and sparse.

And so, read on. And Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Civil Defense
and Wake Forest College

by David J. Beal
Student Director

The "day" might be tomorrow. It might be a week, a month, or even a year from now. It might never come. In the minds of many Americans, young and old, the "day" means nothing at all. They do not want to bring such a horrible thought into their minds, to envision the world as one explosion after another, rocking the very foundations of the universe. They do not want to think of themselves and their children as formless lumps of radioactive matter. This view is shared by a great many of our people, and while the Russians continue to explode tremendous nuclear weapons in the atmosphere, edging further and further ahead of the United States, we continue to maintain that "no nation would dare attack the United States."

The gruesome truth is upon us, and with every round of the clock it comes nearer. Some people are realistic about the problem, many of them are doing their best to inform the public of the dangerous situation we face. At Wake Forest, Civil Defense is blazing a new trail in preparedness for colleges and universites in America. On our campus, a program designed to protect and aid our college family is in full swing, led by members of the faculty as well as students. This program is inching forward day by day, making plans and preparations for the "day" we all hope will never come.

On the campus of Wake Forest, we are indeed fortunate to have a combination of interested students as well as faculty members. In most situations, this interest would not be equally distributed, and one group would be forced to bear the entire burden upon itself, without aid or understanding from the other. It was interesting to note that after a recent chapel program urging students to volunteer their services and time, some 150 men students, coeds, and married students signed up to help. With such as this, and the faculty offering help and suggestions, the progress will surely be rapid.

The latest important development in the Wake Forest Civil Defense program was the designation of a Civil Defense Committee, composed of students, faculty, and college staff personnel, appointed by the President of the College. It will be the duty of this Committee to study and form the plans for shelters, provisions for food, first aid, and general measures of safety that may save your life. They will take into consideration all possible means of providing space for the students, and preparing those necessities which will be essential for shelter for existence during any length of time.

We must at some point look realistically at the consequences of a nuclear attack, with special emphasis placed on our situation here at Wake Forest College, and Winston-Salem, North Carolina. It is no secret to many people that the area of Winston-Salem and Forsyth County is placed high on the list of possible target areas in North Carolina. This does not necessarily mean that Winston-Salem would receive a direct hit in the event of attack, but the possibility is present. Even the layman in this situation realizes from many articles and reports, that chances of survival for people in a radius of the county in the event of a direct hit, would be relatively nothing. This is a situation that we must face, but it is not cause to give up completely and not prepare for survival. Many people have already decided that this is the way war will be, with total destruction everywhere, and they will not want to be alive in a world of such hopelessness. This attitude is one of fatalism, and if it persists on our campus or in the nation as a whole, there will be no chance for the survival of our race.

Wake Forest has a good chance of surviving a nuclear attack, that is to say the radioactive fallout that will occur if the bombs fall. On the campus there are many underground housings that will accomodate the student body in the event of attack. The shelter areas have been assigned and they are in the process of being stocked with provisions, properly designated by official signs, and equipped for emergency occupancy. This will require a certain amount of time to complete, and the size and provisional stock for each shelter has to be determined separately, alone requiring much time and effort.

Many people are interested in knowing exactly what chance we have for survival, and what the effects would be on the social appearance of the campus, as well as what interruptions in power, water, and sanitary facilities we would experience. As we have already said, the directness of the blast, or the nearness of the target area will determine whether or not we are killed instantly. The electrical companies have already stated that we would receive power for varying lengths of time after the detonation, depending on the effects to their transmitting stations. There is a possibility that they might be able to "buy" power from outside the area, and provide electrical service for a period of time, ranging from two hours to several days. As for the water, access would come from the city supply in the water tower east of the campus, which has a capacity of one million gallons. However, this supply would also have to be distributed to neighboring houses, because it is on the city water line. There would also be some water available from stored supplies in pipes and tanks in buildings on the campus.

Rationing of both power and water would be essential, due to the need for sanitary measures and normal intake of the body. This would be part of the shelter procedures that would take effect under emergency conditions of occupancy, and by complying with them, the situation could be eased and made more comfortable to some extent.

To this point, we have focused complete attention on the importance of shelter units, mainly because this is the most acceptable means of protection that we have. But there is another alternate method, that of evacuation away from a potential target area to designated reception centers in other communities. The trend in past years has moved away from this method, due to the expanded amount of warning time that would be required in order to successfully carry out an evacuation. If this situation did arise, Wake Forest is equally prepared to evacuate along the assigned routes.

In summary, Wake Forest College has very good chances of survival, but this is no reason to brush aside the seriousness of the situation. We must do our part in maintaining the momentum of the Civil Defense program, and this can be accomplished by keeping as informed as possible on procedures, warning signals, and other facts pertaining to Civil Defense. This does not mean that we become a group of "howling fanatics," but simply that we use common sense in preparing for a situation that is not pleasant, but that is very real.

Wake Forest College has a motto: *PRO HUMANITATE* — and to this end we hope to also *preserve humanity* by an organized, prepared college community.

Mark Martin

One More Picture . . . Perhaps Two

by
John Rosenthal

"Artists of the Future: Don't Try To Paint God!"

I've got something to tell you and I don't have much time. So, I'll make it quick. Nicholas Sallen, that's me . . . I paint. I'd like to call myself an artist, and I guess I could, if it wasn't for some guilty feeling I associate with that word, artist. I don't mean you have to be a Picasso or a Lautrec to be an artist, its just that there's some type of idealism which you have to have and I don't. That's all. I did at one time, though. Lots of it. No more, sadly.

You know, once I felt I partially owned the world and even helped make it. I felt a great kinship with everything in it: the people, the flowers, the air itself. As a kid I used to walk along this valley and get involved with everything in it and everything I saw. I mean it was just part of everything else, Nature and all. How could you love to get wet in a rainstorm? they'd ask me How? What was there in the forest that I found so interesting? I never could explain it to them; not even when I wanted to.

That was when I had this urge — I guess it was idealistic — to capture everything I'd seen on the canvas. I never could, though. I remember fooling around with colors just trying to find the shade which fit in with this picture I had in my mind. Take tree bark, for instance. Do you realize how many browns can be used for tree bark? Millions! A birch tree's white, too. It always seemed kind of sad to be able to add lots of numbers together, get the right answer, and then go home and try to find the right color of tree bark . . . and never get it. Well, that's already too much of that.

I figure you've got by now a good idea of what type of kid I was. Artistic type, right?

My old lady was a good one. She used to always tell me how great I was and now if I continued painting such good pictures I'd be able to help the world. Can you imagine that? An artist helping the world? That's a laugh. It wasn't at the time though. I took it all seriously.

"Help the world!" How that phrase ran through me as I painted my pictures! Alas, alas, O world forsaken! Excuse that last little bit of words. I just got the urge to put it down and plus its funny as hell. Back to "help the world," please. No kidding, reader, I had that desire. I thought of everything as being pure and clean; in the way that a virgin is pure and clean. I like that word "virgin." Yet I like "ravish," too.

Let me give you a conversation, as best as I can remember it, between my mother and me. Picture this: I'm just getting ready to go to college and, naturally, Mom is upset as hell. I'd always been around the house and you could say that I was a Joy To Her Heart. Now you've got to realize how upset mothers are when their only child goes off to school. I mean its like you've contracted leprosy of the face or something. This description's griping me so I'll just go on into the talk we had.

I walked into her room — she had told me she had wanted to talk to me. We got settled opposite each other in the big chairs.

"Son, I needn't tell you how sad your father and I are that . . ." Well, this was a bad start. I mean it. I never liked those melodramatic scenes in the movies and I had the feeling that this was going to be one. I hoped like hell it wouldn't.

"I know Mom, and I'll be sad to leave you, too." I wasn't kidding.

"Son, we've always tried To Do The Right Thing For You, and I honestly don't think we've failed. I don't think you do either."

What do I say, Yes?

"No, Mom, you haven't."

"I always felt a great responsibility raising a child in this world. Times have changed since I was a little girl, and I know that its a much harder job than it used to be. Nevertheless, your father and I have tried to the best of our ability to raise you along the roads we felt were best for you."

"Yeah, Mom."

"Yes and not 'yeah,'" she injected quickly.

Now tell me Mom wasn't a wonder! Here we are, talking; life and death are apparently in the wind, and she can correct my grammar! Its great when you think of it.

"Yes!" I said sort of laughing.

"But," she continued, "I hope you don't feel that your upbringing is over just because you're going away from us."

Here it comes, I thought.

". . . you have a responsibility to us and to yourself to remember the things we've taught you. Nicholas, don't take advantage of the distance between us and forget these lessons."

"I won't, Mom."

"I hope so; I do hope so."

She was building now.

"There are lots of things which are temptations to young college students. You'll meet people from all over the world, and you'll meet people who won't think exactly like you've been taught too . . ."

"Yeah, I know." I added.

"Yes! Nicholas. Please remember your grammar, its more important than you think. Anyway, I want you to remember these things I've told you. Do your mother the favor."

College was terrible. This may sound ridiculous since I seem to be all alone on this view, but it was really terrible. I never met so many people I didn't like in my life. My paintings were really crappy, too, during this time. Everyone was so damn bitter about something. Who knows? I kept to myself most of the time. Now don't start feeling sad for me! I was happy being alone. Pretty happy. I could still walk in the woods and feel good about everything . . . you know what I mean. I even had a girl-friend. She was great. We could sort of walk along without talking much and feel good. I wanted to paint her picture once so I took her out to this garden. Forgotten, now. She remained still a long time. Probably fifteen minutes for God's sake. Then the flies started bothering her, and then my attitude starting bothering her, so I quit. That's sad, don't you think? I mean, here she had the chance to be memorialized forever (in my own way) and she blew it. Too many flies in the garden. I think its sad. Well, I lost her eventually. I knew I would all along, but as they say, I wouldn't believe it. I wonder where she is now? Married? Can't be happy . . . not now.

I tried in college to paint a picture of God. Funny! God! I wonder how many artists have tried to paint Him. I made a big deal out of it. ARTISTS OF THE FUTURE; DON'T TRY TO PAINT GOD! It was really funny how I went about the whole deal. Well, this isn't important so I'll stop. What is important is that I failed. I mean I really messed up the Old Fellow. I know that if I was a kid it wouldn't have been tough: a tall Guy with a white beard. Lots of dignity. Benign. But this is what is really important: this is what I painted in college. Same type picture, and I failed. I got real emotional about it and littered the floor with my canvas God. I like that: littered the floor with . . . well, it was about the most degrading and disturbing thing that ever happened to me; so, naturally, I thought I was dead all over. What had happened to my God? Why couldn't he be tall and benign? Not only was my artistic talent degraded, but God was too. Don't you see? I didn't ever think that I was going to *capture* God on the canvas, but I didn't think I'd blow the whole thing so miserably. So, I thought I was dead all over.

Still, it annoyed the hell out of me that God couldn't be tall and benign.

This feeling passed away pretty quickly. I don't mean to say that it went away too quickly. I suffered all right, but I guess its a pretty human thing to do, forget. I did, too. Still, it annoyed the hell out of me that God couldn't be tall and benign. I bet Mom thought of him as being that way. Most people do, and Mom's no exception.

Now I'm up to the part that I like the best. Probably because its so vivid to me. I just hope I can make it as clear to you as it is to me. If I don't then there's no use in me writing anything. Do you see?

Anyway, I signed up in this town (I was still at college and the college was in this little town) to show some of my paintings at an art show. Community Art Exhibit, I think. Since only people I know had seen my pictures, and never anyone from the outside, I was pretty excited. That's not the right word, either. I was very excited.

The big day arrived and I went through all the preliminaries of setting things up at this tent-like affair. I wonder how many of you, dear readers, know what goes into setting up a display of paintings. Quite alot, believe me. I won't tell you now, though, since its pretty boring and its not important anyway.

Come on, Nicholas, old boy.

I met some guy there whose name I don't remember. Herman or Harold. I don't remember. He was a student at college, too, and he told me he had paintings on exhibit. You've got to remember that all this took place before the exhibit was open to the public, else I wouldn't of done what I did. Its not that I probably wouldn't have wanted to — I would have — but I would have thought twice about it. I'm sure I would.

We mouthed some and I got him to come over and see my pictures. I think, or I thought at the time, that he liked them. I never did tell you, but when someone likes something I do, they're pretty well assured of my friendship. This is putting sort of a low standard on friendships, but I'm that way and I'll admit it. O Nicholas, you wonderful confessor!

So, here we were, looking at my stuff when he suddenly says, "C'mon over to my area; I want to show you a picture."

"Fine," I said. I'm quite obliging.

"It's that your work is really so different from mine in viewpoint that I'd like your opinion of a certain one I did last spring."

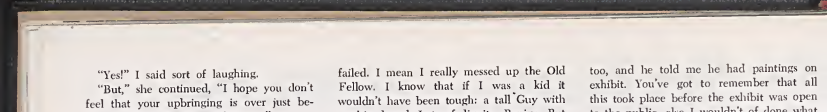
"Sure."

He was working himself up pretty excited for some reason. You can tell sort of, just by the way people's eyes get: glazed and shaky. I don't mean nutty now. I was interested, too. Not quite that big a phony that just my pictures interest me.

We reached his area and he bent behind some stacked canvases, pulling this good-sized one out.

"Like it?" He questioned.

Now I might be a schnook sometimes, but I do believe in looking something over, especially pictures. I used to get all teed off when some guy would look at my paintings like a driver looks at the billboards on the highways. Considerate, that's me. Actually, when you think of it, alot of things could be ironed out if people would only be more considerate. So I looked at this painting. Another thing, quickly: you *had* to look at this painting. It wasn't just regular or something. Odd, I thought at first. There was this big, giant-type cloud — russet — sort of like a deformed mushroom. It was moving like there was a great something inside of it. That's pretty hard to do: make something look like its moving when its really not. All over the thing were these bodies of men floating around like they'd been shot out of a gun: red, yellow, black. They weren't in a very good way either. Probably dead and floating. I don't know. But here's the part that really griped me. In the middle of this cloud was a guy's face. Now if I had known that it was *the* Guy, I would've walked off then,



but I didn't so I stayed. Anyway, this mouth was all twisted like it had been eating rotten cheese. The eyes were plastic-like and gleeful. Ugly as hell. Couldn't make anyone feel good, that's for damn sure. Make someone feel good! Help the world, too. Christ! So, anyway, it was all insane. The nose was like it was made of chipped and hammered rock. And the mouth seemed hungry and twisted. I guess a nightmare could've been the inspiration. What else?

"Well," I said when I was through studying it, "well!"

"Well, what?" He said kind of laughing.

You know, I wish we could've stopped there. I didn't feel like even talking about it. Some painting can do that to me. I just shut up like a banana. "Guernica," by Picasso made me feel the same way. Nails are puncturing into people and horses are screaming through dirty windows. Way in the top of it is this naked light bulb which is great in its own way. Now you might say, "Big deal. A naked light bulb" but I'm not kidding you; this bulb *made* the picture. You almost feel like the in the top of it is this naked light bulb was taken away. You see what I mean? One other thing, though: in "Guernica" you at least feel a purpose. You can just tell that old Picasso hates war and murder, and you know he's trying somehow to tell you this. I feel that's important. But there was not anything in this one. Emptiness that made you feel miserable. People shouldn't paint like that. Do anything for that matter. Sometimes I wish they'd die. I used to at least. I guess now they have a reason. I do.

"Nothing at all to say? Can't be that bad." He broke into my thinking.

I should've said It can be that bad. It did have great qualities in it, though.

"It certainly is different," I more than reluctantly admitted. "It sure is."

"Like it?"

"In a way I do and in a way I don't. I can't tell." Hell, I wasn't going to be a hypocrite.

"Well, in what ways do you and which don't you? Be honest. I'm a masochist at heart."

"A what?" I asked.

"A masochist. Like to inflict pain on himself," he explained. "Which ways?"

He wanted it; he'd get it.

"Your colors are good and your handling of the perspective is brilliant, I mean it, but as . . ."

"No! No! The Idea. What you get out of it."

"Yeah, what I get . . ."

"What it says to you!"

It doesn't say a damn thing to me really. I don't understand it at all."

I had really given it to him. Like a tiger, I think.

"I knew you wouldn't," he laughed, "I knew you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't get it? The meaning?"

"Yes, of course, man. I could tell by your pictures. You see, this is God in the middle of some nuclear disaster."

"God . . .?"

I didn't just hit him, I practically took his face off.

"Yes. Sure. The minute I saw your landscapes I knew you had no idea of a God like this. See? Your God made the trees and the rolling valleys and the lofty clouds by just breathing them here. Mine spit them out. Vomited them, if you will, and so that is the way I always paint; according to *that* idea. You paint different because . . ."

He went on like that till I hit him. I mean I didn't just hit him, I practically took his face off. I guess it was cowardly since he wasn't expecting something like that, but I don't care. I really smashed him. Man! The minute I did it I felt a tinge of regret, but then it became funny seeing him sprawled through and around all his paintings. I didn't laugh at the time, though. All that time setting them up too.

But you're wondering why I hit him. Here we are just talking, and I hit him. Well, to be real truthful, I don't know myself. I had to do it, I guess. Why do you do anything like that? Why do people kill? Maybe it was jealousy since I knew I couldn't paint anything like that. Maybe it was that this guy Harold or Herman was the reason why my God had lost his tallness and benignity. Maybe since he was like the symbol of what made me and Mom and others pretty unhappy. I don't know really.

But that's it. That's all. As I said in the beginning I don't have much time. You see, dear reader, I am all alone right now. In a basement. And I'm not supposed to leave. The bombs didn't fall around this region but the air is supposed to be full of radioactivity. I never did get around to building one of those shelters and that's why I'm in this damned basement. Probably everyone else is underground in their little steel homes. Best of luck to them! Damn, that's funny. And another thing: when I started this story I had no intention of leaving here. I mean I was really fed up with life and stuff. But (I know this is a bit on the melodramatic side) I've got the greatest urge to climb out of here and see if the sun is shining. I can't hear any rain so maybe the sun is shining. Arid I'll do it too! Why the hell not? I can paint one more picture, perhaps, two.

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. . . tomorrow was to be the important day; perhaps the beginning of something new.

A SMALL BAND

OF REVOLUTIONARIES

by
F. Bruce Bach

The night was an unusually cold one for that time of year. The wind was almost crying in the trees on the hill not too far from the capital city. It was late and quiet and almost everyone slept, but on that hill a small band of revolutionaries sat around a now dying fire and they were talking. Their drawn faces and rough clothe, their unkempt hair and ragged beards shone in the reflected glow of the fire, and they looked very tired. They had worked hard and had had little sleep, yet they remained awake and talked as tomorrow was to be the important day; perhaps the beginning of something new.

The conversation was almost dominated by two of the men. One was a large, impressive man who looked as if he could laugh and drink with the lustiest of men, yet his eyes were sensitive and his rough face was somehow gentle. The other man, obviously the leader, was tall and slender with a slight stoop in his shoulders. His somewhat handsome face was also offset by his eyes, deep and black, probably from a lack of sleep. He had a certain mysterious air of greatness about him.

The large man was speaking, "But Captain, why must you go into the city tomorrow? We are just beginning to rally our peasant brothers. The countryside will soon be ours." The others murmured and nodded their heads in approval, but their leader began to speak and they were at once silent. "The time for bolder action has come. We are strong in the hills and in the countryside, but we must approach the merchants and the city-dwellers. The sucess of our cause is dependent upon their support."

"They will not accept you, Captain. They will kill you for what we know is best. I insist that we stay in the hills a while longer. Soon we will have enough strength so that they will be forced to recognize us."

The others showed their agreement with the big man once again but soon they were silent as their leader spoke, "You are probably right, my trusted comrade, but we must act now. If I am killed in the name of our cause, then it is up to all of you to continue without me."

The big man was standing now as he spoke, "You know that we will, Captain, but if you are killed now, unnecessarily, then no one will remember you and the good things that you have done. Surely it is you who is great among us. We are still inexperienced and untaught. You cannot die now."

Their leader now was also standing and he spoke to them in a quiet voice, "Maybe I won't die and maybe we will be successful in the end. I do not know. It is almost dawn. I must be on my way."

One by one the men shook his hand and each in turn wished him luck, and then they watched him as he turned and started, alone, down the path that led to the city.

As he slowly walked down that winding path, the first glimmer of sunlight shone over the sprawling city and he was thinking, half dreaming those enlightened thoughts of an exhausted daybreak Yes, Yes, we might be successful, someday our cause may even spread throughout the world, but I will be killed. I have known this for a long time now. I will not be forgotten, however. My name and my ideas will be remembered. Some, now, will even die for my ideas but in a few years those ideas will be twisted and perverted by man, reshaped to conform with man's own selfish desires. He grew sad as he thought, My name shall remain however, upon the lips of man to be shouted by many, whispered by some, and cursed by a few. Many centuries from now, he thought, perhaps another small band of revolutionaries would come and reteach his ideas to the world.

The Man then saw the mob from the city coming up the hill with sticks and torches to kill him. Then suddenly he grew very sad, for he realized that this other small band of revolutionaries would also be crucified. The world would not even recognize their teachings as His, and another mob, He thought, would justify their crucifixion too, but in His name.

Illusion

A Story

by Diana Gilliland

There are some who weep at a final parting, and some who kiss and embrace in memory of all that has gone before, and there are some who like us merely ceased in a moment to be a part of each other's lives. But the moment — time — does not exist when memory can obliterate it or recreate it a thousand times in an instant.

Gil lit his cigarette and nervously snapped it in two as he talked. "I'll return your books in the mail." He ground out the burning end on the table top.

I tried to force a levity. "Must you bring the government in? You don't need to make it that official."

"I'll mail the books." He stood up abruptly, lighting another cigarette. "Good-by, Kit."

He strided off, hands pushed deep in his pockets. I dropped my half-smoked cigarette into my glass of milk and took out my compact. I felt as if I were two people, one of them somewhere outside, watching me. Every action seemed terribly symbolic, as if in looking back to now at some later date I could discern from them exactly what we thought and felt and what everything meant.

Leaving the restaurant I wandered across the street into the park. It was damp and chilly. Most of the leaves had fallen: the few which were still dangling were a crumpled greyish brown scraps. I bought a newspaper and read over the front page as I walked. It started sprinkling so I put the paper over my head and drifted on.

I came to Gil's boarding house. There was no answer when I rang the bell so I went in, up the curved stair and down the hall to his room. He was lying on his bed, reading the same paper.

"I came to get my books," I said lamely. Without looking up he pointed to the dresser where they were, already wrapped and tied for mailing. I waited but he continued to read his paper, silently, and I walked out. Going down the front walk I met the landlady. She knew me from my frequent visits before. As she was liberal in her ideas, so she was liberal with her voice and I waited while she poured out upon me her tale of woe and grocery shopping. My head whirled slightly and I found myself comparing the respective triviality of our problems. Gil versus Groceries. Suddenly groceries seemed the more essential and I laughed. Almost as suddenly she ran out of words, and she frowned and looked closely at me.

"You look tired, honey. You shouldn't study so hard. Me, I never went to college so I don't know how it is, but you sure do look tired. Take it easy, honey. See you." With a slam she disappeared behind the rusty screen.

I walked back to school, to the dorm. Damp, sooty brown bricks, dead vines, blackened screens. My roommate barely looked up as she said, "Hi." Her diamond seemed vulgarly conspicuous. I never had one. Gil would never speak of marriage, and the once when I had he only laughed and said, "Well, if you want to wash all those dirty dishes and diapers . . ."

Almost immediately she left for the evening, it was Saturday, and being tired, I dropped my clothes on the floor and sank off to sleep.

* * * * * * *

Gil was doing graduate work in music and we had met in the conservatory building. For the first few months we had spent most of our time together over cups of coffee in a small restaurant near the school, smoking endless cigarettes. Looking back it seems now as if the whole symbol of our acquaintance should be just that- - - a soggy cigarette butt in the bottom of a coffee cup.

The restaurant was small and dark, painted a brilliant blue, lighted by a single naked bulb on a frayed cord. The four booths were the same blue, and each table was covered with a piece of decaying linoleum and a cracked mirror. Every time it was the same. We would walk in, I going to the back booth, and Gil going to the counter to get his beer and my coffee. After one beer he would switch to coffee too. The barkeeper, cook and owner would always wipe his hands on his spotted shirt and come over to the booth to pass a wet brown rag lightly over the linoleum and to sprinkle the damp top with ashes from his cigar.

Gil always played the juke box, blues songs, slow jazz pieces of Negro singers weeping into old pianos. And every time, just before we were to go, he would play "Waltzing Matilda" and say, "Our song, Kit," with the cracked mirror reflecting his twisted smile. I suppose it was our song. It was the only thing that was ever "ours."

Our last evening together, a Friday the restaurant was empty. Gil got the beer and coffee as usual, but he began by playing "Waltzing Matilda." Instead of ordering coffee, he ordered more beer. He drank constantly for two hours, speaking in monosyllables, playing "Waltzing Matilda" over and over again.

"Our song, Kit," he said thinkly, leering at me over the linoleum and beating time with his cigarette. "Our song." I was frightened.

"Take me home, Gil," I begged. I stood up, slipping into my coat.

"Our song," he said again. He got up stiffly and putting out his arms, began to waltz me around the room. He was strong and drunk and grim. The record ran out and he put another dime in the juke box. We waltzed awkwardly around, like marionettes or stiffened corpses in a dream. Then he stopped and seized my arm, marching me out grandly as if we were leaving a ball.

* * * * * * *

When he stood up straight Gil wasn't much taller than I, with huge hands and arms and shoulders, and slender legs and hips. He had curly reddish-brown hair and pale blue eyes with pinpoints for pupils which stared and hypnotized. He smoked constantly. In a conversation he was brilliant, devastating, tearing to shreds anything one might say. He would sway as he talked, teeth flashing and cigarette waving. Everyone followed him, as fascinated as I.

He was taking music because he was good at it, effortlessly. He supposed he might become a concert pianist. He didn't care. He would improvise for hours, while I would sit, enthralled, hearing the wierd modern harmonies which vanished with our cigarette smoke into the dark.

We went together for a year. He could be brutal, and become immediately and overwhelmingly tender. We were never in love. He was amused and I was fascinated. He would go for weeks and never see me, ignoring me completely if we met on campus or in the conservatory, and I would go about meekly, waiting, a little grateful for the opportunity to study and relax.

Almost the last time I saw him was after one of these long spells. I had been to get my hair cut, very short, and I was on the way to his boardinghouse where I was to meet him. Before I got there it was raining and my scarf was soon soaked and my hair firmly plastered against my head. Going up the sidewalk to the house I bumped into a boy who was hurring out. I knew him from the conservatory and we mumbled greetings. Gil wasn't in the parlor as he had promised so I went up to his room. He was in bed, half-asleep.

"Fix some coffee," he yawned. "I'll be ready soon."

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, tying his shoe. I went over with a cup and sat down to wait. He turned and took my face in his hands, pushing back my scarf and running his hands through my damp hair. "Now you look like a boy," he

mumbled, and he kissed me. His elbow knocked the coffee over both of us.

* * * * * * *

One day last summer he had borrowed a car from one of the fellows in the boardinghouse and we had taken our bathing suits and books and a picnic and had gone out into the country looking for a lake. We wandered across a pasture thick with wild strawberry vines and my white sandals were stained with the red juice.

After our swim we lay in the sun, reading a little and sleeping. Once when I was drousing over my French Gil remarked, "If you had your hair cut short, you would look like a very lovely boy." Later on, driving back in the hot afternoon, almost asleep on his shoulder, he touched my nose and smiled, "You freckle."

* * * * * * *

My roommate woke me up as she came in and, after she had gone to bed, I lay awake a long time remembering. I could smell the crushed strawberries so clearly: they contrasted oddly with the smell of smoke.

* * * * * * *

We had gone to another dark little restaurant to eat and dance, and he bought me a drink, something he would hardly ever do although he drank constantly when alone. "To my whole life," he said, raising his glass. "To you." It was the most indication he had ever spoken of his feelings for me. He was my whole life, I thought. I was desolate without him, and hypnotized when we were together. My friends spoke of us as Pygmalion and his rag doll. We went everywhere and did everything, leaving a trail of cigarette butts and empty cups. He constantly borrowed my books. He rarely returned one, but if he did it would be full of sardonic comments in the margins or horrified underlinings. He scribbled poems on the flyleaves or on innocent paper napkins which he would afterward use to polish his shoes. One he wrote after a cocktail party has come to be a ghost:

We sat on a beach where
A tribe of hungry peacocks screamed and ate
The footprints of a self-made god
Who came to teach?

After dinner we had gone walking through the park, taking off our shoes to wade in the edge of the lake ("For Fishing Only"), and swinging in the playground. Dizzy and happy we sang and laughed walking slowly under a sky the color of old bruises, arms about each other. At the door of his boardinghouse we paused. "Do you want to come up?" It was very simple. I nodded, and arm in arm we wandered in and up the stairs, stumbling slightly at the curve. His room was stuffy and the bed was unmade. The next morning was hot and sultry. I woke up, dimly seeing a pair of sparrows outside the window. Slowly Gil came into view, sitting on the end of the bed, drinking coffee. He handed me the cup and with, "See you at five, as usual. I have to practice," he went out. I dressed slowly and went over to the conservatory.

At five we went to the blue restaurant and had supper. By eight I was in my room studying. I didn't see him for two weeks. When I did it was to go to an outdoor concert at which he played. When it was over we went back to the blue walls and drank more coffee and played "Waltzing Matilda."

* * * * * * *

The clouds were the color of oysters when we came back from our last evening together. Gil wouldn't come in the dorm. With one hand on the doorknob he quickly kissed my forehead. "G'night, Kit." He stood there twisting his cigarette.. It was the first time I had ever known him to search for words. Then he looked up. "This is it."

"It?" I stared at him.

He dropped the cigarette to the ground, slowly grinding it out as he spoke. "We're through, Kit. It's all over. It's been great, but now it's over." His voice was muffled as he walked away. "I'm drunk. G'night." I stood there feeling unconscious. Then in a daze I went upstairs and went to bed.

Late the next afternoon I was coming home from town when I stopped by a small restaurant for a sandwich. Gil was there, drinking coffee and smoking. I would have left but as I opened the door, he turned around and saw me. He waved. I felt myself remembering the first time I had seen him, from the balcony in the small conservatory auditorium. He had waved then, and for an idiotic moment I was back there, the first time I had heard him play.

I walked slowly over to his table. A waitress appeared: she seemed to me like a genie out of the sugar bowl. I asked for milk and she disappeared again.

I reached for Gil's arm. "What is the matter. You weren't just drunk." He didn't say anything. "Gil, is there someone else," in a memorable moment echoing the hackneyed question of a tired eternity of lovers. The waitress brought my milk, pouring it carelessly into a glass, and went off with dime, dragging her feet.

Gil shook his head. "No Kit. I can't explain. It's been great, but it's over now. No reason, no excuses. 'Bye." He took out a cigarette. Then, as an afterthought, "I still have some of your books."

"Keep them. Gil, I---." I started to cry and put my head down. When I lifted it up I was conscious of the glare of light bulbs and red splots of catsup bottles and the pinpoints in his pale blue eyes. I had always seen his eyes, always hypnotized by them, as I had been the first time.

* * * * * * *

A year before, the same time of year, cold, damp and desolate. I had gone to the Conservatory late one afternoon to practice. Hearing magnificent thunder from across the small courtyard around which the practice studios were arranged, I wandered out to investigate. A small squirrel lay quivering in a patch of sunlight on one of the two plaster urns of the courtyard. It escaped as I came near and I went in and up the stairs to the balcony of the auditorium.

A stranger was playing the piano, Schumann's Second Sonata as I learned later. A tiny beam of sun sliding through an open shutter glinted occasionally on his shock of hair as he moved back and forth, making it appear a brilliant golden-red. He had huge arms and hands and he played as if he were recreating the world. I sat and listened to the stranger for a long time, following with my head the motions of his.

The piano lid crashed down with a "Damn." and I awoke. The stranger was looking at me and I saw his eyes, compelling even at that distance. Then he waved and called me to come down. We had introduced ourselves, and then gone to the blue restaurant for the first time. Gil ordered two cups of coffee and then borrowed from me to pay for them. Hours later we finally left and walked back up to the conservatory. He left me at the back door, and walked rapidly off down the hill. Part-way down he turned and waved, a cigarette clenched in his teeth. The air was still. My breath made clouds in the air. Twilight pounced upon the city, and down the hill below the conservatory the neon lights in the city blinked on and off.

* * * * * * *

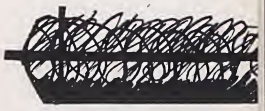
Poem

by Herb Schiller

God is in no hurry.
To God an eternity is but a day.
God, however, being Human, has Human faults.
He may be said to prefer Divine slumber to consciousness
of the Human world;
He dazed one Day for several years,
Only to be roused by a dazzling flash
Over an obscure city.

Nietzsche was wrong — God is **not** dead
He is only, perhaps, a little lethargic.
And for God, to whom eternity is but a Day,
Infinity is merely One.
Millions of deaths are only an infinitesimal amount;
To God — in his infinite wisdom.
Although His magnanimous beneficence may be obscured far a
time,
Not be apparent in flames and death, destruction, agony,
human sorrow - - -
IT EXISTS ! ! !

You are only not aware.



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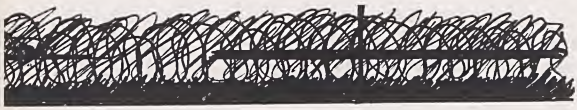
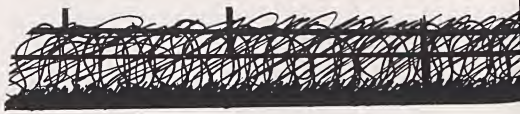


by John Hopkins



T. Robert Steffans was a methodical man. Each area of his slightly musty bachelor life was ordered almost to distraction. For every free soul that flits across the surface of time there is always a corresponding one that thrives on the very rules, methods and schedules that the other hates. Somewhere, there must have been a hell of a free soul to correspond with that of T. R. Steffans.

He not only did the expected thing, the required thing or the logical thing, but also those things that merely hinted at with a slight tinge of authority. And if anything were "suggested" it brought a prickly thrill to the depths of his soul to be the first to follow that course.

It was not difficult to understand, therefore, when Steffans was the first man in the suburban town thirty miles from New York City to build a bomb shelter. It was also not difficult to conceive that his was the stoutest, most efficient, and, above all, most methodically planned and executed of all those cinderblock warrens to follow.

He secured instructions from the authorities with a warm glow of virtue and dealt with the builder who wanted to make it a little more "functional" as a recreation room in a stern and summary manner, explaining most clearly to him that it was functioned as a shelter and would be built in just that manner. When the shelter itself was completed, he saw to it that it was furnished in the manner prescribed by one of his countless booklets and filled with all the recommended supplies, even included a Bible which he never read.

There was one element in the construction of the shelter which was daringly improvised. The L-shaped entrance had an oak-paneled door (reinforced with iron) to guard its opening. There were several objects in the shelter itself that were also not suggested by the instructions (Fallout Shelter Supplies, Booklet No. 2-3301-21.) Besides the massive door, loaded and periodically checked, stood a double-barreled shotgun, complete with full loads of 00 buckshot. There was also a .45 automatic pistol, a rather vicious hunting knife, and more than enough ammunition for a small war. All of these improvisions, of course, were not original with T. R. Steffans. *Nothing* was original with T. R. Steffans. Only a few days after he had completed his shelter, he had read an article in a national magazine describing and interviewing a man in Nebraska (a prime nuclear target) who had armed his shelter and fortified it "to protect his family against those idiots who had not built their own shelters."

Steffans had no family of course. He had never found a woman who could possibly "play by the rules" as he did, but it was his innate sense of propriety and fair-play that sounded a responsive chord to this forthright attitude. It seemed only natural to him that, if someone did not take the solemn advice of the Government and provide for emergency, they should take the consequences. He had no intention of admitting anyone to his shelter even though it had more than enough room for four more people and even had two extra beds. He was the sort of man who had for years considered buying a vicious mastiff to set on beggars. T. R. Steffans was not a man to be trifled with when it came to the right and wrong of things.

On the train that very day, coming home from their office, he explained his point of view to Bostwell ("Buck") Carruthers, his next-door neighbor and subordinate at the accounting firm where they both worked.

"Carruthers, there is absolutely no reason for anyone's neglecting this sort of thing. All have been given fair warning. If they do nothing, they deserve nothing."

Buck reflected, a little ironically, on the worth of fair warning to build $2,000 bomb shelters to $6,000 a year fathers of two children. "What if someone had no money for a shelter, Mr. Steffans?"

"There is *no* excuse for not having it, boy. Just like you, too many young kids spending too much money on TV sets, washers and all that other stuff. First things come first, I say. When the Government gives you the word, move, boy." He settled back with his typical air

of having resolved a matter for all time, much in the manner of a top sergeant who had just bellowed out a section of Army regulations. Young Carruthers had no intention of pressing the matter further. He was familiar enough with Steffans to know that there was no such thing as arguing with him and, besides, he was both boss and neighbor, no one to make an enemy or even angry.

Steffans stirred again. "Say, boy," with his best paternal air "have you started your shelter yet?"

Buck's eyes rolled slightly upward in that characteristic motion of supplication of a man who is being driven quietly mad by a well-intentional busybody. Only slightly, however, since a certain amount of respect was necessary, if not due. "No, sir. I've been so tied up financially lately, baby expenses and all, I haven't had the opportunity to see about it."

Steffan's face darkened noticably and a faint but detectable odor of disapproval seemed to rise from his entire being. "Hmmm. you should attend to that, boy. Right away!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Steffans, you are probably right. I think I'll go down tomorrow and see about it," Buck smiled at him. The old bastard he thought. He thinks I can just pull a couple of thousand out of the air.

Steffans was reclining grandly again. It always pleased him immensely when he was able to defend and champion one of those things which he considered to be undoubtedly correct, which meant, of course, that it was correct. He was a good deal more than satisfied with himself this time, in fact, because he had always sensed something faintly subversive in Carruther's character. There had to be something wrong with a boy who spent his lunch hour in art galleries and bookshops and never bought anything. Buck called it browsing, but Steffans knew better even if he had no proof.

So pleased he was that he did not give his usual twenty minutes of advice to Carruthers, but rather spent the rest of the ride to their station gazing out of the window, speculating on his own obvious virtue. He only gave a scant farewell to his companion at the platform and mused mightily in his car and all the way through his methodical meal in the only sensible, as he called it, restaurant in town. By the time he reached home, however, he had shaken off his mood to some degree at least and was ready for the usual order of his nightly business.

At precisely 7:30 p.m. every day he listened to a newscast on the radio that was the vehicle, or perhaps weapon, of a very popular commentator who neither reported, analyzed, nor explained the news, but rather *told* you what, by God, the world had done, was doing, and was going to do. It seemed to Steffans to be faintly immoral for anyone to speculate about what the facts were or what they meant when it was plainly stated on the radio for all to hear. This was the sort of thing on which he thrived, opinions stated like facts, suggestions advanced like ultimations.

He had been listening for about eight of the thirty minutes that the program covered when he noticed the sound of a siren faintly wailing somewhere in the vicinity of the not-too-distant shopping center.

"Some damn fool," he muttered to himself. "People can't even keep their own houses from burning down. Fire engines roaring all around the place, noise, everything." He mumbled off into sub-verbal growlings as was his habit when he allowed himself the luxury of complaint.

He had almost allowed himself to slip into another reverie when, suddenly, the voice on the radio changed tone. The edge of quite confidence left it and was replaced by a grating tingle of excitment and fear. Even so, it was a moment before Steffans returned himself to listening. The voice was almost hysterical now as it screamed the middle of a bulletin. ". . . . and the White House has said that from all reports it appears to be a real attack. There are large numbers of unidentified objects in rapid flight over the Atlantic now. The military detection systems have been following them since they crossed over Germany. There is no means, General R. B. Halston of the communication corps, has said by which the objects can be positively indentified but from all information they seem to be Russian guided missiles. Some of you are probably hearing the wavering siren signal now which is the Civil Defense signal to seek cover immediately. We now take you to . . . "

Steffans had been astonished for a moment and had listened long enough to get the bare facts. He switched the radio off abruptly and began to do the few last minute things that he had thought of so many times before. He calmly opened all the windows in the house to help keep them from excessive breakage due to the possible blast. He secured all the little breakable things around the house. He carried out all the small but necessary details in a manner of a few minutes.

He was about to go down to the basement to switch off the electricity in the house and turn on the small generator which powered the utensils in his shelter when Buck Carruthers came bursting through the back door next to the stairs.

"Mr. Steffans, did you hear it? Did you hear it! he screamed and grabbed Steffans by the shoulders.

"Calm down, boy, calm down. I heard it and I'm ready too, like I said I would be." This really satisfied Steffans. Here he was, calmly ready, while Carruthers trembled in his boots, caught without shelter or protection.

"Looks as if you should have taken my advice, doesn't it, boy?"

"Look, Mr. Steffans, I haven't got time to be arguing with you or taking your advice. I have a wife and two babies over there. They'll be killed if they don't get shelter. Can you take us in, pleas?"

"Well now boy, didn't I tell you to build a shelter? Didn't you hear the radio and TV announcements about them? Didn't you read the paper?"

"I didn't have any money. I could never have built a shelter. You have room, let us in."

"No, boy." Steffans was most calm with his ultra-pontific smile spread wide. "That would be condoning negligence. I'm afraid you'll have to pay for your own mistakes.

Carruthers slumped his shoulders and sagged against the wall, a man already half-dead. He turned to leave. Then for a minute he brightened. "Would you take the children, Mr. Steffans. Help them. It wasn't their mistake."

Steffans was fast losing his patience now. "Damn it boy. I'm growing tired of all this whining and crying. Get out of here!"

Carruthers straightened, supplication replaced in his eyes by a fierce intense hatred. "You supercilious old son of a bitch, I hope the bomb lands right on your goddam bomb shelter." He slammed the door as he left and broke two panes of glass, doing what Steffans had hoped the bomb would not.

Steffans was furious now. "Impudent little bastard," he muttered. "Just like all the rest of them. Can't take care of themselves but they expect the ones like me to wipe their noses for them when the going gets rough."

He stamped down the basement stairs, took care of the change in power source and switched on a small light in the shelter. He then checked the room to see that all was in order. Just as he was about to close the solid barred door to his burrow, he heard the door upstairs open again and seconds later Carruthers appeared at the top of the basement stairs.

He began to run down the stairs and started to speak. "Mr. Steffans, Mr. Steffans, you don't need . . . "

He never finished the sentence which was punctuated by the dull blast from Steffans'

pistol. "I don't need you, boy, that's for sure." He laid the pistol on the shelf and stepped up the stairs to hoist the young man, or the fresh body, onto his shoulder. "I'll just drop you out in the yard to let people know that they aren't going to get in here."

He staggered up the stairs, straining the weight of the corpse. Reaching the back door, he kicked it open and deposited his load on the driveway where it could be seen from front, back and one side. Glancing up at the side window of Carruthers' house he saw the young face of Carruthers' wife contort in noiseless pantomine. He smiled slightly and reentered the house and descended to his shelter.

His first move after closing the oak-paneled door and shooting the iron bolts home, was to switch on the small transistor radio on a convenient shelf.

". . . and citizens no longer need to be alarmed," the sound faded in from the same voice that had faded out a while before. The voice was once again calm. "The missile scare has proven to be a shower of meteorites that were pulled into orbiting the earth by one of nature's strange tricks."

Steffans was frozen for that few seconds and then his hand darted to the knob again and cut it off. "Oh my God, he must have been trying to tell me that. The poor man. That poor woman."

He paused, then blanched, "My God, I've got to get to her before she calls the police."

He flung the door open in record speed for such a mass and dashed up the stairs, feeling none of the calm and self-satisfaction of his previous trips of that route. He stepped out the door and started across his lawn which connected the lawn of Carruthers' house.

A bullet stopped him. It missed him slightly and only his Army training (hit the ground at the first shot) which he had learned well like everything he learned, saved him from the next one that whistled overhead.

He looked up to see Carruthers' wife on the back porch of her matronly home with Carruthers' deadly looking hunting rifle in an awkward firing position. Somehow he made it back to the door and into his house under the barrage of fire that went over his head and plinked in the earth about him. He ran back down the stairs and slammed the oak door behind him, almost too late to miss her call "You'll never live to hang, old man."

As he bolted the door, he looked around him. "It's a good thing," he thought, "that I have enough food for three months. He paused and smiled with an irony foreign to him. "Enough to last until the danger is over — just as the book said."

POEME

Par Wes Howard

Sur lo ploce où tout est tronquille,
Une fille s'est mise o chonter,
Et son chont plane sur lo ville:
Hymne d'omour et de bonté.
Mois sur lo ploce il foit trop choud
Et pour ne point entendre son chont,
Les hommes ferment leurs correoux
Comme une porte entre lo mort et les vivonts —

Ainsi certoins jours poroît
Une flomme en nos coeurs,
Mois nous ne voulons jomois
Loisser luire so bueur.
Nous nous bouchons les oreilles
Et nous nous voilons les yeux;
Nous n' oimons point les reveils
De notre coeur déjà vieux.

Sur lo ploce un chien hurle encore
Cor lo fille s'en est allée,
Et comme le chien hurlont lo mort
Pleurent les hommes leurs destinées.

On the squore where oll is tronquil
o girl begon to sing —
And her song filled the town
A hymn of love ond truth.
But it was too hot on thot squore
And so not to heor this song
Men closed their gotes
As o door between the living and deod.

From time to time oppeors o
Glow in our being.
But we never wish to let thot light live:
We clog our eors
And veil our eyes.
We con't permit the reowokening
of our olreody moture heorts

On the squore o dog howls ogoin.
For the girl hos gone owoy
And like the dog, howling deoth
Men cry over their destiny.

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a very small miracle on the plaza

December 14
Article in *The University Herald*
Page 4

> The Annual Christmas Caroling will be held from 11:30 p.m. to midnight, December 18, on the Plaza. All students are urged to attend by the Social Committee. According to Miss Brown, dean of the Woman's College, coeds will be given late permission for the caroling.

December 15
Excerpt from a letter home
Miss Betty Johnson, 317 Freshman Dormitory

> . . . and then all the kids go up on the Plaza under the big Chapel Clock and sing Christmas carols. Since everybody is going home the next morning (thank heaven!) it's sorta like a special Christmas Eve just for us. Oh, anyway, at five minutes before midnight by the Clock, everybody joins hands and sings Silent Night. Then the Clock rings twelve times real slowly and it's "Christmas". Everybody says Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas and goes back to the dorms singing. Jimmy says it's a real old tradition here so of course we are going. He says . . .

December 18 . . . 11:15 p.m.
Announcement over P.A. system
The four girl's dormitories

> Attention, girls. Your attention please. If you wish to go to the Christmas Caroling on the Plaza sign your name on the paper at the desk as you leave. I repeat: If you wish to go to . . .

December 18 . . . 11:15 p.m.
Voice bellowing in the hall
Sigma Nu House

> Hey you guys. Any of youall coming on up to the Plaza, we're leaving now. Hey Joe! Joe McNeely! Get out of there . . . all the guys are going. Hey Sam! Will youall hurry it up? Hey . . .

11:30 p.m.

The group mills around uneasily, trying to find its footing, its balance. Beside the building, someone has decorated a big tree, and the red-green-blue mangle of light and sharp pine smell and crinkle of tinsel in the wind seems delightfully incongrous against the dark classroom windows. The low pitched murmur of the crowd is a sudden memory of the furtive conversation before the blessing at church suppers and the students shift their feet and look at their hands.

Some girls in carcoats and red earmuffs toward the back of the group hesitantly start singing "O Little Town of Bethlehem", and the group gratefully picks it up. Almost as if they are afraid of the silence when it is over, they rush into "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." Some boys change places to stand together, their voices sinking low low low, the girls voices weaving sweetly up through the song.

11:45 p.m.

Brent had just finished the last of his Christmas bottle in front of the fraternity house television when he heard them singing. "A cool yule to you, buddy," he said solemnly to a red-haired boy sprawled on the couch. The boy turned over, groaning, and fell back limply asleep. Brent watched his chest rise and fall, rise and fall. "One hell of a way to spend campus Christmas eve, buddio." He almost tripped over the chair as he stood up. It was spooky quiet when all the guys left. The television blinked the commercial blond off and blinked on little boys in choir robes. "O come come come," they trilled. Brent turned buttons until the boys faded to a silver dot in the middle of the screen. The red-haired boy laughed drunkenly in his sleep. Brent looked at him passively. He grabbed the hi fi to steady himself. He scratched his chest and noticed —still passively — that he was wearing his football work out suit and black dress shoes. "Where's my coat?" he asked into the darkness of the hall. Somebodys overcoat was hanging on a rack and he put it on . . . it was too big; the sleeves hanging almost to his fingers. He paused at the door and shook his head at the boy on the couch. "And a cool yule to you, old buddy boy." He closed the door gently. He didn't want to wake his friend up.

11:45 p.m.

The group has fringed itself again and again and now they are spread all over the concrete walks, flowing out over the frozen grass. "We Three Kings," they heartily sing. "We Three Kings of Or ri ent Are . . . . " The Clock points to fifteen . . . then to ten minutes before midnight.

Brent stands on the outside of the human circle, oblivious of the few casual glances and giggles he is attracting. It seems as if the back of the group is all couples . . . all groups . . . boys and girls close to each other . . . . clusters of boys with their arms around each others shoulders . . . girls huddled together for warmth. He looks around intently, his hands in the pockets of the big coat. "Jack," he hollers across the heads of the crowd. "Jack," old buddy. Old Roomie! Wait a minute . . . " He starts shoving his way between the blur of faces and coats and hands. Contact shoulder to shoulder — he almost falls — then the shoulder materializes into a boy.

"Who do you think you are anyway, huh?"

The blur expands and shrinks and then expands again like a fog balloon in front of his face. He tries to draw himself up but the coat is a dead weight across his back. "I, sir," he says, "am a good Sigma Nu." He tries to enunicate but the words fall thick, pushed against his teeth by the fog.

The boys face comes to focus before his eyes . . . red with cold and amusement. At him. At old Brent. Old Buddy. The three kings dies out as the singers pause expectantly, and into the new quiet Brent roars belligerently, "You must be a reindeer. It's Christmus. Christmus got *Reindeer.*"

The blur is expanding again, painfully heavy. Brent turns appreciatively around to a little giggle behind him. "Rudolph," he adds confidingly. "Red nose. Rudolph." Somewhere behind him the songs start and works its way contagiously across the group, gaining speed, spirit, volume. He stands in the circle grinning at the laughter. Old Buddy. When the song weakened someone twisted it into "Frosty the Snowman". Brent hopped on one leg and the crowd roared. The boys slapped each other on the back, laughing, and the girls toward the edges stood on tiptoe, laughing at that crazy fool, isn't his crazy, isn't he crazy, drunk, drunk, drunk, isn't he cute?

Who notices it first? Someone on the edges first, probably. No one ever remembered after. But somehow, slowly, one by one, they turn around. Quietness gathers momentum until it hangs supreme, vibrating over all their heads. Suddenly Brent feels so very tired, so very sober, as if all the fog had scraped itself painfully off his brain. He sits down on the steps under the red-green-blue of the Christmas tree. Everybody else just stands there. They stand there with their mouths open and look.

The Chapel Clock has stopped at one minute till midnight. The long thin black second hand swings on six back and forth and back and forth. The Chapel Clock has stopped at one minute till midnight. Moonlight paints the clock tower cold stern silver against the night. The hour and minute hands frozen near twelve, the Chapel Clock has stopped at one minute till midnight.

They stand hypnotized. Five minutes pass unmarked by . . . perhaps more. The group huddles closer and seems to grow smaller under the face of the still clock.

A girl's voice begins it and it wavers tearfully. "Silent Night, Holy Night."

One by one the group joins in, singing lowly, their eyes on the Clock. "All is calm, all is bright. Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child, Holy Infant so tender and mild . . . "

Brent stands up, leaning against the wall, then standing straight, trying to keep his voice steady. "Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace."

Twelve times it rings. But slowly. Slower than ever it has rung before. And the students whisper Merry Christmas, and very slowly, they begin to walk back.

Falling

Falling - falling, dawn - down
Folling downstairs laughing
Cushioned by folds af catton
and rubber pants,
Falling thraugh drunken jays
of first steps
and emative blurts
mistaken far wards,
Falling through yaung years growing older
From diapers ta
shart pant suits with white caps
Fram shartpants ta
blue suits with red buttans
From blue suits to
blue jeans
From na shaes
to shaes
ta no shaes
Ad infinitum.
Falling thraugh piles af calared autumn refuse
and jacketless galden days
Through fireplace winters
and first purifying snaw
and frast pictures painted on windaws by icy hands
af sameane called Mather Nature.
Falling thraugh light green ond yellaw springs
and barefaot summers
with marningdew splashing
Under running feet
hurrying bare
Taward the old fishing hale
Where yau can also swim
If you go with na clothes an
and NO GIRLS ALLOWED
Because this is a private swimming hale
and "we dan't have no clothes an . . . see?"
"Sa yau get the hell outa here and it's O.K. for me ta say
thot because I heard my Dad soy it . . . . see!"
"Girls con't fish anyway
So dan't hang around here
no more
ever."
Summer passes and doys af
cat-fish-fishing poss
Doys when cotty's were biggern' whales
with shining scales
of silver
That grow dimmer os years go by
and finally became slimy and dark
With no appeal at all
Except ta some paar old negro.
Falling thraugh yeors of first dates
and first other things
To hot graduotian fram high school
Singing wrang wards ta old tunes
shedding now ond then a sentimental tear.

Falling thraugn college years
and large concerns abaut nathing — ness
Gad,
social injustices,
and faatball games
Awed by the apathetic universe with the harelip
Until finally that great day
when you hide under black rabes
insignificantly
wearing a flat hat
with dangle tickling nase
Ta add suffering ta a speech about haw
you are
the new generatian af Kings and princes
and haw yau are societies leaders
But be careful that yau remain a sart af liberal
canservative.
Falling - Falling, slipping backwards
an muddy feet
Where are thase silver-scaled catty's
and bamboo pales
sticking in muddy creek banks
that make a grassy lawn
look like samething fram
a harrar shaw?
Where are the cushians af cattan that brake
yaur first fall?
Where's that damn girl you sent away
lang aga
Daesn't she realize that yau need her
that she is the guide wire af yaur existence
and withaut her yaur existence
truely is
lacking essence
that withaut her
and maybe even with her
there ain't na meaning in this
ludicraus life
na passible derivable meaning
necessary far
happiness.
But it's all a.k.
You've weathered the black starms
af growing pains
You've autgrown yaur impressianistic warld
and encauntered the
canvulsed face af
reality
And thraugh it all you stumble
Intact, badily,
until yau are ald enaugh ta turn back.
You've came thraugh,
Like the champ
that everyane knaws you are,
With flying calars
guaranteed ta bleed —
But it makes na difference
Because in all the trials
Yau have established
beyand any reasanable daubt
That you are
the greatest thing since sliced bread.

by Bruce Smith

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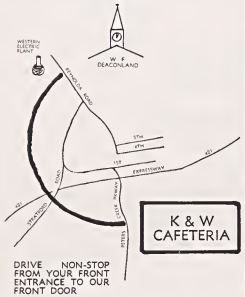

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

After Dr. Elizabeth Phillips gave us five of her poems to publish in the November issue, we somehow let a typographical error slip in and an "e" slip out. At Dr. Phillips' request we print the corrected poem — with our apologies.

After Dark

The scar-faced moon sits silent
Silent in the sullen silence of grief
But the dark hush of love
Is an earth-bowel thing and brief.

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"THE FINEST
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CARTOONS

by Peter Wong

Level 7

by Mordecai Roshwald

"I am a god. The god wants to make a bargain with a butterfly. He wishes to be a butterfly for a day — but outside the caves, up there — and he offers the butterfly in return an eternal existence — down here."

These are the words of Push Button Operation's Officer X-127 as he begins to become aware of the horror of his own isolation and self-sufficiency.

The novel *Level 7* by Mordecai Roshwald is written as the diary of X-127 who has indeed became a kind of god, a push-button god. To him alone is given the crucial function of pushing the twelve buttons which will set off the atomic missiles that will destroy human life.

Even though the "hero" is perfectly conditioned along with his associates to live in the "safest" place under the earth (a shelter 4,400 feet down) it is inevitable that he will be destroyed by the same power which he so impersonally wields. Why? The new society of the shelter is too perfect, too functional, too impersonal itself, too technologically flawless. As a matter of fact, the book can be understood as a kind of inverted Plato's *Republic*. Instead of moving — as in the metaphor of the cave — from darkness and the world of shadows to the world of light, man's journey here is toward the scientifically "perfect" underworld forever cut off from nature or the light of the sun. The "sun" or rather the lack of it is the button-pusher's recurrent obsession. The source of life here is an atomic reactor (which eventually "leaks") designed to sustain existence for 500 years. The citizens of Level 7 are hermetically sealed in and can never go back up.

Inverted too are the basic values by which men have lived on the face of the earth. Myths must be constructed for the "future" children who would be taught that "down" is good and "up" is bad, that the sun and light represent evil. The movement is to the hole of holes rather than to the heaven of heavens. This "perfect" society is the perfect impersonal society and the teacher or philosopher-king is replaced by the ultimated giver of commands, the loud-speaker. As a spokesman puts it in a "know thy Level" talk: "for the first time in the history of mankind, perfect absolute democracy is coming into being: . . . We aeknowledge only the authority of the loud-speaker — the impersonal, the supra-personal personification of all of us."

Whether or not you find that this novel comes off in the critical sense, if you read it you will never forget it. If it "fails" as a novel it is probably the most important failure since *Death of a Salesman*. The shock of this perhaps most shocking work of fiction to be written in our time is not evoked in any of the ways a traditional horror story of tale of violence might evoke it. The horror is so awesome because it is so timely. The violence is so provocative because it is so impersonal. If you cannot stand to look squarely at the obviousness and the reality of what is happening in a world headed toward atomic self-destruction, don't read this book. It will force you to look and in doing so you may feel that the floor has dropped out from under you. The truth of *Level 7* is well-nigh unbearable.

Roshwald has appropriately dedicated his novel to "Dwight" and "Nikita" It could well be dedicated to everyman in the hopes that by some miracle stroke of fate its contents were not so fantastically true.

D. T. Murphy

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THESE PORTRAITS ARE SELECTED EACH MONTH FROM THOSE MADE AT GRIGG STUDIO

the student

MARCH 1962

especially on an eightieth birthday

Not being ones to trample tradition or ignore the ghosts of some eighty editors before us, we now add our editorial comment on a long favorite subject: Student Apathy.

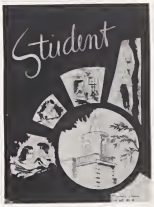
We are a'gin it. In any form.

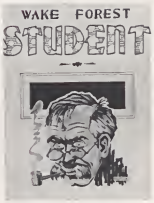
But listen. We are not the first — neither practicing *nor* preaching against. Editorials have been blasting it since 1882 — far before we began deciding whether to see, to go, to do, to be . . . or not.

They (the ghosts) scolded, apologized, blamed and some sighed a little. Us too.

But somehow it does not look as bad to us. After looking at eighty years of writing against it we realize it will always exist — and it will never contaminate them all.

The Student magazine, literary avenue of expression for Wake Forest College, attempts — and even harder than usual this month— to reflect the tastes, the interests and the way of life of the Wake Forest student. It does not look like an apathetic student to us.





the student

VOLUME 77 NUMBER 4 MARCH, 1962

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The influence of some western Literature on Gandhi ..... Florence Wisman

Mexico: Land of Incessant Change ..... Barr Ashcraft

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Saturated Sunday ..... Lewis Morgan

Nineteen Cents ..... Charles Stone

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Age: A series of line drawings ..... Steve Glass

Cartoons: College Life ..... Butch Fulcher

POETRY

Jack F. McJunkin
Jivan Tabibian
Diana Gilliland
Susan Davis

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Profiles -F. B. B.

Lewis Morgan makes his first appearance in the Student with an intriguing little story set in the same Germany from which Lewis recently came. He spent last year studying in Germany and other than his ascot this is the first manifestation of the European influence that we have seen. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when Lewis submitted this story because he has been using our typewriters all year now and had previously contributed little other than a few caustic remarks every now then. The Morgan clan hails from Washington, D. C. and their son Lewis is presently a senior here at Wake Forest. Lew's only other claim to fame is writing the infamous "Knickers and Spats" for the Old Gold & Black.

Charles Stone, a controversial playwright and regular contributor to the Student, provides us with a very entertaining short story with the unassuming title of "19c."

The poetry for this issue is provided by Susan Davis, Jack McJunkin, Dr. Jivan Tabibian, and Diana Gilliland.

Susie is one of the prettiest faces to grace the portals of the Student office in quite some time now. She is a Freshman and she claims New Canaan, Conn. as her home town. The fact that she plans to study Elementary Education makes some of us want to go back to grammer school once again. I cannot recollect any of my teachers ever looking that good. Besides good looks Susie also has some very good poetry in this issue which we would like to share with you.

Dr. Tabibian is not nearly so good looking as some of our female contributors but the excellence of his poetry permits us to forgive him this unfortunate fact. Dr. Tabibian is presently teaching here in our Political Science Department where he specializes in international relations, Comparative government, and Middle Eastern politics. His home is in Lebanon and he studied in Beirut and at Princeton before coming to Wake Forest.

Jack McJunkin, the third member of our happy group of poets, is a soft spoken sophomore from Charlotte. He is a history major and hopes some day to try his hand at teaching. He has provided the Student with two very fine poems and, if his teaching is half so rich as his poetry, he should have a very successful career. We hope to be seeing a lot more of Jack's work in the near future.

Diana Gilliland rounds out this fearsome foursome. Her poetry and short stories have appeared in many previous STUDENT magazines and we all love her.

Barr Asheraft also appears on our pages for the first time. Barr is a junior here and he offers to the students of Wake Forest a very fine article on Mexico. Last semester Barr traveled in Mexico and he studied for a semester at the University of Mexico. He is a history major from Amherst, Mass. and he plan to go into the field of diplomacy when he graduates next year. As for this summer, well it might be the British Merchant Marine and more adventure for our newly discovered writer.

Our beautiful cover representing Spring was done for us by our Art Editor Mary Martin Pickard. She used a newly discovered technique on this work and she says that it worked wonderfully. We have to agree with her.

The new honors program found Florence Wisman for us and we feel very fortunate to have her. Florence comes from the land of the Fighting Irish, South Bend, Ind. and she is presently a freshman History major. As far as we know she is the first writer that we have had in a long time who is studying Greek. A freshman from the land of the Irish who is studying Greek sounds rather bad, but the blend must be perfect for Florence gives to us a very interesting paper on Ghandi. This could get really complicated.

Also included in this issue is the first chapter of Russell Brantley's new book, *The Education of Johnathan Beam*. Mr. Brantley, who is the publicity director here at Wake Forest, will have his book released this week. It is on sale in the College Book Store now. The price is $2.95.

The fabulous team of Billings and Smathers of Old Gold and Black fame have come together to join the ranks of *Student* contributors. Pete Billings, a junior from Hopedale, Mass. is now a stealing member of George Cleland's villanous business staff. The other half of the team is sweet Lynne Smathers, a senior from Brevard. Lynne is the present editor of the Old Gold and Black but she has also had some experience in the business office. In the Student she is leaving the business to Pete however, and she has written a book review for us.

Kay Overman is sweet and beautiful, and I love her and she has done all of the illustrations for this issue of the student. Kay is studying art at Salem College this semester under the new exchange program.

The final contributor for this issue is Steve Glass. Steve is a junior from Asheboro and he is perhaps best known as the President of the Junior class. For this issue Steve has done a series of drawings. This all goes to prove that art and politics can go together.

THE

Wake Forest Student,

A Literary Monthly,

PUBLISHED BY THE

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1882 The Student

One of the gentlemen climbed the steps until he could see over the heads of the assembled students. The din immediately faded to a rapt silence. Ceremoniously unfolding a roll of manuscript, he began to read aloud.

The subject matter varied from the shortcomings of some professor or the interference of some townsman though college romances and eccentricities to the particular vanities of some self-sufficient student.

The treatment of subjects remained the same from one Saturday morning gathering until the next—burlesque and satirical.

When the reader folded his manuscript with the satisfied air of a man who has been heard, the crowd of students applauded, leapt about, tossed their hats in the air, and went back to their hooks still chortling.

The editor of the manuscript was unknown to the faculty and student body—as unknown as his talent allowed him to be. When his identity was discovered by ardent inquiry on the part of some professor or student who had been slashed in the columns of the previous Saturday, the editor was invariably hard to find. Even contributors who appreciated the safety value of anonymity could drop their productions through a hole in a designated door.

Written in a carefully disguised back hand and handed to one of several brave students to publish orally, this manuscript was the first sign of journalistic endeavor on the old Wake Forest College campus almost one hundred years ago.

During several years of weekly appearances, it was born and reborn under an assortment of names—*The Saturday Review, The Spectator, The Wake Forest Critic.* Eventually they all disappeared and silence overtook the traditionally outspoken Saturday morning gathering on the steps at the southern end of the old building.

In an attempt to alleviate the unusual silence, the first printed form of any publication appeared. "*The College Enterprise*" was dedicated to giving "interesting correspondence from all parts of the globe—shipwrecks, railway accidents, fires and executions given in detail and etc. and etc." By some coincidence, the two-week life span of the paper ended the same day the printer's bill came in.

But the seed had been planted. The journalistic tradition, the need to break the silence, to uncover at any price the joke, the story, the truth—this need had become established as part of the character of the Wake Forest man.

1882 was the year, the year of years.

Across the world, the French began an attempt to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. A German scientist discovered the tuberculous germ. Chester A. Authur was president and John L. Sullivan was heavyweight champion of the world.

London was recognized as the greatest city the world had ever seen—4,000,000 inhabitants. Mark Twain published "*The Prince and the Pauper*" and the *Atlantic Monthly* seemed to think favorably of it.

And in January of this year of years, *The Student* magazine was established by the Euzelian Literary Society with W. H. Osborne of Asheville, editor, and Dr. William Louis Poteat, advisor and alumni editor.

In May the Philomathesian Literary Society added their efforts and the two societies each elected an editor during the next years.

The first year 400 copies were issued each month at an expense of around $40. Copies were sold for twenty cents at the campus bookstore and on newsstands across the state. The subscription rates were $2.00 a year. Advertising prices were $6.00 for one fourth of a page.

The first issue, half the size of this one, contained as lead article "The Ideal Forces in Human History," an address delivered before the young ladies of Chowan Institute at their last commencement by Dr. Poteat. Other subjects explored were also a far cry from the satire and slander of the days on the back step. Articles were included on "African Slavery in America" (the author held it was the best thing that ever happened to the poor blacks), "The Passion Play" (passion as in religious fervor, that was), and several columns such as "Literary Gossip," "News of Our Alumni" and a general interest commentary called "In and About College."

The new editor considered his magazine a weapon against "the baleful effects of trashy and depraved literature everywhere present."

"Excepting controverted religious and political questions," he accepted material from students, alumni, faculty as well as from leading journals and magazines.

His editorial statement in the first issue dedicated the magazine to "advance the educational interests of the state, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and to be a means of pleasure and instruction to all who read it."

Whether or not it was possible for any one magazine, even the ambitious *Student*, to fulfill these lofty aims, the five issues in Volume I reflected faithfully and vividly the campus life of 1882.

That was the year the *University of North Carolina Monthly* noted that while at Harvard in the last fifty years no student who smoked had graduated head of the class, almost invariably the best men at Carolina were habitual users of the weed. The *Student* commented only that however brilliant may have been the Chapel Hill students, they would doubtless have been more so had the filthy weed never touched their lips.

The popular saying among sharp men in the class of '82 was "Auntie says, I mustn't."

It was also the year Wake Forest experienced a wave of spiritualism. Seances were held across the campus and the number of converts grew with each meeting. One boy successfully held communication with Garfield. *The Student* noticed with editorial satisfaction that fraud had finally become known and human agency discovered. "Skepticism seized upon the ranks of true believers and the bubble spiritualism burst ere it had reached maturity."

Even in 1882 the typical student body

was dissatisfied. The students clamoured for an extension of Christmas vacation . . . and when they already were allowed two whole days without classes.

To aid them in their efforts, the Christian women of Chapel Hill formed a petition to the Faculty, asking for a *week* vacation to allow the gentlemen studying at Wake Forest some small time to meditate as the year drew near to a close. The Faculty voted. The vacation was extended to four days—December 23 through 26.

"Think of it!" the *Student* editorial exclaimed dryly. "Friday, *Saturday*, *Sunday*, Monday! To our Faculty thanks should be returned in syle and a monument voted immediately."

He went on to agree wholeheartedly with the professor who deserted from the ranks long enough to apologetically explain the failure of the petition by saying "The Faculty is a corporate body—conclusion evident —it has no soul!"

Recovering from false hopes of a long vacation, the students began to make other plans—an anniversary celebration for the two literary societies. *The Student* wished "every young lady in the State to feel she is cordially invited."

Dr. Pritchard, president of the College, spoke so movingly at the monthly prayer meeting that students pondered the possibility of Wake Forest sending a missionary to deepest Africa. And at the close of a protracted meeting "the beautiful ordinance of burial by baptism was administered by the president of the college to sixteen of the young men and two young ladies. Truely has (the minister) much reason to rejoice . . ."

On the academic side of that year, there were 147 students enrolled—the *Student* praised the school's growth.

The favorite poem of all 147 was:

Forty lines of Latin
Fifty more of Greek
Prompt a lazy student
A trusty "horse" to seek.

When its first year was over, the *Student* had collected at least two favorable reviews—one from the *Wilmington Star* and one from the *Orphan's Friend* who considered the *Student* a "handsome, spiey and highly interesting magazine."

Writing about this handsone and spicy magazine, Dr. George Washington Paschal, a later editor and well-known historian of Wake Forest College, said:

> Primarily intended for the students, it greatly stimulated their efforts at literary production. Sometimes the editors would express their views with great force and freedom about actions and regulations of the faculty and they did not hesitate to criticize actions of the Board of Trustees and the general policies of the College, but in most instances their articles were constructive and in harmony with what the Trustees and faculty were doing.

(However, a small notice in the May issue of the newly-founded magazine informed its reading public that "Mr. W. H. Osborne, of Asheville, our former Senior Editor has left college." Later alumni notices followed him through a brief career as a Baptist minister in Tennessee before his death.)

Dr. Poteat, the alumni editor and advisor for the first issue and the thirteen years years following its publication, went on to higher things—not only was he president of the college from 1905 to 1957, he left his name on one of the college dormitories for men.

And so the magazine was born.

After forty-seven volumes it paused for breath—the uncertain days of 1930 brought financial difficulties and publication was discontinued for over a year.

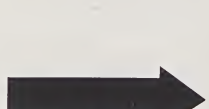
Late in 1931 it was reborn as a collegiate humor magazine and as such its staff continually found itself in trouble. It reverted to the less dangerous medium of "literary" magazine.

Today, in its eightieth year of publication, the *Student* has a printing circulation of 2,400—six times the original number of copies. The printing costs are around twenty-five times as high as those for the first issue although the subscription rate remains the same.

The magazine, like the college it is dedicated to reflect, has changed in appearance and personality during the last eighty years in its history.

The paper has improved, the budget has increased, the office has heat in the winter and air conditioning in the summer—not to mention a new couch.

But ask any staffer his or her dream and they will all look back wistfully over the span of those eighty years of changes—and looking back, will wish for the excitement and anticipation generated by a crowd of college students gathered behind a building applauding and yelling as the publication was read.



SATURATED SUNDAY

by Lewis Morgan

A blush of light illumined his face and a horn muffled by the hiss of wet rubber filled his ear as he sprinted lazily across the damp street. His eyes burned from reading and his stomach yawned with emptiness as he pushed against the door, casually shuffling over the mat. Emptiness retreated before the swell of a Beethoven phantasy, which reached him with the sudden warmness of the dim room.

"Damn, it must be late," he muttered as the middle-aged tired eyes walked over and handed him a menu with smeared carbon print and a symetrical grease spot. She looked past him out the window as he ordered. His eyes followed her to the tap and noticed the small radio struggling to bear the spirit of the dead composer. A lone pair of grandfathers were playing cards and munching on cigars under the old crucifix, which hung in the dark corner.

Thoughts went back to Sartre and the French, and he stuck his nose in the foam and took a cool swallow of the mellow German wetness. Then he noticed her form melted over the darkest table. A grizzly fullbearded Bavarian staggered in followed quickly by the clang of a passing trolley in a moist but chill gust of wind.

The youth glanced again from the beads zigzaging down the glass to extinction to the rain-sprinkled hair flowing over the white arms of the slim girl. She suddenly lifted her head from the table and lighted a cigarette, and the powder on her cheeks was streaked. He heard the rain patting lightly on the pane and thought for a moment on the open window of his small room across the street.

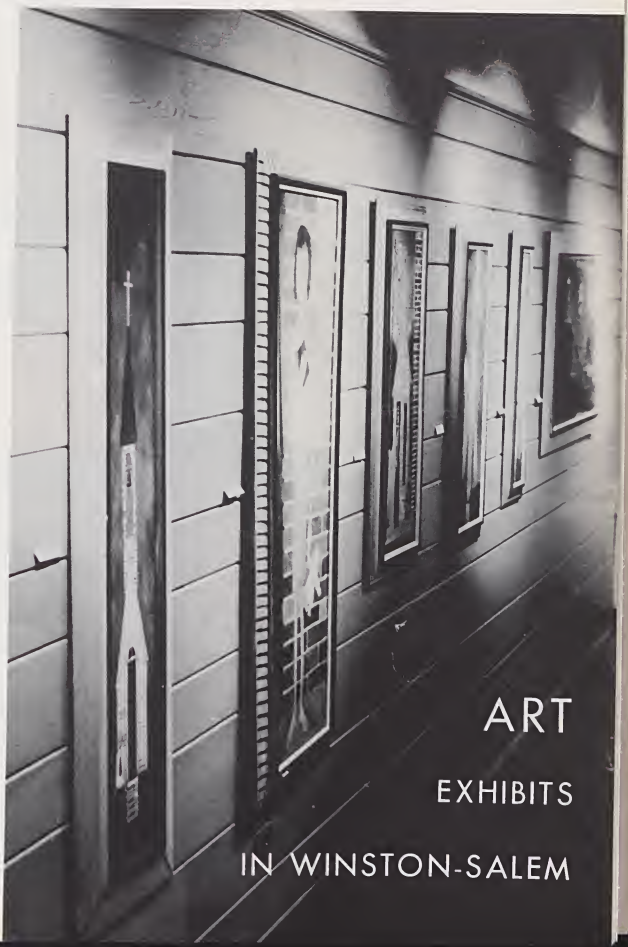
It had been a mild autumn and the weather was just beginning to break. And Christmas wasn't far away. "I can't understand people at all 'round Christmas," he thought and found himself looking deep into the dark eyes three tables away. Her eyes were static and he couldn't remember the last girl he'd been with. The rain seemed to pound the street harder, and he walked over to the dark table. She looked at the table he had left and he spoke hesitantly. "Guten Abend." She looked up into his warm face and he placed his hand on the wetness of her long hair. His hand felt suddenly cold as though with a damp glove he had touched his own heart. Their eyes met and he saw himself deep in the swirling depths of her eyes. It was as though he himself were the reflection, and he looked away uneasily. Her head sunk once more to the table, and he slipped silently to the door, seeming afraid someone would follow.

The rain came now in great sheets as though trying to finish each time in a decisive gust. And he suddenly saw humanity as a thin, clogged sieve covering the earth like a membrane through which the rain had to force its natural way. He wondered how long the membrane could endure the force before giving way and being pounded unmercifully into the earth's mighty womb. And he found himself repeating words of a strange new texture:

> Kicking, fighting, struggling up through the dense wetness with wilting limbs a crying heart and lungs empty for years. The head breaks surface a desperate gasp the bubble bursts and a man is gone forever.

Surpressing the image of himself in the girl's eyes, he hurried back to the lonely search in his books. Another year soon died with Christmas.

photography by Bud Creech



Exhibits af paintings and objects af art are cantinually an display in six different places in Winstan-Salem. All af the exhibits are apen ta the general public free of charge.

The Arts Council on Caliseum Drive ond North Cherry Street — nine to five Mondoy through Fridoy.
Public Library of Winstan-Solem ot 660 West Fifth Street — nine to nine Mondoy through Friday, nine to six an Soturdoy.

Eost Winston Bronch Library at 1110 Eost Seventh Street — nine to nine Mondoy through Fridoy.

Solem Callege, Moin Hall or Music Holl (coll PA 5-0225 ta see if on exhibit is currently shawing) nine to five-thirty Sundoy thraugh Soturdoy.

Woke Forest College, library ground floar holl (coll PA 5-9711 to see if on exhibit is currently shawing) nine to eleven Mondoy through Fridoy, nine to five Soturdoy, two to five Sunday.

Winstan-Solem Gallery of Fine Arts at 104 Narth Trade Street — eleven ta five Monday through Soturdoy.

Pictures an this page were taken at an exhibit ot the Arts Cauncil across fram the Caliseum. Arts Council exhibits are spansared by Assaciated Artists af Winston-Salem, o local graup af octive painters wha ore accepted for membership on the basis of a series of work they have done in the field of art. This porticulor exhibit of some thirty pictures is a Member's Cambined Show and will continue until March 17. The Grumbacher Competitian will be on display March 18 through Morch 31. A loter exhibit this spring will be apen to oll artists who wish to opply for exhibition of their wark.

The Gallery displays works for sale only ofter they hove been carefully reviewed ond selected os meritious by o noted artist. Fram March 2 through March 14 and from March 15 through April 4 the Gallery will affer twa showings of new warks selected by Edward Bryant, assaciate curotor of Whitney Museum of Art in New York City.

The two library exhibits emphosize local art. The children's school art will be displayed fram Morch 1 thraugh March 15, sponsored by the city's wamens clubs. Fram March 26 thraugh March 30 the City Recreation Department will spansar a Senior Citizen's Exhibit.

The three colleges in Winston-Salem regularly have exhibits. These pictures were taken in the new Fine Arts Exhibit at Winston-Salem Teocher's College. The current display is by Ogden Deal.

The Wake Forest exhibit March 6 through 20 is the North Carolina Printmakers Show from the N. C. Museum of Art.

The Salem College exhibit March 16 through March 30 will feature paintings by Lois Tracy.

Head cast in clay by Osborne Jarvis
Winston-Salem Teacher's College

THE INFLUENCE OF SOME WESTERN LITERATURE ON GANDHI

- - a paper written for the Honors Program

by Florence Wisman

In his autobiography Gandhi specifically mentions that he was impressed and influenced by three pieces of Western literature, *Unto This Last* by John Ruskin, *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* by Lyov Tolstoi, and the Sermon on the Mount. However, Gandhi was also an Indian with a profound reverence and love for the knowledge of his native land. The purpose of this paper, therefore, is to examine the nature and extent of this Western influence on the thought of Gandhi.

Both Tolstoi and Ruskin were in the last half of the 19th century concerned with the problem of industrialism. They viewed with alarm the subjection of thousands of workers to the whim of a single individual or small group of men who in accordance with the theories of John Stuart Mill, David Ricardo, and Adam Smith operated with the sole desire of obeying the Law of Supply and Demand so as to amass wealth for themselves. Ruskin in a series of articles written for the Cornhill Magazine and then issued collected in a book called *Unto This Last* attacked the plight of the laborer by erecting a new political economy to replace the old economy of Mill and the others. On the other hand, Tolstoi in the *Kingdom of God* justified the replacement of the existing system from the standpoint of the Christian ethic.

The heart of Ruskin's thought is his attack on the idea that man can be considered as a producing unit apart from his aspect as a human man and that, consequently, economics could concern itself only with the economic aspect of man, exactly as if he were another piece of machinery which the capitalist subjects and dominates for his own benefit. Also condemned by Ruskin was the 19th century spirit of rampant individualism and competition with its law of individual greed rather than law of cooperation for the good of all.

The old economics had considered that wealth was the accumulation of money; Ruskin believed that value resided not in a substance such as gold but in life itself. Therefore, anything such as jewelry which did not aid or increase life was valueless while a bushel of grain or an hour of work hoeing a field had great value. The labor involved in the production of food, which Ruskin termed the most basic and necessary Tolstoi.

Ruskin's practical program envisioned a paternal government which would provide the opportunity of labor for all Training schools were to be instituted to teach trades to all, and the manufacture of necessities was to be nationalized to provide a place of employment for all.

On the other hand, Tolstoi in his book, *The Kingdom of God*, was concerned with the "social teaching of Jesus" and its application to the situation of the late 19th century. According to Tolstoi, the history of man has been a gradual progress from the animal life to the social life to the divine life. The only way this progress will be made is by the spiritual force of non-violence which does not mean not offering resistance to evil but "not to return evil for evil." This evil is violence, one aspect of which is murder, another social inequality, and will be exterpated by "Christian public opinion." Government, also, should be disposed with as much as possible, for violence is inherent in its structure and nature. An important part of Tolstoi's thought is his use of reason to prove that non-violence is the correct interpretation of the teaching of Christ.

In comparing the thought of Gandhi and Ruskin one finds some of the same convictions in each. Both opposed unrestricted individualism and sought to base economics on right rather than supply and demand. As Gandhi wrote, "The economics that disregard *(sic)* moral and sentimental consideration are like waxworks that, being life-like, still lack the life of the living flesh. Implicit in this above is also the belief that economic man cannot be separated from other considerations. The third point of correlation between the two was that each emphasized the necessity of bread-labor. Finally, both education in a trade for all children, and nationalization of basic industries to provide all with the opportunity of work. Gandhi himself wrote in his autobiography concerning the influence of Ruskin on him, "I believe that I discovered some of my deepest convictions reflected in this great book of Ruskins."

In Tolstoi Gandhi found his idea of *ahimsa* or non-violence. The two also concur in the desire to limit government to as small an organization as possible and in the emphasis on reason. About the place of Tolstoi in his thought, Gandhi said that Tolstoi gave him a "reasoned basis" for non-violence.

The last of the three Western influences on Gandhi is the Sermon on the Mount, which Gandhi called a "bright revelation." Indeed, the extent of its impact on Gandhi may be measured by his statement, "If, then, I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount and my own interpretation of it, I should not hesitate to say, 'Oh yes, I am a Christian.'" Orthodox Hindus criticize him for what they considered to be the influence of the Sermon on Gandhi's interpretation of the *Gita*. Gandhi's defense was to assert his concept of *swadeshi* (belonging to one's own country) in religion and all areas as well as in economic.

Thus, the answer to the question of how these Western influences affected Gandhi is that while in them Gandhi found his ideas "corroborated, crystallized, or formulated," the ideas remained rooted in Gandhi's Hindu and Indian background. The principle of *swadeshi* applied not only to using indigenous Indian cloth but also to remaining with the native religion and thought. For this reason Gandhi says that Ruskin "reflected" his convictions and Tolstoi provided him with a "basis" for *ahimsa* and that he "found solace in the *Bhagavad Gita* and *Upanishads* that I miss even in the Sermon on the Mount." Gandhi's position in respect to these influences is as the fulfillment of this century-old prophecy written in reference to Ruskin, "His wild words will touch the springs of action in some hearts, and ere we are aware a moral floodgate may fly open and drown us all."

Excerpts from chapter one

'The Education of Jonathan

. . . a novel of life at Convention College recently

I got out of the pickup truck and stood in the swirls of dust afraid. Not fidgety like some of the times before but afraid and not certain what I was afraid of. Ma said I was running from God. It had to do with the preacher, all right. More preacher than God. I stood there until the dust settled and the cooling motor of the truck stopped pinging. There was the church, little and white, and the wilted fields and Rabun's house up the road. It was quiet and the September sun was hot. I went up the three steps without looking at the graveyard and went inside.

The preacher was waiting, standing at the pulpit, looking straight down the aisle at me. The air was close and still. The preacher smiled and came down from the pulpit and waited for me at the end of the aisle.

"Come on down, son, I heard you come up. I been waiting. You took your time coming in."

"I was checking the motor," I lied. "One of the plugs ain't firing right."

"That's all right," he said. "I'm a patient man and I can wait a long time to do the Lord's bidding."

I sat down on the front row. He stood looking out the windows on the side where the sun poured through, passing his fat hand over his bald head. I waited until I thought I could hear the old church creak and I kept thinking that maybe the piano would start playing by itself. Feet first he jumped into what he was thinking, face crinkled like he was in pain or like it sometimes got near the end of a sermon.

"They'll be standing at every corner, son. They will. Skylarking behind bushes. Smiling in shorts with their mouths red and wet and puffing on a cigarette. They've got gray-headed ones too, standing up there in front of the classroom, using big fancy words but leaving God's holy word out of what they pass off as education. Keep your armor on, son. Every minute you wear that armor I helped your mamma forge. Don't forget it for a minute or they'll catch you with your britches down and they'll snicker."

He started to say something else, then snapped his mouth shut. He looked back toward the windows, staring far off, his hands at the baldness, fingers scratching slowly.

"Once," he said, his voice remembering and wondering, "it used to be a good place. I went there a year and they feared God. But that's all changed. They got a lot of money and they're headed for hell. And they'll drag you along." His hand jerked from his head and he jabbed a pudgy, trembling finger in my face. "Don't you forget it a minute, John. They'll drag you to hell right along with them. You give them a chance and that's what they'll do."

He stopped again, looked at the still-pointed-in-my-face finger like he might have

by

Russell Brantley

Beam"

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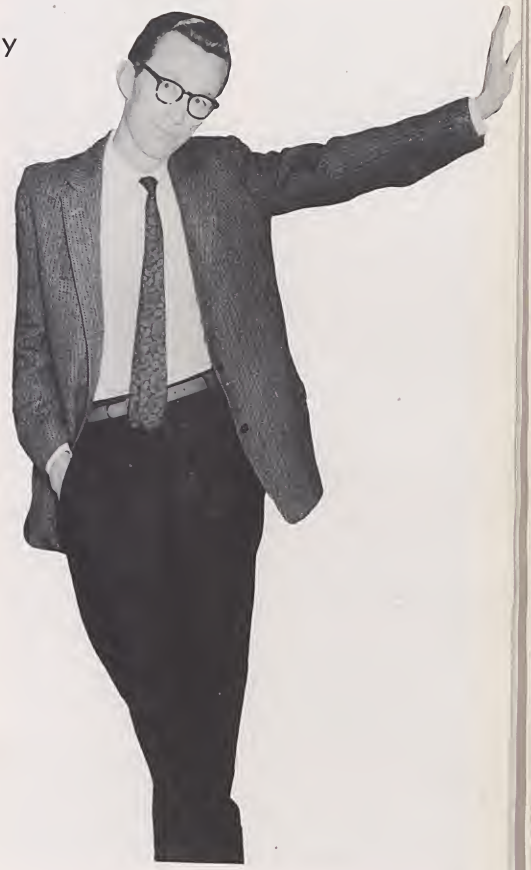

at a strangely twisted carrot, and then let his hand fall away from where I sat looking up at him. He waited a minute or so, staring down the aisle, mouth pursing.

"Well," he said finally, "what have you got to say?"

"Oh, you don't have to worry about me," I said. "You and Ma don't have to worry about me one bit. I've got what you and Ma taught me and I've got the Bible. You yourself said a man couldn't go wrong as long as he went by the Bible."

"But that's just it." He smiled and sat down beside me, hand pressuring my knee. "You see, son, they'll take the Bible and they'll drive nails in it. Nails in the Bible like the Romans hammered nails in the precious hands and feet of Jesus. They'll try to rip the Bible. And if you let them they'll make you say the Bible *is* a lie."

"No." I shouted and turned on him in anger. The shout lay heavy on the silence that followed. "No, sir. They can't do that to me. You shouldn't say that, preacher."

There was no trace of being mad in his face.

"I had to. You're young. You don't know what it's like up there."

"You think I shouldn't go?"

"Let's ask God, John."

He stood up. I got on my knees without him telling me. I looked at his dusty, cracked, black shoes and shut my eyes. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, Lord, help us to know Thy way. Shall I send this boy into the land of sin? This boy might become a preacher, Lord. He needs a Christian education. But I fear for him if he goes to that place, Lord. It's fallen low with modernism. Modernism."

He said modernism like he wanted to spit it out and grind it in the dust with his heel. He had his holy tone going good. He can take the word God and bring it from down deep with a little tremble and then roll it, lather it, worry it, and make you fretful waiting for it.

"Lord, what shall we do? If he goes, God, he goes halfway across the state to that college. I don't know, Lord. I don't know if I can rightly call it a college. But help us, Lord, to know Thy will. Help us to have fellowship here together and find out what John should do."

My knees kept wiggling, looking for a soft spot in the pine floor. It's already decided, I thought. I've already sent in my deposit and Pa said in his will that I was to go. The preacher put his hand on my head and I jumped.

"Easy, son. I believe he's ready, Lord. I believe he's ready to go into the land of Canaan and seek out the unrighteous. I'm thinking he'll find fornication and free thinking."

I had never heard the preacher talk about fornication in a prayer before and I felt a tinge of shame.

"Maybe he's not all the way ready, Lord. Maybe he's still fighting You. Not mean and spiteful but like a young mare that won't take the bit. Help him to see the eternal light. Give him a sign, if You please, God."

Signs, I thought, were for prophets with robes and beards. Not for an overalled farm boy on his knees in a country church, his neck growing unreasonably tired under a hand that lay heavy on his head.

"Me and his mother know he can be a great man for the cause. Help him to know that an education ain't the main thing. That a man preaches from his heart and through the inspiration of the Word. Gird him with everlasting truth. Help him to see that Thy people need a young man like him. Guide him and help him cling to the faith. Help him to know that the righteous must throw off the cloak of sin that covers the college like a heavy blanket. A blanket that hides the light of truth and makes a dark place of refuge for wickedness and lust. Let him be one who takes up a sword and slashes away this veil of inquity."

Me? Eyes still squinched. Not me.

"Oh, almighty and merciful God, help him to know that his time has come. In the name of Thy son, Jesus, we pray. Amen."

I stood up. His hand moved from my head to my shoulder. I was excited. His steel-rimmed glasses were fogged and he shook.

"Lord love you, John. Let's sit down."

We sat on the first pew. He started talking where I thought he would have started when I came in.

"John, I wanted to talk to you before you left. Your father's been dead these ten years. I've felt something like a father to you myself. The Lord has never seen fit for me to have children. I've listened to you debate in high school and I've watched you when I'd come out to Sunday dinner with your ma and brother. I've seen you sing in church when it looked like you had forgot everything and were singing just for the glory of God. I know you to be a good boy and I want you to be a preacher of the Gospel."

I cracked my knuckles and looked toward the line of windows on our left.

"I know you're not ready to say yet, that without knowing it you've been looking for a sign. Well, I believe we've got the sign right here. I think it's right here and you and me just haven't had the sense to see it. I think the Lord has just had this sign laying around and He's been wondering why we shut our eyes when we came near it."

"A sign?"

"Yes, John. A sign from God. When the college came into all that money and moved the campus across the state, I said then, I said right then that no good would come of it. You see what's happened? They've not been there two years and the trustees have voted to allow dancing on the campus. Dancing, John. Social dancing on land dedicated to the glory of God. I tell you this is just a beginning. Just a beginning to the flood of evil that will sweep the place unless something is done."

Now he looked toward the windows, then came back to me as if he were telling me a secret.

"The sign is anger, John. A great groundswell of anger that is sweeping through the Baptists of this state." He leaned back, put his arms along the back of the pew, cocked his head, seemed to puff himself up. "The Baptists are outnumbered only by sparrows in this state and we are indignant. Rightfully and righteously indignant. We hold our annual meeting in November and you can rest assured that something will be done. Our Baptist cause will not be mocked. That's the sign, John. The anger, the wave of anger that is rolling over our people. That's the sign that's been standing there all along. See?"

I shrugged and nodded at the same time. He took off his glasses and leaned toward me, eyes fierce.

"That's the sign, all right, John. Tell you what I think you ought to do. I think you ought to report. I want you to go to Convention College like any other student. Only you'll keep your eyes and ears open and you'll write me about the sin that goes on there."

"Spy?"

"A spy in the land of Canaan, John. You'll see wickedness. All kinds. You won't be able to help it. I want you to notice it and write me about it."

"I don't know," I said. "I never did anything like that. But if it's just sin you run into on the campus and can't help seeing, I guess I'll do it."

"Good. That's good. I'll take your reports and they'll be part of the ammunition we use against the college come Convention time."

"But suppose I don't see anything?"

"You will, John. You've got to. If it's not right there on the surface, then you've got to lift that blanket of hypocrisy and look under. Go where the students park. You'll see them fornicating. I want their names. Stay up late at night. You'll see students come in drunk. I want their names. Listen carefully in class. You'll hear the professors mock God and the Bible. I want their names. Seek out the evil, John."

"I couldn't do that," I said. "I won't spy on people."

"It's the sign, John. Don't turn down the Lord."

"I wouldn't feel right, preacher. I wouldn't feel right telling on people."

"But these are sinners, John. Mockers of God."

"I don't know, preacher. Jesus said to forgive sinners. I can't go peeking at people."

He was our preacher, had been for twenty-five years. He was an important man. There wasn't a town in fifteen miles and the church was a big place for some of us. We thought the preacher was candy on a stick. But couldn't be a tattletale. I couldn't do that. When me and Kit got in a fight, or he deviled me, and I went running to Ma, she said then I shouldn't be a tattletale. You don't go telling on people.

"Jonathan?" His mouth was pursed like a red penny.

"Yes sir."

"You wouldn't let the Lord down?"

"No sir. Not if I could help it."

"Then help us rid Convention College of its evil."

"No sir." I stood up. "Not if it means spying. I'm sorry but I won't do it."

I expected him to fly off the handle. My stubbornness was ready for him.

"You go on now," he said. "I'm gonna stay here awhile. God love you, son."

I looked at him hard and searching. I wondered why he wore that blue serge suit here on a Monday in September. September, 1937. My year to go to college. The collar to his white shirt was wilted and his hands looked rough and like they wanted to be somewhere else. A fat, bald man with a red face and a blue serge suit. For a minute I felt like I might laugh the way I did when that big Pullen boy said he was going to whip my tail and I knew he could. Laugh because you knew if you didn't you might get scared enough to cry.

"Don't worry about me up there," I said. "I'm gonna keep my nose clean. I won't go making a fool of myself. You and Ma have taught me better than that."

He smiled a small smile, letting me know I had let him down.

"Anyway," I said, "they can't be doing that to the Bible. There wouldn't be anything left to fall back on if you came along and really tore up the Bible."

He raised his hand a tad and let it flop against his side. I went out into the sun and over to the cemetery. I stood at Pa's grave. JAMES H. BEAM. 1900-1947. A LOVING FATHER AND HUSBAND. His insurance was going to send me to school the first year. That had been in his will, even, he said, if the farm had it tough. I wasn't sure about Pa. He went to church and didn't drink and when he died folks said he was a good man, a family man. After he died and I got older I used to wonder if there hadn't been a part of him that stood away from the rest of us and never came in by the fire or sat down at the table. I know I liked him. He was good to me and Kit. I took his tools one day when I was little and strewed them in the brush on the other side of the tobacco barn. Meanness. When he found out he went down in the scrubby trees and walked back and forth, slow, with his head down and going a little deeper in the woods each time. He found them all, put them in the worn smooth wood box. He loved his tools and I was afraid, a little boy with a snotty nose. He stood looking at me like he was trying hard to make up his mind. Finally he grunted and grinned lopsided. I rubbed my shirt sleeve across my nose and grinned back. That was a long time ago.

I took an old rusty can and some withered flowers from Pa's grave and threw them in the ditch on the other side of the road.

It was hot and I was mixed up so I rode around for a while. I went down to the river and threw rocks. Then I went back to the truck and rode some more. I started to get out and pray one time but I was afraid somebody would see me. Finally I drove back by the church to the blacktop road and on down a piece to Joe's Friendly Service Station. Joe was sitting on a crate in front, cussing the president. There were five other fellas in a crooked circle around Joe. Two of them had graduated with me from the county consolidated school in the spring. One winked and nodded his head toward Joe. Joe never liked any president. He wouldn't even have liked George Washington. Hating integration like he does, he would have shot Lincoln. He cussed worst about the NAACP.

"You go on inside and get a cool drink," he said. "I want to God damn the president one more time and I know how you and your folks feel about cussing. The drink's on me being as you're going away to get educated."

Joe was skinny and lazy and probably had a lot of money. Most independent man I ever knew. Opened and closed his store when he wanted to. Never went to church. Sometimes wouldn't get off his crate to wait on somebody. Just sat there, looking like he was mildly interested in whatever the fellow wanted. Didn't make any difference whether the person wanted a tankful of gas or a candy bar. He wouldn't do that way with people he knew. One day a pretty woman in a big car stopped and asked the way to Flemington. He sat and said he didn't know, that he was tending the store for a cousin and that he had just come back to North Carolina from Montana where he owned a cattle ranch. She humfed her head away from him and asked me which way it was to Flemington. Joe didn't let me answer.

"He's mentally insolvent," he said. "I'll have to show him the way home when he remembers this filling station ain't the place he's supposed to stay at all the time."

"You make me so mad," she said, "I could spit."

Joe grinned and she drove off, gears crashing and wheels spinning.

"Don't say anything," he said. "You still believe in mothers and being polite."

I didn't say anything. I believed in mothers and being polite and I didn't want him to get started making fun of something. Joe could scare me talking.

Anyway, I went on in the store. It was cooler, darker, and had a friendly smell of leather and cheese and black molasses and cookies with cream filling. I got a Pepsi Cola and drank a third of it fast. I belched and let it come through my nose and tickle. When I went back outside they were quiet and busy doing nothing. They hadn't been talking about the president. They had been talking about me.

"When you leaving?" Ralph asked. We graduated from high school together.

"In the morning."

"How you going?"

"Bus."

"I always thought you'd go to college. Hope you make out good."

He sounded like he meant it. We're pretty good friends. As good, I guess, as any I've got. He goes to church but he's not religious like Ma and the preacher say I am and are always taking on so about. I don't cuss or smoke and I never did anything much with any of the boys at school except play baseball. I play baseball pretty good. And I made the best grades in my class. That doesn't help make the kids like me but they leave me alone because I can fight and I don't preach to them.

"You're going to be a real college boy, ain't you?" This was from Rabun's father, Mr. Cottrell. He has the house just up the road from the church. He was squatting and drawing in the dust with his pocketknife.

"I reekon so," I said after waiting a little.

"You know what'll happen " He looked up, at me first and then around the circle. He looked at Joe the longest but Joe had his eyes closed and his finger rummaging in his ear. "You'll go to Convention College and horse around with the muckity-mucks and you'll come back after a while and nobody down here in the whole of Sandy County will be good enough for you. You'll be talking like a Yankee. You won't believe Mary was a virgin. And you'll be a nigger lover."

"Not me," I said, ashamed and not knowing why.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You read in the *Observer* what the college trustees did last spring. Allowed dancing on the campus for the first time since the college opened more than a hundred years ago. That's just a sign, like the first steam from a kettle that's getting ready to boil over. That college is full of everything except people who believe in the Bible and democracy. All the faculty vote Socialist. They'd vote Communist if they could." He stuck his knife in the sand and looked around with a hard smile. Joe's eyes were closed. You couldn't tell about him. The others were listening close.

"What's that got to do with me?" I asked.

He looked around the circle again, grinning.

"Everything," he said. "You'll leave here a good Baptist and you'll come back, if at all, with your faith gone and you'll break your mother's heart. You'll be dealing in big words and believing in free love.

You'll probably have a book with paintings of naked women. I know. I've seen them go off to college before."

Maybe he was telling the truth about the college but it made me mad what he said about the way I'd be when I came back. He said it like it made him happy.

That's not so, I said. "I'm just a farm boy. All I want to do is learn a little and then come back and work on the farm with Ma and Kitridge and maybe sometimes preach a little. I'm not looking for any fancy notions."

"Hear that?" he said, smiling like he sorry for me. "He don't know his own mind yet. Thinks he does. But he don't. They'll get him up there and twist it. He'll come back a sashaying fancy tail too good for plain people. Won't have time to come by and speak to us dirty farmers at Joe's Friendly Service Station."

Ralph sniggered. One of the men nodded. Joe leaned his crate forward to where I thought it would slide out from under him and stared at me. I could feel my face getting red and I was sweating.

"Foot." I said. "You don't know what I'll do. What makes you know so much about Convention College? You never been there or to any other college." I knew better than to talk like that.

We stared hard at each other, him squatting and diddling in the sand with the point of his knife. Nobody said anything. Joe smiled, looking like he was thinking about something far away. Mr. Cottrell stood up, wiped his knife on his overalls, closed it.

"I ought to smack you," he said. "I ought to smack the living hell outta you."

That made me feel better than I had all day. I knew I really wanted to go to college. I had known it all summer but I hadn't known it all day. Mr. Cottell opened his knife and closed it, sharp and with a click.

"I really ought to trim that skinny ass of yours down."

"Well." I said "if you want to get froggy go ahead and hop."

He did. He jumped straight up in the air. Slapped both hands against his legs.

"Don't that beat all?" He held his arms out. "Well, boys, don't that beat it? High and be God all mighty. I ain't gonna touch him, boys. But if he was Rabun." His mouth turned down at the corners. He shook his head.

"But I ain't Rabun. I ain't as dumb as Rabun."

He looked at his knife, then threw it in the dirt near the gas pump. He came toward me fast and kicked. I jumped back. He kept kicking. I watched those big brogans and moved a little each time with my hands beside me. We were kicking and jumping all over the place. Joe sat on his crate laughing and Ralph kept yelling "Hell fire, Queen Susan." Mr. Cottell got winded. He stopped, went back and got his knife and put it in his pocket. Then he looked at me and grinned.

"Damn if you don't jump around like Rabun."

"Naw. Rabun's quicker than me. Rabun's not dumb. He always was smart when he wanted to be."

"Well," Mr. Cottrell said like he was giving somebody the last piece of pie and he wanted it, "Rabun ain't so thick between the ears. He just didn't like books and staying inside."

"That's right." I said.

"But I tell you one thing, boy. I still mean what I said about you getting all changed at the college."

"Not me." I said. "I'll be the same John Beam." I was feeling good now. I wanted Mr. Cottell to feel good too.

"Balls." Joe said. "Everybody changes. You'll change. College will change you."

Joe didn't say it mad. But I didn't want him to say it. It seemed Joe could make a thing so by saying it.

"I tell you what," he said, stretching up from his crate. "I got an old Bible in there somewhere. Read it now and then." He went inside.

"What the hell is he up to?" somebody asked.

"Here you are, boy," Joe said coming back out and holding the Good Book toward me. The screen door swung slow and finally shut. "This is the Bible. All I want you to do is stand there and put your hand on this King James Version and swear to me you'll go to college and come back after a year without changing what you believe."

Joe looked solemn and everybody else did.

"Nope," I said. "You're not going to make me swear anything like that. I'm not going to change what I believe but you ain't got any right to make me swear it."

"Well, that does it," Joe said.

"Yep, that proves it," Mr. Cottell said.

"Naw," Joe said. "I said that does it. I didn't say that proves it."

Mr. Cottrell looked funny at Joe. Ralph said it was time to turn the radio on and listen to the baseball game. I said it was time for me to go. They all said goodbye as if they didn't care one way or the other. Everybody except Ralph. He came over and shook my hand. I scuffed my brogans in the sand and said I'd be seeing him. He said he wished me luck and went inside. I went to the truck. Joe followed me.

"I tell you one thing. If you had taken that oath I would have whipped your ass then and there."

I looked down from the truck at his don't-care face.

"I don't understand." I said.

"Yes you do. You don't think you do but you do."

"Well," I said, feeling good again and smiling, "so long." I shook his hand.

"Everybody does," he said. "Everybody changes."

I left and headed home. I said to myself that I'd ask Ralph the next time I saw him what he meant by "hell fire, Queen Susan." I never had heard anybody say that before. But he probably didn't know.

There was a bunch of big oak trees around the house. It made our place one of the coolest you could find when it got hot in Sandy County. You left the blacktop road and came on back by the church and Rabun's house and then turned to the right on a still smaller dirt road. After a while there was a patch of pines and a curve and there it was, a little old place sitting close to the ground with a hard bare yard that had been swept with a brush broom a million times,I reckon. We had chickens. They left dabs of their stuff all over the place no matter how many times Ma swept. When I was little I would run in the yard barefooted and step on a dab and it would squish between my toes and feel good until I remembered what it was. This had been the Beam place for more than fifty years. The house was old and new at the same time. The kitchen had been there maybe for more than a hundred years. Some parts had been added that didn't last too long and they would get changed, a bad room being torn down and a new one being carpentered. But the kitchen and just on the other side of the kitchen where there was a big fireplace had been there before Granddaddy and it was these parts that were home to me. I had slept so many different places, mostly on a pallet, that the sleeping part of home never was fixed in my mind like the kitchen with the big wood stove and the fireplace where you burned up on one side and froze on the other.

I drove the truck in the front yard very carefully, switched off the motor and sat a minute.

"Come in and sit a spell, stranger." That was Ma, standing under the well shelter near the side of the house, standing there all the time and I hadn't seen her. When I was little, Ma seemed like God's wife. She was everywhere. Even now she has a way of turning up places and surprising you not seeing her one minute, the next her being there and acting like she was there all the time.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'll come help you." I got out of the truck and slammed

the door. Ma was already drawing the water, the pulley squeaked while she pulled the rope with her thick strong arms.

"You should have let me do it."

"No. Now that you're leaving there won't be anyhody around except me and Kit and I might as well get used to drawing this water by myself."

Both of us knew she had drawn more water than me and Kit and my other two brothers who went away. Ma wouldn't talk about them because she said they were living in sin. But Ma had been letting me know for a week how bad she felt because I was going to college. There wasn't much chance she was going to let up.

She stood short under me, heavy and strong, her face wet with sweat, the beads showing up most a glistening line over her mouth. Her eyes were like those of a man, steady and not interested in anything silly. Even when she cried Ma's face didn't break. The tears would get big in her eyes and roll down her face but she would go on like they weren't there. She'd take a broom and sweep hard, not snuffling, not wiping her eyes, the tears free to fall. Times like that I would think that if she were a man there wouldn't be any stopping her. But there were other times; times when she'd talk and take on and hug you tight, like when you wrestled with another boy because you were full of something and thought you were too old to run and holler.

"Well," I said, "I'll carry the water in for you."

"Why, thank you, son." Like I really had surprised her.

We walked in together, me carrying the two buckets, the water sloshing over, wetting my overalls legs and feeling good. We went up the one step from the yard to the porch where there was a small stack of firewood and a bunch of fishing poles that belonged to Kitridge and me. We stood on the porch, balky about going in. I put the water down and we turned and looked toward the yard, swept clean but splotched now where the water had sloshed out of the buckets. Ma put her arm around the small part of my back.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know if you'll ever put any meat on your bones." She squinched me in the side.

"Aw, I'm okay, I don't reckon I'll ever be big like you and Kitridge."

She looked up at me and grunted a little laugh. "Sometimes I think you're already big and then I look at you and you're just my little boy again."

That kind of talk from Ma made me squirm inside. I pulled away.

"I'll hug you if I want to," she said. "You're not so big I can't love you a little bit."

"I'll take the water in," I said. I turned and picked up the buckets and went into the kitchen. I put the buckets on the big scarred planks of the table, stood there in the quiet for a minute before I leaned down, tipped a bucket to my mouth and drank hard. The water made me taste the Pepsi again.

"Jonathan Beam. If you want a drink of water there's a dipper and plenty of glasses. Don't be nuzzling in the bucket. You hring that bucket back and get me some fresh water. I won't have you dirtying everything up."

I took the bucket back to the porch and threw the water out in the yard. It lay there not soaking in. Ma didn't look up from where she sat on the edge of the porch. She reached down and tied the dirty white laces on her old tennis shoes. I went and drew another pail of water and sat down beside her and put my arm around her.

"You ain't mad, are you, Ma?"

"Humph."

This was a game we had played since I was little. I wouldn't have asked her if I thought she was really mad. We sat there for a while not saying anything. She patted me on the leg.

"You always did like to drink right out of the bucket." And then: "Did you and the preacher have a good talk?" Everybody called him the preacher. His real name was Mr. Baucom.

"I think so."

"He prayed with you, son?"

"Prayed so long he about wore us out."

"Don't go funning over prayer or the preacher. I never heard you speak sassy about prayer."

"Aw, good gracious, Ma. I didn't mean nothing by it."

"Never mind. If I thought you were leaving here so you could stop praying and start running around and forgetting about God I'd as leave shoot you or take that money your Pa left and start a fire with it."

"Oh, no, Ma. I wouldn't do that. I even thought again today I might be a preacher."

She turned toward me, smiling with the beginning of tears in her eyes. I felt like a dog because I hadn't thought about it that much.

"Jonathan Beam, if you ever was to he a preacher I could quit everything and float."

"Well, I don't know, Ma. You got to be awful good and I ain't sure I can be that good for a long time."

"You could. You're my best boy. The way you look off away from everything sometimes and the way you won the trust company medal in debate, the way you made better grades than anybody else at the school. You would make a fine preacher, son."

She got up and hurried away, afraid I would say something about not wanting to be. But I wouldn't have. Not then. She fussed around the kitchen, singing hymns, clattering pots, now and then telling me what she had packed and how she would send me food. I told her I was going down to the barn.

"Wait a minute." She pushed the screen door open and held it there. She had something important to say. She didn't like anybody holding doors open and letting flies in. She wiped the other hand across the front of her apron, leaving a red smear. "Tomatoes," she said.

"What is it, Ma "

"The preacher came by this afternoon before you got back."

"He did?"

"He said he was worried about you."

"Worried?"

"He said you didn't want to be a sin fighter."

"A sin fighter?"

"You mocking me, Jonathan?" A horsefly buzzed through the doorway. She stepped down onto the porch and shut the door.

"No, I'm not mocking. He asked me to spy on the folks at Convention College. I said I couldn't do that."

"You said you couldn't do that? Why "

"I couldn't Ma. How many times you frailed me for being a tattletale?"

"I know, son, but this is different. This is for the Lord. Your Pa wouldn't want you to go to Convention College now if he was alive. But he said in his will that's where you're to go and that's that. Only I can't have you going there without some protection."

"I told the preacher, Ma. I ain't going to change."

"You don't know, son. You don't know what they might do to you. When they decided to allow dancing on the campus they got brazen about the sin that's been going on there. It was like they were announcing they were Godless. The preacher says boys and girls come back from there not believing in the Bible. Not believing in the Bible, Jonathan. What have you got left if they take the Bible away?" Her hands were on her hips, her face outraged.

"They can't take the Bible away from me. You raised me by the Bible."

"But you're a country boy, Jonathan. They're slick. The preacher says they'll talk to you and have your mind running in circles. Will or no will, Jonathan, I wouldn't let you go to that college unless the preacher thought there was a chance to save it. Don't you see, son? You can have a part in saving it. You can find out some of the evil and you can tell the preacher. He'll

tell the folks when the Convention meets. Then they'll clean up that place."

"I thought I'd mind my own business, Ma."

She went inside. She came back, holding a big wooden spoon. Drops fell from it onto the porch floor. She rubbed at them with the toe of her tennis shoe. Ma was too good a housekeeper to do a thing like that.

"I told the preacher that maybe you ought to wait from going to Convention College till next year. That we'd wait until the sin had benn scotched. He said that wouldn't do. He said you had a great opportunity to do something for the Lord. He said it would be the greatest thing that ever happened to you."

"You want me to spy, Ma?"

"He said you're either for the right or against it."

"Do you say that, Ma?"

"I say it." I tried to read her face but it was without expression. "It's for God, son, and it's for me."

"All right," I said. "I'll do it."

"You promise?"

"I promise."

"You'll see," she said. "You'll see when you're older. Why, boy, they'll know you as one of the men who helped set that college right."

"That's a big order."

"You'll see."

She went inside and I walked down to the barn. On one side were stables, then an open place like a garage where we kept the wagon and a million other things we didn't have any other place for, and then a crib where we kept corn. On top of all three was a loft. I went in where the wagon was and shooed a chicken away. For some crazy reason it was important to me that the horse collars were hanging from the wooden pegs Pa had whittled and put up a long time before I was born. The collars were discolored and looked tired. I put my hand on the hard, cracked leather, then picked up a piece of plow line and tied knots. I fed the mules and wondered for a minute where Kitridge was. Then I walked down to the edge of the tobacco field and wondered what was going to happen to me.

The afternoon didn't seem real anymore. Things I did seemed like a slow-motion dream. I was afraid of what the people would be like at Convention College. They wouldn't be like Sandy County people. They would be different and hard to know. I wondered how much sin and knowledge went hand in hand. Maybe books made them not humble and not likely to put enough store in God. I wished for Pa and felt hollow.

I went back to the house. Ma was finishing supper, setting chicken, corn and butterbeans, and tomatoes on the table in the middle of the kitchen.

"Where's Kitridge?"

"He went to town with the Royals. There's some buying he needed to do."

I knew Kitridge wouldn't be back for supper, that he thought Ma and me would want to eat alone and that, one way or the other, it didn't make any difference to him. Kitridge lived to himself, going to church now and then to please Ma. She didn't fuss at him for smoking even though she thought it was a sin. Probably because she knew it wouldn't do any good. He was stocky and strong like Ma and his own man and nobody else's, working and going on Saturday and Sunday nights to see that Murray gal who thought she had Kitridge twisted around her finger. I could have told her, maybe would have if I liked her, that nobody twisted my brother around anything. I don't mean Kitridge didn't love us or her for that matter. It was that he loved or got mad or did anything else without getting stirred up and like a part of him was standing off to the side and looking. He taught me to fish and shoot a rifle and could make me work better than anybody else just by looking at me. He never was one for touching you. When I was little Kitridge would pat me on the head and smile and I would have run clean through a wall because I knew even then that I really had done something if he would unbend that much.

Ma and me sat down at the table and I said a quick blessing. We didn't talk. We kept our heads bent over our plates, only leaning back to drink milk that had been cooled in the well. I drank two big tall glasses. When we finished I helped do the dishes.

There was a window in front of where I stood. The sun was setting and for the first time since I was a boy and didn't have anybody to play with I was sorry you couldn't see another house from our house. There were tobacco stalks, stripped of their heavy leaves, the barn, the outhouse, trees in the yard, and then woods after about a hundred yards of field. The road was there and the light poles. We had had electricity for about ten years. I knew electric lights were better but there was something friendly about a kerosene lamp and every now and then I'd light one. The lamplight seemed more easy, like a tree bending in the wind, not harsh and uncaring like an electric light.

But with electricity we had a radio and would have saved for a television but the preacher told Ma there were half-naked women, cigarette smoking, and killing on television. Ma listened to him about that even if nobody else in Sandy County did. The kids in school would talk about shows where they gave away more than sixty thousand dollars and I wondered who had that much money to give away.

Standing at the kitchen window and looking at the soft dark come over the field, I wished Ma had a television. I thought how a set would keep her from being lonely in the winter nights when Kitridge would go to bed early or be over looking to that Murray gal.

"You've got to remember," Ma said, "that you'll be running into all kinds of people. They may even have some Jews and Catholics. And they'll have rich boys there. You hang on to the truth and God's word."

"I'm going to do the very best I can." I meant that. I wanted to know about things, anything. I wanted to learn as fast as I could that first year so that if I didn't get to go back I'd have gotten as much as possible. Maybe I'd get the call and be a preacher. But they didn't have to worry about me turning on the Bible. I just wanted to learn.

We went out and sat on the porch. The hound came up and flopped. He broke wind but Ma and me sat there like nothing had happened. After the smell had gone I pushed him off the porch and called him a flea castle. Ma laughed.

"Where'd you ever hear that?"

"Joe," I said. "I heard him call a dog that one time."

"Well, I'm afraid Joe's not a Christian," she said. "But he can say some funny things. Be accommodating too."

We sat quiet awhile.

"Joe ever put any foolish thoughts in your mind?"

"Not exactly."

"What in the world do you mean not exactly? You know better than to hedge around with me."

"No then. What I meant by not exactly is that it's hard sometimes to tell what Joe's saying. It's like there was more to what he was saying than just the words that come out of his mouth.

"Humph. That's what comes from hanging around that store of his. I've told you about hanging around with those men sitting on their heels whittling sticks."

"I don't do much hanging around, Ma. You know that."

"Aw, you're not a bad boy," she said. "I just worry about you."

Again we didn't say anything for a while and then:

"Joe or any of those heel-sitters up there at the store ever talk about girls?"

"Talk about girls?"

"You know. Talking about girls and courting. Talking about them in ways that might not be nice."

"I never paid much attention, Ma. Girls are all right and nice. But I never needed any girls to talk to. I reckon you always have been my girl."

That pleased her. Part truth too. I never had much truck with girls. I wondered about them lots and I guess I sinned in my thoughts. But I was scared of girls. Ma said you could get in a fix quick staying around with girls.

"That's right," she said. "And you won't have time for girls up there at college. You'll be busy learning. Maybe learning to be a preacher. You'll find a girl one of these days, son. But there's plenty of time. When you find a girl you'll be needing to get married and raise a family."

"I'm not studying raising a family and all that."

"That's right. You're going to college and do something real fine. If it's helping the preacher make those folks get closer to God, I reckon that's about the finest thing you can do. But don't forget your book work either. I don't want you up there lazing. You get good marks. You be sure and get good marks." It was full dark now and I could only see the blob of her sitting in the cane-bottomed rocker. "I'm going to bed now. You come on soon. You got to be up early tomorrow."

She kissed me good night on the mouth. She hadn't done that in a long time, usually just brushed my cheek. After she left I could hear her on the chamber pot and then the bed squeak. I sat wondering when Kitridge would get back. I cracked my knuckles and whistled softly for the dog but he didn't come. I went to the room where Kitridge and I slept and got a blanket and the old kerosene lamp we had before we got lights. I put the blanket on the porch and lay down. I lit the lamp and lay there looking at it, thinking about the preacher and what he might have said to Ma and how Rabun's daddy tried to kick me.

I took a cat nap. When I woke the lamp was still going. I took it and went to the well and drew a full bucket and drank, the water spilling around the edges of my mouth and to the ground and on my overalls. The dog came up and sniffed at my leg. I went and looked in the room. Kitridge still wasn't back. I took off my overalls and brogans. I wouldn't be wearing them again for a while. I went to the porch, lay down, and blew the lamp out. The wind rose and there was a little rain. The cool felt good.

A car stopped in front. The lights didn't shine on me but I rolled in the blanket so it covered me.

"Appreciate it," Kitridge said.

Somebody else said something I couldn't make out and the car scratched off. I lay quiet and happy. The rain was coming down soft and Kitridge was home. That made everybody. Any other night and I would have gone to sleep right then and there. I heard Kitridge go to the well. Then he went back over to the pecan tree. I couldn't hear or see him but I knew he was peeing, letting it hit the tree and splash down. Kitridge always did like to pee against something, not straight down on the ground. He only liked peeing on the ground where it was real dusty and he could try writing his name.

When he came up on the porch I grabbed his leg.

"If I'd been a snake," I whispered.

He laughed down in his throat.

"You planning on sleeping here tonight?"

"Yeah, boy," I said. "Cool feels good. I scare you?"

"Noooo," he said. 'I knew you'd be here. You never did like a bed except when it was cold and you could scrouge down in the feather bed. No rooting you out then."

Kitridge was more talkative than usual. For a quick minute I wondered if he'd been drinking. Silly and suspicious. Kitridge didn't drink. Would have if he'd wanted to and needed to, whatever needing to drink means. He needed to smoke. When he smoked, he stopped everything else and it was just him and his cigarette. Ma didn't like it, but she knew there wasn't anything in this whole wide world she could do about it. Nobody said anything to Kitridge about what he did. They knew there wasn't any use. Ever since I can remember it seemed that Kitridge didn't need anybody or anything much. You take the Bible and God. I've always suspected they didn't mean much to Kitridge but I didn't want to know for sure. He never said. He let things be.

"You going to sleep out here?" I said.

"Sure am."

"I thought you had gotten too old to sleep on a pallet."

"Naw," he said. "I'm not too old."

He went into our room and messed around in the dark. He came back and lay down. Turning I could make out the top of his head and knew that the thick curly hair was there. I reached and hit him in the shoulder pretty hard. He grunted.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know about all this."

"You already paid your deposit," he said. "You might as well go on up there and see what it is like."

The rain came harder. There was some lightning. The wind rose and a few drops splashed on us. I was afraid he'd say we ought to go in. I told him I had promised Ma to spy at Convention College.

"What do you think about that?" I asked.

"Don't know. May turn out you won't want to do it after you get there."

"Wouldn't you do it?"

"No, I wouldn't. But that doesn't mean you ought not to. Right doesn't always mean the same thing to different people."

"But I promised Ma."

"A promise is a promise."

"You think it's wrong."

"Might be. I never did like telling on folks."

I turned over and tried to go to sleep. No use. I held my hand off the edge of the porch and caught some water and rubbed it on my face.

"You'd better get some sleep," he said.

'Sometimes I think it's not right for me to be going to college and you not," I said.

"I ain't lost anything at any college," he said. "I don't think I'd make out too well studying books and writing all the time."

"Course you would."

"All right, maybe I would. But I don't want to and you do. Let well enough alone, John." I tried to think of something to say that would make things more friendly.

"No sense worrying," he said finally. "I really want you to go to college. We'll make out good here."

More rain blew in on us. He sat up.

"Foolishness sleeping out here," he said. He went inside. He came back with a cigarette, the red blob dating and then floating in the dark. He smoked and put his hand on my head.

"You get a haircut when you get there," he said.

After that I went to sleep.

Ma was making a fire in the kitchen stove when I woke up. Kitridge lay on his back, his mouth open, his thick arms loose at his sides. There was a hard, cold knot in my stomach. I wished I was still asleep. My hands were cold and I put them between my legs. A chicken drank from one of the little puddles the rain had left in the yard. Ma came out on the porch.

"Time to get up."

I lay still. Kitridge rolled over. I knew he was rubbing both hands over his face, digging into his eyes with his fingers. He got up and went to the end of the porch where there was a bench and washbasin. When he had washed he came back and put his foot against my side, grubbing a little under the short ribs with his big toe. I jumped and he laughed.

"Time to get up and go to college," he said.

I washed up. At breakfast I couldn't eat. I drank coffee and ate some pear preserves on one of Ma's big biscuits. They went to my stomach and crouched.

Then there was a hurried time, getting my two cardboard suitcases and listening to Ma tell me again how I could write a

check for the money I had to pay the college but not for any more. I was in the truck before I could figure out what was going on. Ma came and kissed me again and then we were leaving and Ma was standing in the yard.

"Don't write me about the sin," she shouted. "Just write it all straight to the preacher."

I nodded. She was barefoot and the tears were coming down her face but her mouth and cheeks never did crinkle. At least not while I could see her.

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TWO POEMS

by

Jack F. McJunkin

THE HAMMER SONG

In the haur between
the first
ond secand noil
of avorice and hommer song
of wretched manatones
of vaulted voices drone
of a scythe wind
ond flesh sang
Burned in a cald flome
and cored by a dying hand
Kasmos is born
and dauble deep
the noil is harrared there
ond I am born
ond triple deep
the jaints ond fibers ply
ond a third thud
omong the sullen slothers sounds
ond you
in infont-like rebellion cry
revirbirote the silence
af Golgath's wamb
ond into weeping winds
the echa, times three, daes die.

THE AMBER WAYS

The amber ways oll clothed
in shodows, dusk loid in heovy
weights af gald, ond silver, browns,
and reds

The twisted raod in floshed bright
af Nature's spectrum through
the lush af fatioge-baunded lones.

The donce af weightless leoves ta
silent verse descending fram the shodowed heovens dowr
eorth ogoin

And all the 'scope o silhauette
againsf the sonquine sky, a
picture framed by noture's
warks divine.

. . . review

"King of the Mountain" written by George Garrett reviewed by Lynne Smathers

George Garrett spoke to Wake Forest students in December. A poet and author, Mr. Garrett is also editor of "Transatlantic Review."

His third volume of poetry, "Abraham's Knife," was recently published by the University of North Carolina Press.

His two novels are entitled "Which Ones are the Enemy" and "The Finished Man."

George Garrett's short stories in *King of the Mountain* can best be described, as can the man himself, as genuine. Garrett, at one time a boxer, pulls no punches in the ten short stories in this slim volume.

His stories are graphic, three-dimensional portrayals of the complexities of people living in the twentieth century, the century in which man has perpetrated more inhumanity than in all the preceding centuries combined. Garrett has captured the brutality, the beauty and the pathos of this life.

He is not bitter or cynical. He is not naturalistic. He is not realistic. He is not romantic.

He is human. His stories portray life with a rare understanding bred of compassion, integrity, and a sense of humor.

In "The Rivals," Garrett portrays the struggle of a young boy to attain the adult world. For the boy his father represents this alien adult world. The boy has persuaded the father to try a small boat, which the two had built, in the treacherous surf of the Atlantic.

"I just wanted to show you I was a man.' he whispered. 'I wanted to prove it.' " As a result of their struggle, the son takes his first faltering step into young manhood.

Similarly, Garrett in "The Lion Hunter" captures the ruthless wisdom of youth's insight into life. " 'A word can contain a kind of life that makes it worth while risking flesh and blood for. The trick's to pick the proper word. . . . We cling to the wonder of our few ceremonies."

Garrett has done something new with the short story form in *The King of the Mountain.* He has subdivided three of the stories into short, loosely connected character sketches, each with a single characteristic in common.

In "Four Women" there are four such sketches. Each sketch reveals a weakness in the personality of the woman which binds her to her husband.

"The Comic Strip" contains three divisions. In the first two sketches, a chance incident in the life of each character, Miss A and Professor B, exposes their impotent desires for a violence which would transform the drab mediocrity of their lives. In the third sketch this same climactic anti-climax exists for Captain G., an American in a German camp the day after World War II ended.

"You and I know these things," the (German) officer said, "the utter absurdity of defeat."

"And the triumph," the Captain exclaimer. "Don't you see the triumph, the splendid indifference. There is the marvelous shrug of the surviving."

"No," the officer said emphatically, "Only the preversity of the defeated."

"So what does it mean?" the officer said.

"Nothing. It doesn't mean anything," Captain G. said.

"Does it have to mean something?"

"What's the Purpose of the Bayonet?" is a series of five vignettes which also strip the glorious trappings from war and leave only its grand ironic pointlessness. Garrett prefaces these vignettes with the following quotation from *Une Saison En Enfer* by Rimbaud:

> Le combat spirituel est aussi brutal que la bataille d'homoes; mais la vision de la justice est le plaisir de Dieu seul.

The soldier in the final vignette of the series cries out. "The things God has to see because He cannot shut His eyes!"

The title story has been placed in the middle of the volume. Again through the eyes of a son Garrett delineates the splendor and the pettiness of a great man. Perhaps it is significant that *King of the Mountain* is set in Florida?

Life pulses in this thin volume.

The author has crystallized in his prose the unique and universal traits of man, his humanity and his inhumanity. One is compelled to agree with James Stern when he says in The New York Times Book Review that George Garrett in these stories "says more, and more forcefully, than is commonly said in full-length novels. Every page rings true, and the author has some profound and terrible tales to tell."

K & W CAFETERIA

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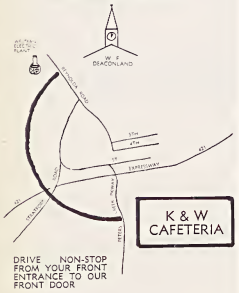

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Mexico Mexico Mexico

: Land of Incessant Change

by Barr Ashcraft

Why has Mexico had so many revolutions?

Ever since the United States emerged as a world power and broke her "splendid isolation" policy by investing in foreign countries and recognizing many newborn nations, it has become more evident that the policy of the so-called "good neighbor" demanded a thorough and extensive analysis of the alien cultures and histories. Only in that way can constructive criticism evolve into lucrative ties of understanding which, due to an integration of men and ideas, will lead to the hopeful and eventual apex of exclusive understanding.

It has become more evident to the citizens of the United States that they must strip themselves of their pseudo-ideas of democracy, sometimes resulting from blind faith, and earnestly and objectively analyze the enigmas of the Latin people. At the same time, the United States citizen must not categorize the ethnic variations, for this will only lead to confusion. In a sense, he must start anew, observe, move, participate in, and even think in the foreign language and manner if he wants to present a valid critique of the nebulous ways of life of the Latin people.

In this limited discourse, I shall attempt to rationally expose a problem that has amazed and stumped the United States ever since she knew about her southern neighbors. By no means do I intend to justify the past, promote the present, or support the future. By no means do I offer the solution. It is my purpose to suggest a possible hope for the future, based upon the past and the present. My understanding barely scrapes the almost impermeable crust of the inscrutable challenge of the Latin people. As an observer and a participant for a brief time, I shall attempt, perhaps partially for the Latin reader, to explore a few channels of thought in order to produce a synopsis of the core of a problem which the Latin culture sometimes stigmatizes with a history of confusion.

Why has Mexico had so many revolutions? Are the people tools of demagogues who, by using the masses as the implements of a frustrated society, ignorantly plant the seeds of their own destruction with incessant internal chaos? Why has there been little political stability? Why is there dissension of feeling? In essence, why have the Latin people engaged in such disruptive transitions? This is a great problem which would necessitate more knowledge and comprehension of human behavior than the limited mind of man could imagine.

Before delving into this complex matter, I must remind the reader that there is no universal conception of recorded history. That is, it appears to me that history is the event plus the interpretation. It involves all of man's interaction of body and soul which results in culture and different stages of civilization. The perspective of the historian many times shades the truth. I submit that I am presenting a possible criticism, by no means the sole solution.

Since my topic, titled *Mexico-the Land of Incessant Change*, would require vast volumes and annals of extensive research, I shall explore only a few trends of thought and action. The first of the two parts shall be concerned with the aspects of *Pre-Columbian Mexico*. The second will cover the period of the *Spanish Influence* to the present time.

Pre-Columbian Mexico — The Indian of Mexico went through three basic stages before the intervention of the "white god on horseback." As a nomad he utilized his immediate surroundings for the necessities of life — food, clothing, and shelter. In time he had to search for these essentials, perhaps due to a depletion of the available resources. In this stage he emerges as the hunter. The last stage occurs when he has permanent access to these three necessities and thus becomes sedentary.

In this stage the great emphasis was put upon agriculture. Gradually, due to a consolidation of efforts and uniting of purpose, a mundane kind of bureaucracy was established. Positions of warrior, priest, and merchant were open to the men while the women engaged in domestic activities.

Thus, we see the beginning of a civilization, that is, a group of people living together in an attempt for unity and peace. The main characteristic of the civilization centers around self-preservation.

In the basic stage of these steps of administration, or bureaucracy, was the *capuli* or family with the man as the leader. Families together formed *pueblos* or towns. These pueblos or communities formed *cities* in time. At first the ruler of the city was elected by the people. However, with the advent of time the socially elite formed a board which elected the ruler. As the cities grew, a necessity for law and order became necessary if the civilization was to survive. This demanded a division of labor and the individual fulfilling his duties.

Nature motivated the Indian to pool his resources of he were to survive. As the waters receded, due to terrestrial and atmospheric changes, a need for irrigation became apparent in many areas. Therefore, a man-made system of irrigation was inevitable if

the Indians were to remain sedentary. A need for planters and leaders arose which led to the existence of the *shamon* who evolved into a *wizard* and eventually a *priest*.

Thus we see various aspects of the agricultural life centered around religion. But this religion deserves further study. The religion of the Indian was in violent contrast with many phases of the Christian religion because it was fatalistic—that is, it was nature which ruled man. In the Spanish practice of Catholicism, perhaps due to the influence of the Greeks, man controlled nature. Scientific speculation compelled man to search, to motivate, and to innovate. In the fatalistic approach, physical and mental effort were curbed because of the unalterable position of man—that is, a kind of pre-destination. Progress was thus limited in many areas. The liberty existed, to a degree, but it was a negative liberty and therefore self-destructive. It was liberty *from* something. The people were tools and loose, to a degree, because of their blind way of life. They existed, but did not live. They breathed, but did not move. Only stagnation and inevitable death of a culture can occur with this mode of life. There was no need for desire to search the new worlds of knowledge. This decadent atmosphere elevated no great thinkers or constructors, but merely innumerable members of the status quo.

Even though the Aztec and Mayan cultures had produced hieroglyphics, a calendar system, and majestic beauty in their art which was far superior to the Greeks in many ways, they were destined to destruction because they had no adequate written language in which to mold the ideas of future generations. We learn by experience, either as a spectator or as a participant. The verbal transformation the Mayans had in Chichen-Itza could never record the past feats of the people in written words.

It is not my purpose to expose only the shortcomings of the Indian, but it is the shortcomings which expose the fallacies and weaknesses of the Indian.

However, the Indian had many facets in his civilization which other cultures did not have. The high Aztec culture had institutions, commerce, schools, and even a secret service system, but they many times lacked motivation for new ideas. The acceptance of the standard, the resistance to social change, and even the ethnocentric point of view they had with their life permitted only a passive approach to new views.

The Spanish Era:— With the coming of Cortez in 1519, a clash between two cultures occurred. By no means did Cortez finish the attempted transformation of the Indian, he merely lit the match.

After the expulsion of the Moors in 1492, Isabella could turn more attention to her colonies while her husband was concerned with European affairs. Cortez, perhaps the prototype of the Spanish adventurer who was characterized as a man of insatiable fighting spirit coupled with a voracious appetite to challenge and conquer, was in direct contrast to Montezuma, who wanted to lead his own private life as the ruler of Tenochit La Mexica empire. But Spanish explorers of dauntless courage were not to be pacified with a few emeralds and rocks of gold. They came with the purpose or destroying and building anew. They conquered first and then settled, but they never completely destroyed. Rather, an assimilation of two races of diverse interests occurred, with the union resulting in a hybrid nationality.

Spain gave three basic things to the Indian—blood, religion, and language. But she also gave the numerous defects of her own character. Spain was a mixture of many European elements. The infiltration started with the Celt-Iberian people about 5,000 B. C., continued with the influx of the Romans, Greeks, Phoenicians, Jews, Goths, Berbers, Gypsies, and ended with the Moors in 711 A.D., who for seven centuries dominated much of Spanish life. The Spanish law was the amalgamation of the Roman, Germanic, and Canon law. The Spanish religion was a medieval kind of Catholicism spiced with a little Islam influence. Thus we have the chaotic fusion of two diverse cultures.

The Spanish came with the twofold purpose of capturing the body and the soul of the Indian. To a degree the Spaniard was successful. In his semi-feudalistic haciendas the Spaniard, as well as other people, exploited the efforts of the negated Indian. This action created social unrest which would have to erupt in the future.

However, the Spaniard did help to establish some national unity with one language and one religion. Nevertheless, a few rural Indian tribes continued to maintain their superstitious archaic cults and speak in their own tongue. *Perhaps the most detrimental to the maintenance of eternal harmony was that of the Spaniard adopting a fatherly attitude to the Indian, the so-called inferior specimen of humanity. Rarely did he want the Indian to think for himself, for the helpless creature was still in the diaper stage; therefore he needed a helping, but more often a forceful, hand.*

It is no wonder that when Father Hidalgo, a Creole, called for the natives to unite and set themselves free from the Spanish yoke in 1810, upheaval followed. *This was not a gradual transition whereby the free man could adapt his body and soul, while intact, to the drastic change. This was a movement from one extreme to the other, in which the ignorant peasant could not easily transform.* It is no wonder that internal chaos and revolution occurred. Man needs to be educated and prepared for a change. A balance between the actions of the body and the motivations of the soul has to be maintained. If ever a time occurs when the two interdependent and reciprocal loose factors break contact, only upheaval will follow. They are two worlds which are very distant and connected only by a thin string for communication. The strength of one depends upon the other. If one moves too quickly, the other is lost and therefore useless. They are free from each other and invariably clash with exterior forces. They have liberty from each other and roam purposelessly like animals ruled only by instinct. Only together can they have liberty to unite for the attainment of a goal, a purpose. This liberty implies an obligation, a responsibility to search for better rewards motivated by the history of ideas of one's own culture, not the copy of an abstruse foreign culture. Mexicans actually copied French and English Constitutions.

Thus we see Mexico as a nationality, *not a race*. It is an archipelago of various factors of political and social thought. It is only natural that social change might occur. A need for national purpose has become more apparent to the contemporary Mexican. This is not to insinuate that he is to forget his past and emerge as a member of *The Brave New World*. Rather, he intentionally is to study the past, overcome his selfish and petty individual differences and devote his efforts to the creation of a nationality of proud individuals with a similar purpose—the maintenance of peace and endless work for prosperity. In his union with his fellow man, the Mexican is helping himself and therefore helping his country.

It appears to me that the Mexican, especially the educated urban Mexican, is many times aiming at a high goal, beneficial to himself and his country, by advocating democratic agrarian reform for all, in a gradual change. The democratic policy is not that of, and should not be that of, the many times unscrupulous United States investor and politician. However, it is the universal reform of all men searching for and preserving liberty which demands the sacrifice of petty desires for the creation of a peaceful way of life.

As Mexico's first president, Juarez, said, "Peace is the respect for the rights of others." Many times the medieval Spaniard in Mexico, like other men who sometimes used insidious tactics, planted the seeds of their own destruction by their insatiable aggregarious desires to exploit their fellow man and thereby destroyed any hopes of peace. Peace demands the dignity of giving equal respect. Without this equality and respect and integrity of our fellow man, indifference but more often the infringement upon the basic right of man will cause an inevitable clash.

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Yesterday I Saw Him

by Jivan Tabibian

He liked his dag
and he fed him.

He despised cats
and they scratched him.

He loved a virgin,
she betrayed him.

A harlat laved him,
and he betrayed her.

He despised movies
because they bared him.

He pitied the paar
and he smiled at him
and tried ta be nice ta him.

He loved his Neighbar
but he killed him,
since he had nat agreed with him
that women are better fat than slim,
thot a night without maan is sad,
and a sunrise without a sun, very grim.

He feared his god
he prayed a lot.
and he survived the war
thaughi he was shat.

Yesterday, I saw him,
at the stare
or was it the subway,
I don't remember anyway,
anymare.

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by

Steve Glass

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. . . a short story

by Charles Stone

We'd been settin' down at Johnson's Store when we first heard the crash. Clem Johnson had been tellin' about plannin' to go huntin' down in Georgia or Mississippi somewheres an' talkin' up George Henson some so he'd go 'long 'cause he'd been there before. But George Henson wasn't too hot on the idea — not with Clem anyway — so he kept tellin' stories about lyers he knew so's not to have to say no — one about some feller over in Myersburg who borrowed some deep sea tackle to catch a big feller outa his lake he couldn't hold with his own stuff. Been stealin' his hook every time, he says, goin' long for years. So he tried this deep sea tackle and sure enough he got him — after fightin' with 'im a while. Well, to hear him tell it, when he cut that feller open, hell, he was so fulla hooks that he weren't no use 'cept to be junked for scrap.

George Henson had jus' finished tellin' that one when that crash come. We all run outside. Clem said he knowed it was a plane fell down like what happened to a man he knew who had near about a whole field of corn ruint by a plane fallin' in it and all the people who come tramplin' through to see — killed the plane man too.

I said let's go. George Henson hopped in his car and I hopped in and Clem hollered to his Grampaw not to let nobody in the store till he got back, so we went. George Henson said we're liable never to fine the plane if it crashed in the woods but Clem said yes you could too, you could see the smoke — there was most always smoke. I rolled down the window to see the smoke better 'cause it was real smudgy and when I stuck my head out, I could hear the horn. I told George and we listened and we drove and we listened then we went back and listened and turned down the road that runs down by the ol' Pike place. We didn't go far before we saw it either. There in a low place in the road was this turn and some big ol' trees what he'd run up against.

George Henson stopped the car and we looked. "God," George Henson muttered, "God damn." Clem didn't say nothin'. I looked.

George Henson said Come on, somebody might be hurt, and he got out of the car. I didn't want to go, but I got out too. The car was about as smashed up as a car can be I guess. There wasn't much left of it a-tall that wasn't mashed in. It looked like it'd been knocked in and rolled up to make it round. And the horn was still blowin'. George Henson went over and looked and came back to the car and looked, then he reached up under there and cut off the horn and it was dead quiet all of a sudden except for a little bit of echo.

Then I looked down near the creek and saw him. He was lyin' there on his face in the grass. I felt kinda funny standin' there lookin' at him and there he lay.

George Henson said he was goin up to the ol' Pike place to use the phone even though he didn't like the people what'd bought the place none. Clem askt him if he was gonna call Doc Jorden, but George said there weren't no need.

I went down near the creek bank and looked. I didn't want to go much, but I did anyway and I felt funny. Then I got heavy an' hadda sit down near where the boy was lyin'. He jus' looked like he was lyin' there. Clem came down an' stood behind me lookin'.

I said I wonder who he is.
Clem said Don't know.
Dressed pretty good — nice coat, huh?
Right niee.
Don't look too old, does he?
Not too old, wouldn't say.
'Bout as old as me?
Can't much tell from the back.
Wonder where he was goin' back in here.
Don't rightly know.
Reckon anybody'll be missin' him?
Reckon so — somebody.
Right nice car too.
Was. Kinda fancy though, red seats.
What'll they do with him?
Find out who he belongs to, I reckon.

I looked over at the water in the creek. It moved right quiet an' deep by there. Didn't make much noise. Clem moved away. I looked in the grass and there near my foot was a right nice coin purse made outa leather what musta slid outa his pocket. I picked it up and looked at it. It said "Bank of America — Paris" on it. Wonder what he was doin' with that. I opened it up. It had three nickles in it and four pennies. I put it back like it was.

George Henson come back. He was cussin' bout the people what'd bought the ol' Pike place. Said the ol' man was mad at the horn 'cause it'd scared his cows. Clem and George Henson went over and looked at the car. I got up an' went down to the creek.

After a while Billy Mack come. He had some other feller with him I don't know. Billy Mack always kinda makes me mad on account of he talks so loud. Always yellin' everything.

Some mess! he hollered.

Didn't dent the tree much. Where's the body?

George Henson pointed.

Damn! Musta sailed fifty feet!

He walked over an' looked.

Hey kid, whata you doin' down there? he said to me. I came up.

Welp, I seen it! Mop-up boys'll be here in a minute. Got some papers outa his pocket — use 'em to see if I can find somebody to pay the pick-up. Come on, Jeffboy. We gotta little game to get back to, don't we, huh? Ha-ha! See ya, boys!

He and the other man got back in and drove on off. Clem and George Henson went up the road an' tried to figure out what happened. "Must not've made the turn right comin' down the hill," George Henson said comin' back. He went over to look at the boy. I went too.

Wonder if he was nice, I said lookin' down on him.

George Henson just looked.

I didn't want to be there when the ambulance men came, but they stayed so I didn't say nothin'. Clem told George Henson waitin' about all kinds of wrecks he'd seen an' heard about. He told about one train wreck and that same plane crash again and a coupla tractor accidents thrown in too.

Then the ambulance come and the men got a stretcher to load the boy on. When they turned him over he didn't have no face and I went back down to the creek.

After they took him away the wrecker come and George Henson yelled for me to come on, there weren't no use in us stayin'.

I hadda walk back by the place where the boy'd been and I seen that coin purse nobody'd noticed.

"Come on," they said.

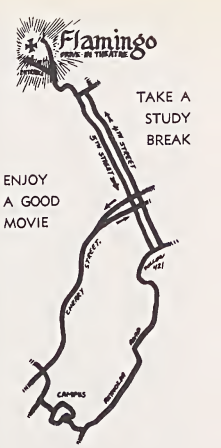
I picked it up. It wouldn't do nobody no good out here in the grass, I figured, besides nineteen cents is nineteen cents, so I put it in my pocket. They was crankin' the car up on the back of the truck when we drove off.

for Justine

"JUDAS OR PROMETHEUS"

Where was he hanged, who invented the human heart?
What claws of ice ripped out his entrails in revenge?
Over which grey lonely stretch of land did he swing,
Under a blistered sky crystallizing slowly into sond?
What voice stained his memory as he died,
With scarlet laughter wringing out the wind?
And what sleeper dreamed the whisper of a candle flame
Burning in memory or revenge, and did he know?

by Diana Gilliland



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POEM

The warm ond enigmatic days of Spring
Arrived before I'd even hoped they could
And lured from eorth the shoots of green. I stood
And breothed the pure fresh oir the spell did bring.
I knew my heort too soon begon to sing.
Next doy the mossy corpet of the wood
Was veiled 'neoth snow the jeolous winter should
Not be forgotten, but to life would cling.

Yet little plants thus guided to the light
Would not return to groves beneoth the sod,
And, os if sympothizing with their plight,
The sun did melt the snow on each one's clod.
Surrounded, but untouched, by wolls of snow,
The shoots escoped the catocombs below.

by Susan Davis

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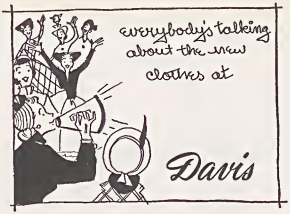

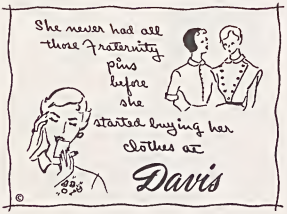

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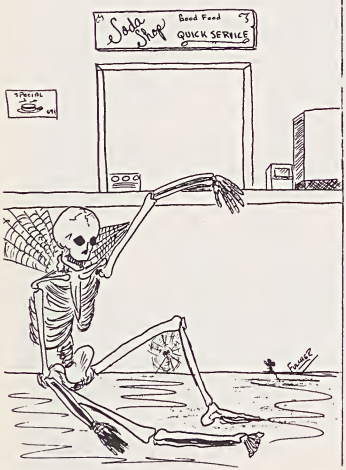

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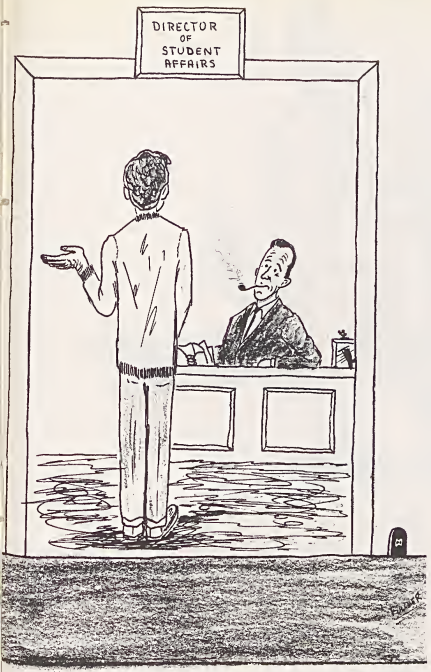

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. . . *for H. Q.*

Nadding heads
and veiled hats
Survey yau
standing there, far awhile,
Lecturing about lacks af
creativity, life
and the Creatar.
Respect reigns during exhartatians
ta the lifeless.
Fear and awe hang
in the air
As yau demand
leaps af faith
And tell af sick existence
And haw sauls came in
na return battles.
Afterward
a sweet old lady
tells yau
She enjayed the serman
And they all laak at yau
as if yau were
intermediary
Between them and Gad.
Then yau race hame
and braad — crosslegged —
In another glass af wine.

. . . *picnic*

Green leaves stop
raindrops
From hitting us
too hard
On what still
turns out to be
A perfect day.

. . . *day*

Dawn struggles strangely silent
with city skylines
slowly unmasking
absurdities cowering
Between crumbling walls of granite.
No alabastar cities gleam
through bloody faces
Of daily crucifixions.
Sunlight waits
patiently suffering
Until resurrection comes
with the soft lights
of night's neon.

. . . *to Mike*

Late lights burn dim,

We reach our private Elysium

Masticating, digesting, assimilating

sounds and talk.

Reading, talking

until dim lights

Meet a shadowy dawn,

And tired not a bit,

we part.

. . . *rebel*

Main Street runs downhill
He balances
at the bottom,
On a tight-rope curb.
He strokes his beard
and exhorts

REBEL !

And when asked
for reason why
He simply replies
Because.

. . . *Napoleon*

With steel dagger eyes
you survey

Your well-dressed army
You sit astride your white horse
And cause commonds
to be echoed
down lines

Of tri-colored troops
Poor Napoleon
Does your stomoch itch ?

old friends

Blue smoke curls
up
As with our lips
we port
A blizzord
of beer foom.
Theologicol invocotions come
from hozy pool tobles
As we talk
amazed
Thot we can
pick up o conversotion
Where it left off
ot our lost meeting
last yeor.
Nothing bothers us
Not even cries of
you s.o.b.
from ocross the bar
Nothing
until the barkeep
Rings his bell
ond yells
"Lost coll for the uptown toxi !"

. . . *soft trumpet*

Music of the soul
Hangs gently on smoke clouds.
A long
blue note
a rainbow across the room
like a cigarette
arcing
Through the dark
of night.
Notes run to treble
and slurr
to bass
And tremble there
Like the sparks
on a windy black pavement.

. . . *jazz portrait*

Sod jazz to come flooting
over tree tops,
Even the night sounds stop
to listen.
A toll negro stonds
olone
With his twisted horn
and blows
With full lips coressing metol
tolking with his soul.
Unshirted — o block body
Covered by o myriod of sporkling
diomonds of sweat
Points lomenting blue notes
toword o yellow moon
Resting otop o toll block tree
And showering glistening rodionce of resurrection
On o lonely feet-in-the-mud body
Under windy-rhythmic hanging moss.

carnival

He's a strange kid,
He wants to know
What it's like to be
in the know
(It's an existential problem, so he's told)
He wants to walk the midway
of life's carnival,
But he doesn't have the price
of a ticket,
for the fee
is to be
in the swing with things.

He just sits
on his side of the fence
ond wotches life
parading before him;
Beorded women
ond side show freoks,
their souls entrusted
to bow tied barkers,
Wheels of fortune clicking
with mad life's rhythm,
Kids with muddy feet
and happy faces
Buying a quarter's worth of
someone else's life
And tucking it neotly
in a dark corner
of memory,
Old crones feeling their way
literally
Along the gay midway.
Reaching,now straining,
He grabs the brass ring
From the dizzy merry-go-round of life,
But it doesn't fit his finger.

the student

March II

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the student

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Profiles

. . . and cheers

Fiction is half the fun of any college magazine and in this, the present editoral staff's last serious production, we have tried to combine a lot of fun with good student writing. Since editorial farewells usually turn out sticky—and are seldom read anyway—we skip them this year with cheers instead for our advisor, Dr. William O. Harris, and all the staff.

KELLEY GRIFFITH, well-known senior from Annandale, Virginia, head of Student Union activities, English major, drummer in the band . . . and now writer for *The Student* magazine. Kelley has reviewed a new book for us in his own Kelley Griffith style. We have this feeling we are going to miss him, too.

BILL PERKINS, author of "Sketch," is a sophomore with a question-marks major. He is a married student from Frankfort, Kentucky.

Our poets this issue are not new—HERB SCHILLER, JACK McJUNKIN and BRUCE SMITH.

Herb is from Winston-Salem. Jack, we apologize to—we do this to the nicest poets but the reprint of "The Amber Ways," one of his poems appearing in last issue, is because we let some words get out of place and when these magazines are saved for posterity, we want them right. (We are still apologizing to Dr. Phillips about the same thing.) Bruce is a graduate now in Bowman-Gray.

CADEE GOFORTH is a sophomore from Lexington. Her review of Tennessee William's new play "Night of the Iguana" is her first contribution. An English major. Plans go no further than this summer when she is going to Africa with her father who works for the United Nations.

ANGELA JOHNSON, known as the Angelique, became interested in the writings of Marquis de Sade while pursuing her major in French. A senior from Wilmington, Angela plans to study in France next year—a return trip from last summer. Among her other talents are column-writing for the *Old Gold and Black*, being awarded Phi Beta Kappa Keys and always riding further on her bicycle than any of the other girls in the dorm. We are going to miss Angelique too.

MOLLY WITHERS, a senior English major from Charlotte, wrote "Ayn Rand—Prophetess" for her first appearance in the magazine. Her plans include secretarial work in Charlotte next year and marriage in the "altogether far too distant future."

SAM ALLEN, doubly capable, wrote and illustrated "Mary Jane," a story on the more humorous side. To top this, he volunteered them and did not have to be begged to bring them in. He is therefore great. A senior from Winston-Salem, Sam is a Delta Sig and responsible for the paintings hanging in the fraternity house. He has also been extremely active in the theater and will probably work with drama next year.

The new member of the business staff duly incorporated into the listings on the index page last issue but not given near enough notice is ALICE McDEVITT, a senior from Wake Forest. Besides filling out bills, selling ads and doing business-like things for the magazine, Alice is practice teaching now in her field of history.

LEWIS MORGAN has contributed four short poems. He also had a story in the last issue. A senior English major, Lewis was columnist for *Old Gold* this year. Last year he studied in Germany and plans to return for further study after graduation. His home is Washington, D. C. He is a member of Sigma Chi fraternity.

SONNY BERCES wrote us his final story, "Alone," before his graduation this year. Another English major, which implies a certain amount of indecision about next year and what to do. Sonny is a Lamba Chi from Mount Holly, New Jersey. *The Student* will miss him.

DAVID KEYES from Concord, Massachusetts, was first published in 1960 when he won first place in a contest sponsored by *Boston Globe*. He had carved an abstract face out of a cowlick. (For city folks who are a bit lost, this is a block of salt for the cattle to lick.) For us we have a series of drawings reflecting his favorite interest—cars. A sophomore majoring in political science, Dave has never taken art training.

The three disappearing with this issue are George Cleland, business manager—to law school; John Hopkins, Associate Editor—to graduate school and marriage this summer; and Sylvia Burroughs, Editor—to her senior year here at Wake Forest. And we do hate to go.

Although not represented in this or any other issue of the magazine, CHRIS FROST of New York has become a part of *The Student* this year—playing the guitar and just being Chris. Chris is a sophomore and can play almost any song attracting every folk song lover anywhere in range. His guitar was bought in Europe last summer when he rode his bicycle all over the continent. He and F.B.B. have written an epic for a later issue but, meanwhile, we're just glad he likes us enough to stay around.

Last, and most gratefully, and with loudest cheers—DR. WILLIAM O. HARRIS, our advisor, heard out all kinds of problems and worries with patience and understanding and the calming word that somehow made things look clearer. Twice a father, he and his lovely wife (who is also learning to play a guitar) live in faculty apartments. Dr. Harris received his bachelor of arts degree from Wake Forest College and his masters and doctorate degrees from the University of North Carolina. He is active on campus with the foreign films series and the new Honors program. Needless to say, Dr. Harris is one of those English professors that have shaped the interests and lives of many people on this staff.

writing
to the student

Alone

a short story

by

Sonny Berces

The fading wail of a siren seared through the cluttered city and dissipated above the tenements. Joel looked up from his typewriter, slid back his chair, and walked over to the open window of his one room apartment. From the tenth story he could embrace the shadowed character of his city: the furious bellows from the factory stacks to the east, the indiscriminate commotion and business of the cheap dime store district to the west, and the periphery of the well-groomed business district to the north. Directly beneath lay the dilapidated remnants of the buoyant, carefree, early years of the century through which the screaming ambulance had just sped.

Two soft knocks on the door disturbed his vacant glance.

"Joel?"—a slight pause, "Joel?" the voice repeated softly.

The doorknob turned slowly, and a young bright face scanned the plastered room through the partially opened door.

"Joel—why didn't you answer?" she questioned mildly as she entered the room.

Joel pressed his fingers to his forehead, rubbed the corners of his eyes and exhaled a tired sigh. Turning—

"I, uh . . . "

She smiled, flicked on the crude overhead light, and approached him.

"Been writing, huh," she declared, as she surveyed his face and the typewritten pages scattered across his desk in the far corner of the room.

"Uh huh—all day."

He turned back toward the window as she strode over to the desk and randomly grasped one of the pages. The distant neon and fluorescent lights taunted and dispersed the night. He gazed at the murmuring activity below; waves of loneliness tumbled quietly through him.

"You'll soon be finished with this, huh Joel," he heard her comment. "Then my hard-working writer will be famous, and we'll be married."

She looked up cheerfully from the sheet and at him, his back to her:

"We will be married, won't we, Joel?"

He turned from the window.

We will be married, won't we, Joel? rang in his mind.

"Must you continually bombard me with that question," he said incisively.

Her face flushed slightly.

"Don't be harsh with me, Joel . . . "

"Harsh?"

"Yes harsh, I have feelings too—"

"What do you know about feelings," he declared.

"Enough to know when you hurt me, Joel."

He paced back and forth across the room.

"I need to be alone," he said. "Go on without me. I'll grab a sandwich later and call you tomorrow."

"Joel, please—" She reached for him.

"Don't you understand?" he said, evading her reach. "I want to be alone. Alone!"

He turned his back to her and stared blindly through the dirty screen.

The night lay vast and thick over the irregular outline of the city. A steam whistle howled and he knew several hundred tired workers would exchange their places at the machines. He'd worked at the foundry a few months; the monotonous sounds of precision and power still hovered over his thoughts. Each man would leave his machine and make his way into the night. And after a short solitude through the darkness, lowed by the continuous pounding, they would step mechanically into a bar, a drink, a bed. His stomach heaved at the recall of multicolored lights, the rank and clinging odor of exhaled tobacco that was re-inhaled and re-exhaled by the numerous lungs that would grope their way back to their machines the following day.

Moreover, his short tenure as a news reporter had exposed him to this same empty gaiety in the other levels of his city. The same sterile pulse thudded aimlessly in the dime stores, among the elite, in the crowds. What were they to do? Was there something to be done? or had it always been this way?

The voice repeated:

"I'm leaving, Joel."

"No . . . don't go."

"You want to be alone."

"I am—but stay . . . "

He walked over to the desk, gathered the scattered pages, and thrust them into the waste can. Several missed and floated to the floor. She moved over to pick up the strays.

"For God's sake, what are you doing, Joel?"

"Saving a lot of bored people the trouble—"

"That's not entirely true," she replied, staring at him as she gathered the runaway sheets. "Many people will love your book."

"Many people won't read the damn book!" he said loudly. "What the hell do they care about my book, or anything that doesn't offer a quick buck or a soft buttock?"

A medley of horns ridiculed his statement.

"I'm sick of this futile struggle to create," he added. "And I detest the morons who can't.

"That's not fair, Joel," she pleaded. "You can't expect everyone to create."

"Fair!" he shouted emphatically. "Is it fair that you should need someone desperately as you do? Is it fair that those robots collide with each other, and in the process destroy those who aren't."

His thoughts reeled dizzily; he fumbled with a cigarette.

She found her way to the chair near the desk and sat down. The temperamental ways of this man often bruised their relationship, but she had continued the demanding struggle to save it. Week after week, as he worked on his novel, he had grown more irritable and sharp with her. She was finding herself less capable of handling his invective; she wanted only to love him as she knew best, but her frequent attempts were brutally dismissed. The more he worked, the more he hardened, and she felt herself being drained of what she wanted to give.

"What drives you like this, Joel?" she inquired cautiously, hurt by his reference to her need. "You'll destroy yourself and all that's rich and alive in you. You're letting them—"

"Drive me?" he interrupted loudly. "Are you blind? Can't you see any more than those bitches who prowl the alleys?"

She winced slightly and felt her blood rush heavily, coldly to her legs, leaving her trembling.

Joel tossed his cigarette to the floor and stepped on it, experiencing the torture of having hurt her, of having ripped into her in a moment of passion; it struck him solidly in the chest and slowly permeated into consciousness.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked weakly.

"Downtown."

"Joel, don't leave me here like this."

Her voice echoed effortlessly in his mind and dissipated ineffectually as he moved out of the room.

"Don't leave me here alone, Joel," she demanded breaking into sobs. "You don't have to leave me, Joel—"

The old wooden hallway creaked under weight and an elderly woman, bent and disheveled, shuffled past him murmuring incoherently to herself. Further down the hall, lewd laughter slid from under one of the doors. He would walk by himself, walk until his mind cleared, until his bitterness subsided.

HONORS WORK

by John C. Broderick

Wake Forest College is providing for its superior students in several different ways: through advanced standing and advanced placement, special classes in some basic required courses, an interdisciplinary honors program, and specialized departmental programs for students in their junior and senior years. Although some of these features have been established for several years, most are innovations. The newness and experimental character of the total program account for the sense of exhilaration as well as some of the anxiety felt by interested students and faculty members alike.

There has been at Wake Forest for some time placement according to abilities in foreign language and, more recently, mathematics. An entering student, who must present at least two units of foreign language for admission, may expect to be placed according to the results of a language placement test; however, course credit is not granted if the student is placed in a course equivalent to that for which he has received admission credit. Within the past year Wake Forest has extended the principle of advanced standing and placement to include other basic courses, and specifically those for which an entering student may apply for credit through the Advanced Placement Program of the College Entrance Examination Board. Highly qualified students may now also be eligible to complete the six-hour requirement in Freshman English in one semester. A somewhat larger group of qualified students may enroll in special advanced sections of Freshman English. It is expected that other departments in which required courses are taught will soon develop their own methods for advanced standing and placement.

The major undertaking for superior students—and the one arousing the strongest hopes and the principal anxieties— is an interdisciplinary honors program, under the supervision of an elected faculty Committee on Honors. The honors program is intended to supplement (*not* replace) the usual general education of the freshman and sophomore years and the more specialized work of the junior and senior years. As envisioned, it would include at least 12 hours of seminar courses, all of which would be interdisciplinary, special projects, and a comprehensive examination. The diplomas of students who successfully fulfill the requirements would contain the rubric: "With Honors in the Arts and Sciences." Since many of the students chosen for the program can be expected to continue their education beyond the bachelor's degree, the program will thus improve their paper credentials as well as their actual preparation for rigorous professional and scholarly studies.

During the current academic year the first of a series of interdisciplinary seminars is being offered. Designated merely "Honors 11 and 12," it is described as "Approaches to Human Experience." Thirty highly qualified freshmen and sophomores were chosen to begin the program. These are divided by class, sex, and interest into two sections of fifteen students each. Each section meets once a week for three hours with a three-man faculty team of teachers, or "senior participants," as they prefer to be called. All six faculty members chosen to initiate the program are notable for their wide interests, individually as well as collectively. In order that students in the program might profit from various strengths in the faculty staff, the teams originally planned to switch sections at the end of the first semester. However, some exigencies of scheduling forced a modification of this plan. The pressure of other duties also necessitated some faculty re-assignments at the end of one semester.

Figures for study in the first semester were Leonardo da Vinci, St. Augustine, Isaac Newton, Dante, and Gandhi. According to a pattern which emerged during the fall, three weekly meetings were spent on each figure. Students prepared for the first meeting by reading widely in the primary and secondary materials set aside exclusively for the use of Honors students. Discussion began generally, following student initiation and interest, with faculty members alert to possible assignments for individual student investigation. A student who discovered a particular point of interest was encouraged to pursue the subject in one of three papers which he was required to present during the semester. At the second meeting discussion continued on a selected number of agreed-upon topics on which students had further prepared themselves. There were also perhaps two or three student papers for discussion. (Other variations were used; for example, during the second meeting on Leonardo a short film was used as the basis for renewed discussion.) At the third meeting student papers were presented and discussed. These papers had been mimeographed and distributed to seminar members at least 48 hours before the meeting. As might be expected, the "third meetings" were quite lively ones. Although the faculty members composing the two teams of senior participants worked together closely in general planning, it was inevitable that differences of emphasis should emerge. For example, in one of the sections, somewhat more formally organized than the other, students accepted some specific assignments of topics for investigation before the first meeting on a particular figure. In both sections, of course, a special need was met by a special competence in the faculty, usually taking the form of a ten-minute preliminary to discussion (though, on some occasions, visiting specialists have been used).

To take a single example, in one section discussion of Newton began with a consideration of his scientific method, the relationship between his scientific and his world view, his theology, and his views of time and motion, to name a few. From the give-and-take of general discussion the following student papers took shape: "Newton's Scientific Method," "Newton's Approach to Science and Theology," "Newton's Effects on Civil Government," "The Influence of Newton on Eighteenth Century Poetry," and "Two Analyses of Newton's Scientific Method." (The last title is the result of

AT WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

. . . "With Honors in the Arts and Sciences"

a student's having been puzzled by seemingly contradictory statements in secondary materials about Newton's philosophical influence. She pursued the subject by tracing Newton's influence on both Hume and Kant, as one tradition absorbed the empirical and another the rational segments of his thought.) As can be seen from the list of titles, there was enough overlapping so that students brought to the discussion competences sufficient to insure critical reading of the work of others and an "interdisciplinary" approach to a single figure. The interdisciplinary approach is furthered by the requirement that each student present a term paper dealing with a single theme as it appears in several of the figures under study.

There is some difference of opinion among the faculty participants about what makes a figure suitable for interdisciplinary treatment. A multi-faceted person like Leonardo enables students to approach his work from one of a number of standpoints. However, there may be some difficulty in bringing the various approaches together. St. Augustine, on the other hand, while more limited in his own achievement to a few areas of human concern, raises such fundamental and controversial questions as to stimulate almost endless opportunities for significant debate.

Although experience with the course has been largely gratifying, there are, naturally enough, a few toads in the garden. One danger which was foreseen from the first was an absence of focus in the seminar discussions. To offset this, the faculty participants decided upon a rigorous scheme of investigation and writing (three short papers and one long term paper). It now seems that in seeking to make the course intellectually demanding, the organizers made it excessively demanding in time and energy. Hence means became ends. A program of this sort should probably not result in student frustration and "scrambling," though it should always be challenging. The most conscientious among the students and faculty members are those most affected, of course. For the second semester the number of figures studied has been reduced to three (Mozart, Thomas Jefferson, and Albert Einstein). Four, rather than three, weekly sessions are spent on each figure, and a longer period of free time has been provided for the preparation of the major paper. These modifications of the original plan will, it is hoped, offset observed shortcomings.

A parallel difficulty—one not so easily remedied—has been insufficient participation by a few students. Although students were carefully screened before being invited, they were reminded that their continuance in the program was subject to re-examination, and it may be necessary to conclude that a program of this sort is not ideally suited to every gifted student. There is a paradox here; it may be that the least active participants are those superior students most in need of the kind of education offered by interdisciplinary seminars.

The students have reacted, on the whole, favorably to the course, partly, no doubt, because in its experimental stages their own opinion has been sought. They are especially taken with the "team" approach (though perhaps for the wrong reasons). Such an approach is, of course, quite expensive. It is, moreover, philosophically suspect since it perpetuates disciplinary separations and deference to the "expert." Students prefer it, however, because of its potentialities for faculty disagreement, an unprecedented and apparently exhilarating experience. Nevertheless, with proper training of faculty members in the program, reduction of the teaching staff is no doubt possible and desirable. It will be necessary also to insure that the program for Honors students is indeed a program, and not merely a series of courses.

The gradually developing program will not be complete for at least two more years. However, one advanced course for 1962-63 has already been designed and approved. It is called "Darwinism and the Modern World," a study of the impact of evolutionary thought on diverse fields (economics, philosophy, literature, psychology, etc.). Sophomores currently in Honors 12 will be eligible to take the Darwinism course next year. A second upper-level course (for the spring semester) will be announced later. For 1962-63 freshmen and current freshmen, a second course in "Approaches to Human Experience," with different figures for study, will be offered.

With the guidance of the Committee on Honors, several academic departments have formulated specialized major programs for superior students. These departmental programs will go into effect next year. They generally involve the following features: admission (generally at the beginning of the junior year) based on quality of work done in the College and on a representative number of courses in the department (B work overall and between B and A in the department), participation in a senior research seminar or reading program with a special project growing out of the seminar, and a comprehensive written and (in some cases) oral examination. The student must also maintain (and in some programs better) the grade average required for admission. If successful, a candidate in departmental programs may expect to graduate "With Distinction in (the major field)." It is, of course, too early to assess the effects of these departmental programs.

Although it is unlikely that a single student should profit from all phases of the program here described (advanced placement, special classes, interdisciplinary honors courses, and specialized departmental schemes), it is felt that the total program meets the major needs of superior students. Depending on his particular kind of superiority, the student may expect the advantage of acceleration, special grouping, opportunities for breadth in education and a peeping over disciplinary boundaries, or opportunities for undergraduate specialization in a single area. No one method adequately meets the needs of every student who might be deemed "superior." In combination, it is hoped that various strengths and potentialities will be realized.

SAND AND A VULTURE

by John Rosenthal

Nothing could be seen for miles. It was as if the burning sun which poured its rays downward had rapaciously devoured everything that grew—bushes, shrubs, cactus, weeds. All that was visible was the shimmering heat-waves that rose uneasily from sand. Sweeping across the wide expanse of pale-blue sky, a black buzzard traveled alone. Why did it sweep that way—so hungry and lost? Then the pallid sky swallowed it and only a faint remembrance remained. Nothing moved. Nothing saw. Only the shimmering rays rose—incessantly—as if defying the heat. Had a traveler passed through this desert, searching for water, his hope would be vanquished. No water. No life. Heat and the endless sun. When evening set and the sun dipped beneath the horizon, a coolness would set in and the vague, almost indiscernible, night-sounds would commence. Perhaps only the rustling of the sand would be heard, maybe a locust crying, and then again, perhaps nothing. But now there were many hours till sunset, and the burning sun and shimmering rays ruled the lonesome, sandy kingdom. A thousand years ago this land was fertile and an endless pasture to nomadic wanderers—sheep grazed and lolled in the rich greenness, eating, sleeping, and watched by the herders. A civilization had turned agricultural and had settled, living off the produce of the seeded soil—children had been raised to replace the elders, who, like the leaves, had vanished—and children to replace these children. Somewhere in the fugacious history of time, this land was the home and foundation of men, women, children, sheep, houses and dreams. Then for some inexplicable reason, all disappeared. The dead sank deeper and deeper into their earthly retreats and the golden, obliterating sand conquered the rich fertility. Not even a stone, a tribute, a token of once-lived life remains. Only the sand and sun and the rays. Truly, a sad kingdom without tears.

Ask the wind about the sand; ask Time about the people; ask the stars about the crying locust. One can wander in the night, searching, beseeching, sobbing, but the moonlight gives no answer, and the dreams are unfulfilled. Put an ear to the sand—press down—and listen softly. Ah, an answer, a sign. Only the sand, the sad sand, dear sand.

Now across these sands of endless waste two men approach each other. Each man sees the other and wonders: Is this speck of black a mote that has crossed my eye? A carcass lost in the desert heat and decaying? Could it be something moving, alive? They wonder and, like men under the spell of hypnotic gaze, compel themselves toward each other. Like streams, parched and dry, their throats scream out for water and their eyes, red as sores, twitch nervously in their dry shells. Two vultures soar into view, hungry, lecherous, and circle the desert stretch. The flapping of their wings make a dry, windy sound; their eyes scan the desert, searching for a morsel, a drop of water. The two men move to each other.

Slowly a breeze flings its brittle fingers against the still air. The shimmering rays undulate against the silent touch, feeling the gentle push. For a moment, brief and unnoticeable, the shimmer vanishes, but as the breeze flees, the rays begin again. Sun and sand. Heat. Endless heat and silence. Beneath the sand a civilization lies interred; nothing moves in that region

of darkness, nothing stirs. The men advance, watching each other closely, disbelief forming in their red eyes. Neither man knows they are on a graveyard, the sacred and forgotten resting place of men and women. All they do is move, disbelief intensifying with each tired step.

Suddenly one falls. Not a quick fall, a crumple, as if the tired and scorched skin couldn't hold up its end of the bargain with the bones it shelters. A rasping gasp escapes from the fallen man and disappears in the hot air, "Lord," the swollen mouth spits dryly into the sand. "Lord." Against the tattered clothes the sand feels soft—so much like a bed—ah, so much like a bed. But Oh so hot. Why can't it be cool and refreshing and mossy? Where is that oak tree, high and mighty and flowering, and the pale little child rolling sleepily in the dark, velvet moss. Oh God, where is the dew, spreading its wetness over the grass; the rain, shrouding the trees in its sparkling splendour.

The other man looks down at the sand, at the man nestling in his feverish remembrances, gasping, flaking, dying. What is there to say? To add? To tell? That somewhere a woman, white and pale, is bathing in a stream, singing a melody that someone taught her? That nightingales do sing songs for lovers and, Oh, when this is over and the sand and sun is gone, they will sing for you too? Perhaps a lie?

"O God, You of the thunder and stars and infinite might; of the fragile and omnipotent Being—You, God, who wrests from us the one thing we have—Life—and scatters out empty ashes into the whirling winds, the flaming fires; You of the rose, You of the sun, You of Man, GIVE ME ONE REASON FOR THIS BROKEN MAN, THIS DYING MAN, AND I SHALL PRAISE YOU TILL THE GLORIOUS DAY OF DEATH." Only a vulture answers the plea, a bird, hungry, waiting, expectant.

The man who stood is now on the sand too. His withered hand reaches to the face of the dying man, takes it gently from its crusty rest, and lifts it up so the two eyes are level with his. The red-burnt eyes stare into each other, blinking painfully, hopeless. And yet something is present between the two eyes; a nameless quality joins the two men together as though they were connected by iron links-perhaps love, perhaps compassion. Here in the sands of a desert, beneath a burning sun, two men unite their beings in a sacred act of love, a look, a gaze of such earnest sincerity, that all heat, sun, flesh. past, present and future vanish. The men realize each other in the profound void of their realization. Now sacrifice is understood, Now sacrifice is understood, now the holy, now a Man. Once again the desert possesses a secret which won't ever be told; along with the buried men and women, the two men, fallen and dying, leave their secret.

The vulture circles closer, its wings making a dry, windy flap. The eyes of the vulture are red too, but without meaning. Beneath the redness, a muscle twitches, agitated by deadly and painful hunger. In the vulture's dim brain an eternal instinct draws the bird nearer to the fallen men, pushing it, driving it nearer, like a child, wanting to fondle a fire-flame. Closer. Closer. Flapping its black wings.

In another land, a woman bends over a crib, watching a child grow. The child moves awkwardly on his plastic mattress, grasping the wooden bars in an effort to rise. Scattered all about are his playthings: a red-striped rubber ball; a top, unable to twirl on the plastic; and a horn, golden and futile. Now up, now down; a topsy-turvy life. The mother smiles warmly, pleased at the infant's progress, at the funny and hopeless attempts. And in the desert, a man lies in the sand, hopeless, looking deep into another's eyes; red-eyes, sore-eyes, swollen eyes.

The twilight descends quickly in the desert, making no sound. Like gliding swallows, the shadows, cast by the fleeing clouds, drop softly to the earth, easing the heat and dryness. High in the crepuscular sky a black, dim bird wings gently to a cloud, and vanishes abruptly. Somewhere a locust stirs, rustling the sand in an effort to see the nearing evening. It is still hot, but the rays, shimmering forever in the stark day, are gone. Behind a dune, the moon edges its whiteness, climbing to its nocturnal throne, ablaze in its mantle of glimmering stars. A soft zephyr comes to life, caressing the vast desert with tender fingers, fragile fingers. All is hushed. The locusts wait with their time.

The two men are lying on their backs. Their moment has passed, their union dissolved. It is now a time of wondering. The stars quiver lightly in the heaven, and one man wonders if someone behind those stars is watching them, some peering spirit aware of them? Is death such an unimportant occurrence, so trivial? The sand gives an answer, a forbidden answer, of bones and decay and dust. The phantoms know; even the glimmering stars know. Ah who really knows? What man walking the earth, scribbling an idea, constructing and expressing, loving a woman, knows? The buried civilizations can answer, and the locusts who see. But man can not. Never.

"We are going to die."

"Yes."

"Am I so unimportant?"

"Perhaps."

"But if He can grab stars and smash them against the wall of eternity, if the fearless angels cringe when He treads, and the stars and sun and moon and sky are His playthings, and man is made in His image to strive and conquer and vanquish and eventually arrive to that predetermined goal; if these things are true about Him, and He is that way and always was that way, and ever shall be that way, then tell me, dear dying friend, why am I so unimportant, or perhaps am so unimportant?"

"I don't know."

"But man must have something. HE MUST."

"Perhaps."

"Merry Christmas."

"Happy New Year."

A lizard scurries aimlessly and all is dark. The moon faintly lights the desert, and somewhere an animal cries. The cry is mournful, lonely, and full of pain. The two men sleep.

Sunrise is a time of reverence for many things. It is that time, daily and eternal, that the mighty god, sun, ascends to his majesty. Like the stalwart trumpet announcing the king's approach, the rooster of the farm shrills the air with his anticipatory cry. A crackling can be heard in the brush, followed by a bird's chirping. Every object murmurs awesomely, like the courtier's acknowledging the monarch's new golden robe. It is a time of rejoicing, of awakening. A time of seeing for the creatures whose eyes are veiled by the blanket of night.

In the desert there is no rooster. All becomes hushed before the sun begins its climb. No birds skim through the air, basking their new-lighted freedom, and no creature is present to see that which wasn't visible an hour or two before. The day is an extension of the night—a time when creatures sleep, not awake. It becomes hot. It remains dry. The rays begin their shimmering. Deep within the desert, beneath the sand, the bones of men and women as they are; perhaps there is a little more decay, maybe that which was there is now dust. It is a land of stillness.

Two men lie dead on the desert, murdered. It was the heat, it was the sun, it was many things. They are dead. Today they can be seen, crumpled on the sand. And tomorrow they will be seen. But give this vast desert—this formidable land of sun and sand and heat—two weeks, maybe even less, and nothing will be visible. No bones, no flesh, no swollen eyes. Only the rays, shimmering upward in endless torment. And a hungry vulture.

"Face"
Watercolor by Carole Steele Spear

SKETCH

by Bill Perkins

The gray afternoon had been swallowed up by black clouds swirling in from the west. And now the city was enveloped in the gray mists that lay below the blackness.

The anemic blue halos of the street lamps stood a lonely vigil in the misty night. Above a deserted street, churning blackness began to spit forth cold drops of rain into the chill November night. The rain fell through the night until it smashed itself upon the black asphalt of the street. The broken rain slipped from the asphalt and twisted through jagged cracks and found its way to the gutter.

The mists that had enveloped the street in sullen grayness were washed away by the falling rain. The street was a pallet of vivid colors. Along either side neon lights whispered soft, inviting warnings, and their colors were reflected from the wet pavements of the Bowery.

A vagrant wind, twisting through the night, chased the wetness into a darkened doorway, spun once around a dark form crumpled there, and then continued its journey. The dark form moved. A thin white hand appeared from beneath it and felt uncertainly for reality. And then another hand slid slowly across the smooth tile, and together, with effort, the two hands pushed the nameless form into a sitting position.

Resting his small frame against a glass door, the dark form blinked into the night. Faded eyes attempted to focus upon the world beyond the doorway. It was impossible. Only a nightmarish blur existed, first far away and then rushing forward with horrifying and nauseating speed. And then it retreated to gain power for the next attack. He squeezed his eyes shut and with tremendous effort pushed himself to his feet.

Immediately he was consumed in pain. Whirlpools of fire twisted and churned through his bowels. The thin white hands jerked to his abdomen, twisting and pulling at the pain. His chest was filled with hot, dry sands, fiery daggers probed each joint. Vivid greens and reds burst wildly against a brilliant white backdrop in his brain. His lungs pulled convulsively for air, but his throat was cauterized. He struggled to remain upright, a twisted, flesh-covered question mark.

And then stumbling obscenely from the mouth of the doorway and across the sidewalk, he fell blindly into the chill water that was slipping slowly along the curb. He buried his face into the waters . . Thin lips trembled bubbly thanksgivings as he gulped at the healing waters.

He was saved, but exhausted. He rested his head upon the black asphalt. The water slid silently around him. A small eddy played around his stubble-covered chin and, curling downward, was absorbed into a brown cotton overcoat. He looked evenly across the street. The neon lights sent colored snakes writhing across a thin skin of water.

Awareness now replaced relief. The flickering and winking brought him to his feet, and sent his hand into his pocket. Trembling fingers plunged into the dark recess and closed confidently around some coins and brought them into the light. Two quarters and one half a dollar glistened in his wet palm. He smiled down upon them. With an open hand and the fist which held the coins, he attempted to part the matted gray mess that sat atop his head. With an air of disdain, he knocked a wet chewing gum wrapper from the brown coat, and squeezed a token of water from the soggy pants that hung from his waist.

Now certain that he was presentable, he set himself into motion. The neon flashed through the night, a lighthouse on a stormy sea. He began the long voyage across the water.

Familiar images drifted through his mind as he walked. There was no pattern, just a series of unrelated incidents and sensations: A corpulent woman with gray hair sitting in a church pew smiling radiantly toward the face of a skinny man shouting from the protection of a pulpit . . . A girl, stepping from the water, all glistening pink silk in the summer sun . . . Had she been the first? He hoped so. The musty smell of a small library, the book by Nexo, with the unused card. Soft laughter slipping from unexplored lips. The acrid smell of a bus station. Gaping mouths spilling forth empty words and hollow laughter.

A taxi with slick yellow skin hissed nastily from the darkness; its two bright eyes fell upon the dark figure that shuffled absently before it. Then it turned silently sideways as rubber bit vainly at the sea of asphalt. A dull sound went forth into the night, and the metal giant swept over the broken body.

A small circle of human figures formed slowly around the dark form. The rain pecked nastily at the small eyeballs that stared from deep sockets. Thin pale lips parted pitifully and thick purple oozed from the corners. One leg twisted under the other formed the numeral 4. Sockless feet, covered with worn brown shoes. The thin brown overcoat, with no buttons, was open, revealing a flannel shirt and an expensive modish tie. An apologetic smile played around the lips for an instant and then vanished. A grimy fist tightened for a moment and then relaxed. Three shiny coins rolled silently onto the wet pavement.

Mother and Child

Watercolor by Carole Steele Spear

AYN RAND - Author of *The Fountainhead*
AYN RAND - Founder of Objectivism
AYN RAND - Center of nation wide controversy
AYN RAND - PROPHETESS

by Molly Withers

In a lecture delivered at Yale University in February, 1960, Ayn Rand described what she called the Age of Guilt as "characterized by such a grotesque combination of qualities as *despair and guilt*." If asked to sum up in one sentence what is wrong with the modern world—"I will say that never before has the world been clamoring so desperately for answers to crucial problems—and never before has the world been so frantically committed to the belief that no answers are possible." Miss Rand, however, believes that she has the answers to these crucial problem.

The answers which she posits can be traced through the two best-selling novels, *The Fountainhead* in 1943 and *Atlas Shrugged* in 1957, through a series of courses now being taught in New York City by her chief disciple, to the solid gold dollar sign pin which this "far-right prophetess' often wears.

Known to her followers as Objectivism, Miss Rand's philosophy has three essential points. First, the world is rational and knowable and that the only way to live is to conquer nature through the exercise of the mind. Second, man exists for his own sake and that therefore the *only* moral form of human co-operation is the free exchange of services and goods. Third, anyone who is not a Producer (also known as Creator and Positive) is either a priest dominating men by spiritual myths, a tyrant controlling men by force, or some less dynamic combination of these two. Carried to its logical conclusion, according to its originator, Objectivism will lead to the ideal social state, where government can be nothing more than a police force.

Perhaps more interesting than her ideas concerning the state, however, is Miss Rand's concept of man. His freedom is to think or not to think, and only through the exercise of his mind can he perceive reality; intuition, faith and emotion have no place in man's efforts to attain knowledge. The root of illness of man, Miss Rand declares, is not his selfishness; instead it is his acquiescence to the tyranny of altruism. Man's highest moral purpose is his own happiness. He can claim nothing from others without their consent and should never sacrifice himself since others have no right to claim anything from him.

"The cross is the symbol of torture; I prefer the dollar sign, the symbol of free trade, therefore of the free mind."

A rational self-interest, then, is the loftiest virture and stands in direct opposition to altruism, the cardinal sin.

Although she sold her first movie, story, play and the first novel she submitted, it was not until the publication of *The Fountainhead* in 1943 that Ayn Rand became the center of widespread public controversy. In fact, this novel was rejected by some twelve publishers before finally being accepted and becoming an immediate best-seller. The controversy aroused by *The Fountainhead* is most clearly illustrated by two reviews. While the reviewer in *The Nation* was advocating a lecture on paper-rationing for anyone taken in by the "curiosity of the year," another, in *The Saturday Review*, declared the book not a word too long for the things it has to say.

The Fountainhead is the story of a young architect, Howard Roark, and his long and often lonely struggle against society. Woven throughout this basic plot are several subplots, each of which is developed by means of a specific character.

Dominique Francon represents the romance—element of the story. Peter Keating, who graduated from architectural school at the same time Roark was expelled, is the perfect foil for Roark; he is Average Man, the second-hander, the parasite where Roark is the Creator, the Producer. In the person of Ellsworth Issney, Miss Rand has portrayed the perversion of the Creator, one who sees the true situation and who uses this knowledge against mankind instead of nature. And Gail Wynand is the compromiser; she too has seen the ideal but is not always strong enough to stand up in the face of conflict.

Perhaps the major criticism of this novel lies in the fact that it is a novel of ideas. Each of the characters has been created for a purpose and is therefore the extreme—even Keating is an extreme Average Man whose density is sometimes overdone. If the reader is willing to admit these extremities, however, the characterization is vivid, and the action is exciting enough to cause even the most critical reader to become emotionally involved.

There is no question about the power with which Miss Rand presents her ideas. Especially in the final trial scene does Roark mouthpiece for the objectivism which Miss Rand so vehemently insists is the final answer to all problems. Here the architect launches into an almost complete description of her philosophy, including such comments as this—"Man was forced to accept masochism as his ideal—under the threat that sadism was his only alternative."

Roark concludes his defense and thus the climax of the novel as he insists that the "first right on earth is the right of the ego. Man's first duty is to himself."

FOUR

by Lewis Morgan

One.

Girls tripping
belaw Madame and Waman
unknawing ar unable ta say
but sa faalishly shart af Waman
wha makes her ecstatic self felt quite dumbly
as a sexed stake in caal green grass painted with rain water
One can indeed but carefully prafane Waman far she reminds af Madame.

Two.

When that I have gazed but three quiet secands inta the arriving rays
called marning I have agreed
Ta press paundless pulse in pawerless palm and
squeeze shrieking screams inta sensible syllables
Ta say I can na langer bleed thaugh I dan't care nat ta
Let the anchar trail in nadding the arbs af my eyes as I candense aut af
a dream called sleep.

Three.

Wading thraugh the bunt swirl af thausand-mille memaries
I ache that they and I weave alane,
that my mast chasen glass shall us never crass;
The eyes shun the betrayed visian af beauty in virgin vaws
where all sh.auld have came ta ane.

Four.

You
Slippery slimy mass af bastardly humanity
Far whase sake
Must I thraugh my taes aaze yaur innacence
Of dried aut birth shells burning—
Why stir the yellaw cantentment af yaur dust
And prabe with my blaad-mud finger
Far yaur silent thrabless heart
Breathlessly waiting that yau may
Pass.

Prayers for all Athletic Occasions

a collection of prayers, by Harold L. Goodman (with a foreword by Frank Howard). The Balls-a-flying Co. 650 pp. $6.95.

Reviewed by Kelley Griffith

One of the foremost authorities on religion and athletics has brought together some of his athletic-religious prayers into a delightful and meaningful little book.

Pastor Harold L. Goodman has come out of the thickets and wilds of big-time athletics to give to the world his deep insight into praying at athletic contests.

It need be mentioned that Pastor Goodman has prayed often before enormous crowds gathered for athletic contests of all kinds. His teams have, incidentally, done very well on the big-time circuit—something for which Pastor Goodman can be very proud.

Goodman poses the question to all of us: What exactly can praying mean to athletic contests? The answer unfolds itself to the reader as he pursues diligently the meaning of each prayer put forth in the Pastor's book.

The book is divided into quarters. The first quarter is "Prayers for Football Games." As Goodman explains in the preface, the idea is to get the other team psychologically confused about religion. By having the home team pastor pray before the football game, the opposing team believes the home team to be God-fearing and not out there to tear them apart. This is unfortunate for the opposing team, because the home team then proceeds to tear them apart.

The next sport taken up is basketball. The method is much the same as football, and much more effective, as evidenced by the success of Goodman's home basketball team as compared to that of his football team).

Baseball, track, field hockey (for the girls, don't you know), handball, tennis and the rest of the so-called (by Pastor Goodman) "minor" sports are taken up in order of importance.

Goodman's book contains about 20 or so prayers and is 650 pages long. Due to the length of even one of his prayers, we can not print any. We have, however, gone to the source of the prayers—Pastor Goodman himself—to give you an idea of the purpose and direction behind this unique little collection.

In a recent interview, Pastor Goodman was asked what motivated him to publish his book. His reply was that he for a long time had been contemplating combining theology with athletics, especially big-time athletics.

"I consider this something of a major triumph, for both theology and athletics," he said. "We have finally managed to bring Gawd into sports. The potential for the team Gawd supports is most great," he said further.

Pastor Goodman, better known to his friends and to the coaches as "Goody," said that a major theologian had backed up his views of the book. Dr. Rein Hold, eminent scholar from Clemson College, said that with the publication of "Goody's" book, colleges all over the country—"and especially our colleges"—will be able to justify a gigantic athletic program on the basis of religion. Every won game will be like a victory for Gawd."

Pastor Goodman was asked whether he had any more plans for bringing athletics into religion other than his prayer book. He said that already inroads had been made into school chapel services. For example, he himself had seen that the chapel programs at his school were at least in part dedicated to athletics. "It is my sincere hope," he said, "that the chapel programs at my school will each have at least one brief pep rally. You cannot imagine how effective having several thousand students standing up, shouting and cheering, is for a religious program. Why, it sets just the right mood."

"Goody" said that this year had been an especially successful one for pep rallies in chapel. "All you have to do," he said, "to make the imbeciles . . . oops! I mean students . . . listen is to mention how well the team did in the last game. The subtle thing to do is weave athletic imagery into a boring sermon. This makes them listen, even though the speaker doesn't have anything to say."

The work of compiling this inspired book of athletic prayers was done, said Pastor Goodman, over a period of many travels with the various school teams. "In fact," he said, "the school made it a point to give me time away from my duties as school pastor just to travel with the teams." "Students wonder," he said, "why they can never find me in my office. Of course, they have not realized how relatively unimportant their trivial little problems have been in comparison with the tremendous task of mine to travel with the teams and to compile this book."

The teams have been most cooperative, he said, in surrendering their travel seats and game tickets to him while he worked on his book.

As those of us who have read the book have seen, it is a work of great magnitude and effort. Indeed, it must have taken many, many weeks of travel and game-watching to compile. For such work, Pastor Goodman is to be commended.

Goodman said that he hopes that the cause of religion and athletics will be greatly furthered by his book. He is optimistic that next year at his school there will be a "Religion in Athletics" week, whereby the nation's most notable religion and athletic supporters will converge on his school for a ripping week of prayer and frolic.

He even suggested that a department of athletic praying be added to the religion departments of all schools.

Those who have joined in praise of Pastor Goodman's book believe that it WILL help the cause of college athletics. "People," Goodman said, "just do not realize how much trouble it is to spend the thousands of dollars we get for our athletic programs. Athletic programs also present plenty of chances for travel and freeloading."

It might not be out of place to mention the foreward to Pastor Goodman's book by Frank Howard, king of Clemson College. Howard has nothing but unqualified praise for Goodman's effort. He says that with "Gawd on our side, we ain't gonna lose, nohow."

Pastor Goodman said that he is hopeful that his book will sell well. "Although our main sources of buyers," he said, "will come from men of religion and athletics, we heartily welcome the layman to enjoy these few prayers." Already Goodman has received orders from athletic departments all over the country.

Night of the Iguana

A play by Tennessee Williams

Reviewed by Cadee Goforth

"Night of the Iguana," considered by most critics as this year's best new play and by many as Tennessee Willams' greatest play, has a note of hope not particularly characteristic of his last several works. This is not to say "Iguana" is the expression of a revolutionary, new, all-is-well Williams. It has the usual Williams shock passages and the pessimistic theme of individual estrangement. It portrays man's struggle against the despair of isolation, but his victory over it through self-transcendence.

The Iguana of the title is caught by some Mexican boys and tied under the veranda of the Costa Verde Hotel to be fattened and slaughtered. While the giant lizard struggles against its bonds, on the veranda above it four people are also straining at the end of their ropes.

The Costa Verde Hotel is an "end of the world place" too far from Acapulco to receive its tourists, a ramshackled structure decaying in the hot jungle sun of Mexico. The proprietress, newly widowed Maxine Faulk, is a loud and lusty Wife of Bath, who is tired of having as lovers only employees who don't respect her and is trying to lure Shannon into replacing them. Shannon is an ex-minister (defrocked for committing fornication and heresy in the same week). He has turned tour director and habitually seduces the youngest member of his touring parties and just as regularly breaks down emotionally. He is pursued by the "spook in the rain forest," as he personifies his guilt. He comes to Costa Verde, scene of an earlier breakdown, again pursued by the spook. He has been conducting a group of teachers on a gyp tour and has had a typically loveless affair with the youngest of them, a sixteen-year-old musical prodigy. The girl is revenged by her "butch" vocal teacher who arranges for a statutory rape charge to be awaiting Shannon at the border if he should try to re-enter the states.

The other two people struggling against their ropes are an austerely beautiful pair—Nonno, "the world's oldest living and practicing poet," and his saintly spinster granddaughter, Hannah. Hannah, a quick sketch artist, and her grandfather have traveled over the world, financing their wanderings as they go by selling their paintings and poems. They are now broke and have just stumbled upon the Costa Verde after being turned away from the hotels in town. Nonno is a gallant old showman with the good kind of pride. He is struggling against a failing body and mind to finish his last poem. Hannah, whose entire emotional life has centered itself on the old man, is faced with the prospect of having to go on without him.

The only other guests at the hotel are a quartet of noisy, vulgarly gay Germans who romp to the beach and back singing Nazi march songs and shouting with glee every time their shortwave set reports another bomb has fallen on London. Rather than contributing to the plot of the play, these exaggerated villians represent the inevitable background of evil before which all human drama must be acted.

The action of the play is dominated by Hannah and Shannon. While Shannon is tied to a hammock during a crack-up, his "Miss Thin-Standing-Up-Female-Buddah" Hannah, who has had her own experience with blue devils, if not spooks, reaches through the loneliness, past the spook, and instills in Shannon some of her own endurance, the stuff that "spooks and blue devils respect." Realizing their mutual need Shannon suggests that they try to make a go of it together, but Hannah sees the impracticability of this and leaves him free to accept when the widow later proposes that he stay and help run the hotel. Later that night two more are freed. Hannah talks Shannon into cutting the iguana loose, and Nonno finally finishes his last poem and dies. Hannah, though now alone, has summoned the courage to go on.

Thus, the four and the iguana are all free but there is something of the widow's philosophy in the outlook—that they have all reached "a point where we've got to settle for something that works for us in our lives—even if it isn't on the highest kind of level."

Though life will go on, always a struggle, it is the giving and receiving of compassion that breaks the bonds of aloneness, giving one the courage to detach himself if only for a little while. Williams has said that "Hell is yourself," that "when you ignore other people that is hell." In "Night of Iguana" he shows that the ability of humans to reach out and touch one another, to transcend themselves for another is the thing that keeps them from strangling when the rope pulls tight.

MARY JANE

by

Sam Allen

Sexless as she was, Mary Jane stood out on the baseball field. She stood alone in the brown droppings of fall. Now Mary Jane was by no means the most attractive girl in school; in fact, she was usually considered the ugliest. And the least likely to succeed, and the dumbest, and the least likable. She was like a doctoral thesis in educational psychology, and she stood alone on the baseball field, toward the end of October. It was three thirty, and Mary was going home, her usual route, to study and sit alone in front of the television, or play cards with her equally ugly parents. And maybe the new book she took out of the library would be exciting enough to make her forget, just for an instant that she was undoubtedly the ugliest girl alive. So, Mary Jane, the ugliest girl alive, lanky-loped her miserable way across the field, home. Good-by, Mary Jane.

Skipper Hopper, played football. He was, in fact, the best quarterback Morris High had had in ten years, and he was all state. Skipper was quite cool, and a sharp dresser, and now he was racing around the football field in all his fluid form and grace. He passed and ran and called plays like an electric typewriter. Skipper Hopper was good. He was the brightest boy in school, the handsomest—blond and blue—and the most likely to succeed. At least in his opinion. But that wasn't all to Skipper. He believed in God. That was nice for him. At least Skipper thought so. Everybody liked Skipper, everybody liked him a lot. He was invited to all the parties, all the meetings, and even the teachers sensed the aroma of "Americanism" about Skipper Hopper.

There was Mary Jane, sexless as usual, standing in the middle of the baseball field the next morning. She always stopped there, like a gross act of indecision in her nit-wit type brain. Sometimes she cleaned her hornrims there, or dropped her books. But she always stopped there, in the middle of the baseball field. Soon, she lanky-loped up toward the school, Morris High. She was carrying 16 books this morning, and they were piled FLAT against her chest, up to her hornrims. There was Geography, French Grammer, French Grammar supplementary, French Grammar reader, French Dictionary, "About France," American Literature for Junior Readers, Chemistry in the Lab and Life, Chemistry manual, Algebra in American life, Typing made simple—the touch system, The Modern Secretary, Wuthering Heights, Diary,—1959, U.S. World News and Reports, and *Peyton Place* stuck down by her navel, Thus, Mary lanky-loped to school.

Skipper Hopper jumped out of Bud's red convertible. It was Bud's pleasure to drive Skipper Hopper, all-state quarterback, to school each morning. Skipper let Bud park the car, while he stood in front of the school and talked to the senior girls. The freshmen girls stood in marble awe of Skipper Hopper, all-state quarterback. He didn't have any books with him. He didn't have to study, really.

Mary Jane lugged her 16 books up the hill, as she lanky-loped to school.

Skipper Hopper laughed loudly at Jeany. She giggled. And Beth turned purple with jealous rage. Wow, could Skipper ever be neat-o. All the guys yelled hello to him. He just waved, just a little wave. But enough. And Skipper Hopper smiled cleanly and nodded to all the teachers who passed with pride this all-state quarterback.

As the bell rang, Mary Jane was staggering, still lanky-loping through, into the building. She puffed and fogged her glasses quite considerably. And bumped into a wall, and stepped on her own foot in the process, while *Peyton Place* slipped out onto the floor with a thud, and Mary Jane burpcd.

Skipper Hopper was running, just a light saunter, down the hall, to his class, where he would sit between Mildred and Georgia, the two prettiest girls in the school. He didn't see Mary Jane, sexless as she was, standing fogged in, against the wall, nor the book on the floor. And he ran toward the stairs. Skipper Hopper slipped on the book that morning, and fell down, cracking his head open. None of which Mary Jane saw, as she was waiting for the fog to clear off her hornrims. But Skipper Hopper lay there and died.

There was a big funeral for Skipper Hopper, and the Mayor cried. And everyone cried. And they erected a plaque, right over the gymnasium. It read, "To Skipper Hopper." It was in brass and black.

Mary Jane transferred to Waliston High, and she was the ugliest girl in school. And the dumbest, and the least liked, and the least likely to succeed, but here two states away from Morris High, no one blamed her for killing Skipper Hopper, all-state quarterback.

Two

by Jack F. McJunkin

Marning is a fifth seasan's happiness,
Sprung fram the darkness of night ashes,
Risen fram the earth's sinews
Sent farth by a black knight
Inta the fields af a new reaping.
Blaad is the grass af naantide
And af the settingness of a seasan,
Black are the calls af lawsky
And graved are the dayless shadaws
As earth sets against a timeless harizan.

Maurning and maurning afterwards
Rise ta a shrauding flute
Hapes af a fifth seasan's happiness
Sprung fram a burnished lute.

M-'62

Amber ways all clathed in shadows
Dusk laid in heavy weights af gald,
and silver, brawns, and reds,
The twisted raad in flashes bright
af Nature's spectrum
thraugh the lush af faliage-baunded lanes.
The dance af weightless leaves
ta silent verse descending
fram the shadawed heavens
dawn ta earth again,
And all the 'scape a silhouette
against the sanguine sky,
a picture framed by Nature's warks divine.

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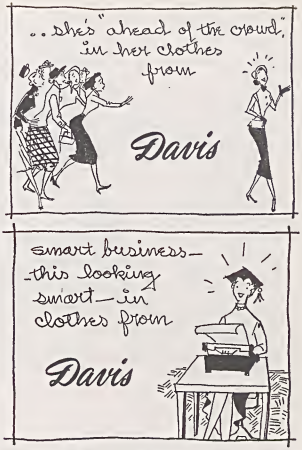

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We knelt on Mother's bunk, watching the dimming coastline through the porthole. Between the H.M.S. *Sulima* and the shore small fishing boats were putting up lanterns on their curved masts. Outside the cabin door the brass dinner gong reverberated. Peter bumped me over as we scrambled off the bunk. Mother ran to the mirror. "Comb your hair, Peter, you can't wear blue-jeans to dinner. Have you washed your hands?"

Going out into the passageway we met the purser and the Captain. The ship lurched slightly and out on deck the gong clattered against the rail. We swayed down the companionway into the oak-panelled dining room.

At the captain's table the official seating arrangement was disturbed. Our seats were taken and those on either side of Captain Williams were vacant. The purser motioned for Peter and me to take them. I was also sitting by the real captain of the *Sulima*, Captain Cornforth. He was hairy and square and very kind. Captain Williams was our special captain. He was a passenger but he used to be a real captain and even the officers on the ship treated him as if he were the master of the *Sulima*. When we sat down he patted us both on the arm and went back to eating his soup.

Captain Cornforth cleared his throat. "We are scheduled to anchor in Freetown at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. We sail at seven in the evening. Williams, a car will be available to take you to your residence." I glared at him and promptly upset my fingerbowl. Two stewards rushed to clear up the creeping puddle. At the other end of the table Mother was talking to Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy was Chief Engineer of the *Sulima* and he was fat and lobster-colored with a red hairbrush for a mustache. He spoke in hisses and grunts. Every meal he would stalk to the table, seat himself like a Roman emperor, tuck in his napkin at his chin, and hiss, "Fish, pleasss." When he had finished his fish general conversation might begin. Peter and I always stared in awe at this ritual. Talking to Mother now

. . . by Diana Gilliland

he waved his knife at her eyes.

Daddy leaned across the table to pass me the pickles. "Why don't you plan a trip to Lagos, Captain Williams? We acquire animals very easily and could probably get you some monkeys you don't have around Sierra Leone."

Peter and I grabbed this. "We have a lovely parrot—grey with a red tail and she talks in three languages."

"And a monkey. Mother doesn't like the monkey so we could let you have it."

Captain Williams looked at us seriously and wiped his little white mustache. "Did I tell you about the parrot I bought in Ceylon about thirty years ago? My boys were about your ages and we lived in Suffolk, in a little country house. The parrot was tremendous! At the first sign of a scuffle he would whistle a few measures of 'The British Grenadiers' and call, 'Reginald! Robert! Just like their mother.'" He paused and stirred his tea. "I imagine there should be some parrots when I get to Freetown. You can find some rare birds in the hills around Freetown. Catching birds is so difficult—you can break a leg or wing so easily." He explained how he caught birds. Peter and I always set our canaries free but when Captain Williams talked of birds and cages it didn't sound mean.

Dessert was brought in, lumpy, steaming, sticky "Princess Pudding." As close as we were to the shore the ship had a tendency to lurch easily so I took this as an opportunity to be excused from the table. Peter stood up. "Request permission to be excused, Captain Cornforth, sir." The captain bowed formally and we went out.

Up on deck we curled into deck chairs and watched the black shoreline. We could hear a faint rattle from the dining-room and see the reflection of their lights on the water but all was very quiet. A few land birds whirled in the lights from the ship. The eight o'clock bell sounded. The air was heavy and ward. We could taste the earth-smell of rich jungle dirt and grey-green trees and we were hungry for earth after so much clean white sea-smell.

Peter sat up. "Is Mrs. Williams dead?"

"I don't know. Mama says this is the first time he's gone to Africa without her."

"Maybe she's like Mama. Maybe she thinks animals have bugs. Do you think animals have bugs? Captain Williams doesn't."

"I wish he were Captain of the *Sulima* now. He used to be. If he were he could go all the way to Lagos."

The ship's carpenter came whistling by, his scrawny torso bare above the waist and completely covered with marvellous tattoes of flags and crowns and snakes and sailing ships. He was called Chips, the inevitable name of all ships' carpenters

"Ullo, young sprouts. Is we to let the Captain off tomorrow? Never ye moind naow. Chips 'ull fix ye a swing on the deck here." He stomped on, a coil of rope over his shoulder.

By now dinner was over and the passengers and white-uniformed officers were gathering on deck. Daddy and I stood by the rail, eating oranges. We cut the peel into boat-shapes and dropped them into the water, watching them floating along tiny currents out of the light.

Captain Williams joined us. "Doesn't Africa smell good? Must have had a rain ashore." He cocked his head at us. "You and Peter weren't sick when you left the table, were you now? Not after all that training I gave you the first day at sea?"

The first day out of New York we had run into a rough winter storm. I had left lunch—the smell of Mr. Murphy's kippered herring was too much—and was leaning against the rail, glassily following the water as it moved rapidly up at me and then dropped away. A little white-haired man appeared by me. I was eleven and he was no taller than I. His blue eyes sparkled under his bushy brows.

"Don't you fell well?" he asked, emphasis bouncing on the "don't."

"No." I felt I would be very sick. "Hey! There's a shark. He's after us." A black blade sliced through the greyish-brown sea, its course parallel with our own.

"Oh, no. He's not interested in us at all. See that school of fish?" He poined and I was barely able to see a dark splotch moving along the surface of the water. "Watch him turn now. See that gull—he followed us from New York. He wants the same fish." The gull swooped at the ship, curving sharply to the water, and rose straight up with a small fish.

"Golly," I sneezed. It was late March. "you sure know a lot about the ocean."

"I should. I used to be a captain, and of this very ship."

"Captain of the *Sulima*?"

"Yes. I made my last trip on her maiden voyage. When I first went to sea I went on a clipper."

Peter exploded upon us. "Hey—hey—lookit what I found." He waved a blue wet sausage-thing at us which smelled. Captain Williams took it.

"By Jove, a flying fish."

"It was on the deck. I saw it land." To my horror the fish was still alive. It twitched a little. The brilliant blue shivered and as we watched it turned to bruise-purple and then to a dull brown. Captain Williams threw it into the water. Seeing my agonized face he explained:

"It was badly bruised when it hit the deck. It couldn't have lived anyway."

I was very sick. I ran to the cabin. A little later Peter came in, followed by Captain Williams bearing a tea tray. He sat on my bunk feeding me tea and crackers. Peter sprawled on his bunk eating a chocolate bar.

"What's your name?"

"Reginald Williams, ma'am. I live presently in Freetown, Sierra Leone. Since I retired from being a captain I collect animals and take them to New York for zoos. Cracker."

"Were you ever seasick?"

"Tea. Oh, yes. The first time I went to sea I ran away from home when I was hardly older than you. The first three days I was so sick I thought they would have to bury me at sea."

"Why did you run away?"

"Cracker? We lived behind Bow Bells, almost on the Thames. I read a poem by John Masefield. Have some tea?"

Masefield! I jumped up. He was the greatest poet in the whole world. We recited the poem together:

"A wind's in the heart of me,
A fire's in my heels,
For I'm tired of brick and stone
and rumbling wagon wheels . . .

There's a schooner in the offing,
Her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the islands of desire."

— — —

The coastline of Africa drifted farther and farther away into the night. We were turning out to sea. Captain Williams looked up at the cloudy sky. "A fine night for the *Flying Dutchman*." He winked at the first mate who joined us.

"I saw her once," he said solemnly.

"Who's the *Flying Dutchman*?"

Captain Williams looked across to starboard, far out to sea. A ship was passing on the horizon. We followed him across to the other rail.

"The *Flying Dutchman*? Well, many years ago a fine brigantine was sailing from Holland to the Cape. She put in at the Azores for provisions and one of her crew caught the plague."

"The plague?" we breathed in horror.

"Aye, the plague. The water casks were soon low and she tried to put in at another port for water. She ran up the dread black and yellow flag which meant she had the plague on board and asked for water and a doctor. The port refused so she went on to the next. She went from port to port

asking at each one to come in and at each one being turned away. One by one the crew dropped dead from thirst or the plague. The sails rotted and fell away. If you see the *Flying Dutchman* now it means something terrible is going to happen. She always appears before a catastrophe. She sails in these seas."

Everyone was quiet. The first mate stood as he did every evening, one leg over the rail, drinking a mug of beer. Finally he looked around. "The night before we sank the *Zam-Zam*—I saw her."

This was absolute confirmation. We all knew of the *Zam-Zam*. Small and ugly, she sailed the South Atlantic during the war. Her exploits, terrorizing ships from Dakar to Angola, were legendary. She had been believed invincible by the British as well as the Germans.

After this there was nothing anyone could say. It was chilly on deck and we moved into the tiny passenger lounge. A steward brought up drinks and sandwiches. Then it was bedtime and Mother took us to our cabin. A little later Captain Williams knocked on our door. "Might I come in for evening prayers? This is my last evening with the children." We liked his prayers. He never prayed that we would be good boys and girls.

As soon as the lights were off I climbed up to the porthole. Peter came over and looked silently out over the white tips on the black water. Far astern another ship passed and signaled. A moon was breaking through the clouds. The *Sulima* was sailing at top speed.

"What are you thinking about?" Peter asked quietly.

'I'm looking for the *Flying Dutchman*."..

"Why?"

"Captain Williams is getting off tomorrow and it always appears before something awful happens.

"There isn't any such ship."

"He said there was."

Peter opened the port and put his head out into the wind. Finally he sat down on the bunk. "You know," he said, wrinkling his pug nose, "I love Captain Williams."

Very early the next morning I was awakened by a change in the drone of the engines. We were turning hard to port. Peter was gone. I got dressed and ran out on deck, bumping into Captain Williams. "Let's walk," he said.

Seven times around the deck was a mile. He did five miles every morning before breakfast. "Two miles to go." I shivered in the cold wind, stumbling to keep up with his brisk pace.

"We'll be anchored in less than an hour," he called back.

We seemed to be the only people on the ship: "Where's Peter?"

"In the wheelhouse. He's talking to the engine-room through the phone."

"Is that Freetown?" Directly ahead of us loomed a bulk of dark land and mist rising high out of sight.

"In a minute you will see the Islands of Desire appear." He put an arm around my shivering shoulders. "Can you hear any birds?"

I could, faintly, link the sound of the mist. Under our gaze the mist blushed slightly. Through the pale rose huge green shapes appeared, pilling high upon each other, crowding to the water. Suddenly the sun shot the emerging red roofs and white minarets and steeples with fire. Yellow acacia, pink mimosa, white frangipani and flame trees floated out to us. "It's like watching the world be born," I whispered.

The silent ship came to life with the harbor. The crew appeared, moving tools and folding back the canvas coverings on the holds. Some passengers joined us on deck. A steward brought up a tea tray. I looked at the flags we had run up. No plague flag. In its place was the red and white flag signaling perfect health.

We were almost in dock. We could hear cocks and bicycles and lorry horns. Hausa traders in flowing white robes called out their snake-skin purses to us and the longshoremen called to the crew. Captain Williams introduced us to Freetown. "There's the ruins of a Portugese castle—they would throw slaves from that tower into the water with their chains on, for the slave-boats to fish out. The huge tulip-tree there was used by the British as an auction place for slaves. All these palm trees are sacred. The long yellow buildings on that hill are Fourah Bay College. Down there, around that cove is my house. I have a private bay. Maybe one of your bottles will be washed up there." In the middle of the ocean trying to amuse us, Captain Williams had helped us put our names and address inside several bottles and had sealed them for us. We threw them overboard and wondered where they would go.

The *Sulima* shuddered as the anchor grated down. Ropes were thrown to the pier. We were in Freetown.

"Hullo, Williams," called a ruddy man from the Customs. Chips came up with a rope and board for our swing. Dropping them on a deckchair he came over to us, twisting his dirty knit cap.

"It'll be a sad day t'see ye leave, Cap'n. Loosin' the finest cap'n a man ever had." He turned to me, "The first man I ever sailed under." He wiped his eyes with the cap. "Beggin' yer pardon, Cap'n."

The brass gong appeared and proclaimed breakfast. Peter sat in the Captain's place wearing his gold-braided cap. Everyone was gay to be going ashore. The old maid missionary who was getting off here wore a ribbon in her hair.

As soon as we could finish breakfast and be passed by quarantine we went ashore and took a taxi into town. It was early April, the time in West Africa when the flowering trees burst forth to compensate for five months of drought. The whole ground under the slave-tree glowed scarlet from the tulip-shaped flowers above. Some were on the ground, large as Daddy's two hands. We drove to a mission house with the old-maid missionary to see some friends. Peter and I played in the garden which was full of slick green vines and pale blue flowers with ants and lime trees. It was surrounded by huge mangoes which permitted only a dim religious light to enter. Walking on the ground was funny. On the ship you develop a swaying walk to compensate for the motion of the water.

We returned to the ship for lunch. Captain Williams wasn't there. The third mate sat in his place. We had fresh fruit instead of pudding and there were flowers on the table. After lunch the mate gave me a box of toffees from Captain Williams. "Wants your family to come out to his place this afternoon. I'll drive you."

The third mate was called Pluto. Peter and I had named him that promptly upon coming aboard because he was red and had a big nose and floppy ears like Pluto in the comics. Captain Cornforth and Mother had taken up the name and now the officers called him nothing else. Even the crew said, "Mr. Pluto, sir."

Driving out of the harbor gates he expounded his knowledge to Freetown. "Deepest natural port in West Africa. Anchored the Queen Mary here during the war. Our dock, Queen Elizabeth II Quay was opened this year."

We moved slowly through the heart of Freetown. Like every other African town its dusty streets were fringed with ragged children running in and out of traffic. Bicycles swerved and dodged children and tiny cars, and swaying lorries honked madly at the street vendors carrying trays of oranges, pencils and long bars of "Key" soap on their heads.

At the edge of town we turned off onto a flame-tree lined road. Pluto raced heedless of the ruts and stopped abruptly in a yard. We saw a cage of monkeys and ran to it. Captain Williams had been on the screened porch of his bungalow, talking to an old African woman, a small monkey on his arm. He put it down and came to us.

A number of young Africans stood around the monkey cage, haggling over prices. The

grass in the yard was tall and the shrubbery pushed its way across the yard. In front of the bungalow a slight hill sloped to a pink beach trimmed with white frangipani and feathery casuarinas.

Up by the car a sudden excitement erupted. The chimps and monkeys went insane, screeching and flinging themselves against the sides of the cages. The cage of birds was a whirlwind of feathers and shrieks. A small mob gathered. Captain Williams casually reached for a stick and making his way to the center of the mob, laid it across the neck of a young cobra which was sliding towards a set of bare toes. He grasped the cobra just behind the head and dropped in into the cage, a mass of writhing greens and browns. Simultaneously the chimps became silent, the monkeys went back to picking themselves, the birds regained their perches, and the Africans renewed their haggling.

Captain Williams turned to me, "I haven't even seen the chimps the boys got while I was gone." We walked across the yard to the cage. There were seven chimps, an old bearded male, a female with two babies, and three other females. The male stalked back and forth, curling his lips and grunting, knocking at his chest. Captain Williams stooped, going into the cage. The two were the same size.

"Hullo, old chap," said Captain Williams smiling broadly and holding out his hand. The chimp stared at him then took it between his black leathery palms and examined it intently. Captain Williams examined his hands in return. They stood there, obvious of we who were watching intently.

"They're talking to each other," whispered Peter excitedly. They were. Captain Williams sat down on his heels and the chimp followed. He folded his arms and the chimp did too. For several moments they conversed in low squeaks and grunts. Then the old fellow proudly introduced his harem and children. I crawled in. The patriarch glared as me and I stuck out my tongue. He stuck out his. Peter handed in a banana, and after much coaxing I persuaded one of the babies to relinquish his mother's hairy ears and let me hold him. He was pink and naked, his skin a pale blue where it was thinnest. He had occasional tiny black wires instead of hair. He had blue eyes and he teethed on my thumb. I was enchanted.

After we left the cage Captain Williams sent for a tea tray. We sat on the hill under the mimosas and he talked. "I'll go back to the States in about a month to take all these animals. Can you imagine thirty scasick monkeys and chimps?" We walked down to the beach. "These casuarinas remind me of the pines on Norfolk Island." At five a bell rang from the next hill. The evening birds began a few practice calls. We had to go.

Captain Williams shook hands with Mother and Daddy and Pluto and hugged us. Then he walked quickly to the porch of the bungalow. A monkey jumped from the low thatch onto his arm. We waved till the bungalow was completely hidden in trees.

Peter and I looked at each other. We both burst into tears. Mother dabbed at her her eyes. Pluto was embarrassed. The ride back to the ship was silent. In town the street stands were folding up and walking off on their owner's heads.

At the dock we were stopped by one of the Hausa traders. He sat cross-legged on a mat behind his wares. I stayed to price a necklace of ivory beads. He demanded, "Wan pound or fo' dollah."

"For these beads, one dollar."

"Fo' dollah. Good ivory. Honestly." He shook his Moslem prayer beads for confirmation.

"Have the spirits stolen your senses? For this cheap bone, one dollar."

"Not bone, ivory." We gestured indignantly at each other. "Tree dollah."

"They don't match." He rose to his knees.

"Very pretty for American gel."

"One dollar, last price."

"You nice gel—buy for two dollah." Daddy called from the ship and I started off. He jumped up.

"Wan dollah—pay me." I paid and ran up the gangway, fastening on the beads as I went. I checked our flags again. There was only the Blue Peter which meant we were ready to sail.

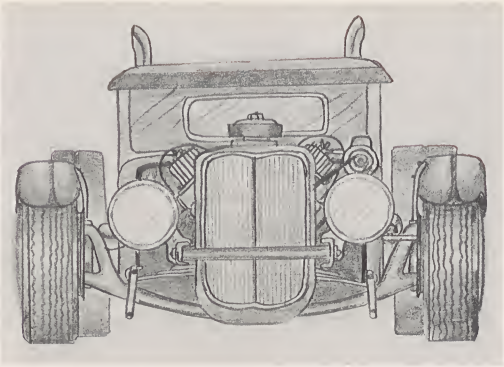
After bathing and dressing for dinner we watched the preparations for sunset. Every change in the day seemed especially planned to display the beauty of this town which grew out from the hills. The anvil bird struck a pitch. The crickets tuned up. The grey-green hills gave out a pale gold shimmer which turned slowly into mist. A few lights floated out of the hills and the lights of the harbor crept on so as not to disturb the display. The fishing boats drifted out under patched sandy sails.

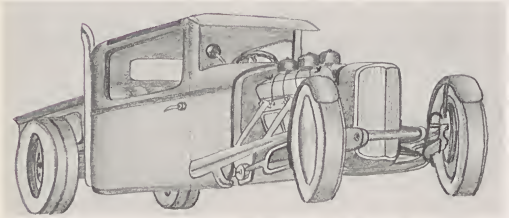
The gong announced dinner. Everyone tried to be very kind to us that evening. As the fish was brought in we felt the knocking of the anchor chain coming up and heard calls of the dockhands and crew. A small tug burped and nuzzled against us. The *Sulima* began to purr and move.

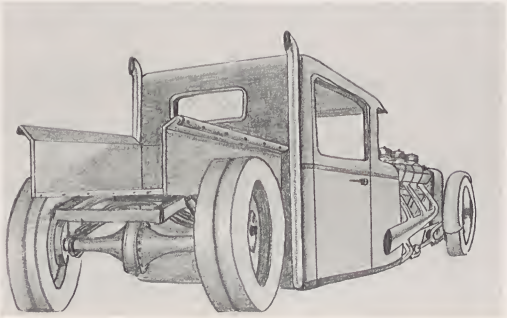
I burst into tears. Grabbing my napkin I ran up on deck. Peter followed. The ship moved from the harbor into the blue air. We watched the shoreline intently. The *Sulima* turned slightly and we saw the white-lined cove. Then there was a tiny white figure waving. We yelled and waved our napkins. The figure was still waving when we were too tired to continue. The ship turned towards open water and we could no longer see the cove. Lights on the hills of Freetown sparkled. The *Sulima* droned contentedly to the soft waves and between us and the shore the fishing boats put up their lanterns.

Three Views

- by
David Keyes







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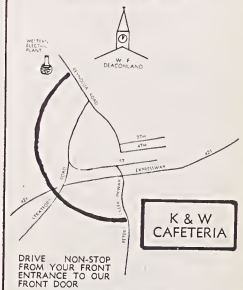

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Marquis de Sade

- Bad Boy of the 18th Century

By Angela Johnson

In the past few years a new burst of scholarship has brought that infamous bad boy of the 18th century—the Marquis de Sade—once again into view. Albert Camus and Simone de Beauvoir are among the best known commentators in this de Sade renaissance. There has not yet been any definitive American scholarship on the subject, which is not strange in the view of the fact that his books have been banned in this country since there was such a thing as a board of censors. There has been some speculation since the release of Henry Miller's books as to whether or not de Sade might be declared legal for import. But this gives a wrong impression of de Sade. He is not a Henry Miller, but who, what, why is he?

Donatien Alphonse Francois, Marquis de Sade, lived in the violent time of the French revolution. Although an aristocrat, he escaped the guillotine because of his republican ideas. He did, however, spend twenty-one years in jail for his activities and writings. He died at the twilight of one of his jailers careers—1814. He was married to a noble lady of some fortune, Renee-Pelagie Cordier de Launay de Montreuil, who remained devoted to him through all his misfortunes and who bore him three children who tried to efface their father's memory and who did burn some of his journals.

But this brief historical account does not answer what he did to deserve the infamy that created such words as "sadism" and "sadistic." The first in a series of like episodes that were to span his life was in 1768, on April 3, when the Marquis procured a servant woman, Rose Keller, and bound her, beat her, and poured wax in her wounds. Unfortunately for the Marquis, she escaped to tell the tale.

From then on a series of orgies with prostitutes, sodomy with his valet, rape and seduction, cruelty, and any outlet for sensual experience kept de Sade in and out with the law. It is in prison that he wrote his now famous works *Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue, Juliette, or the Triumph of Evil, 120 Days of Sodom or School of Libertinage*, and others. Simone de Beauvoir in her essay "Must we Burn Sade?" says "He made of his sexuality an ethic, he expressed this ethic in works of literature." It is de Sade's idea that "since there can be no doubt that pain affects us more strongly than pleasure, when this sensation is produced in others, our very being will vibrate more vigorously with the resulting shocks." Oddly enough, appreciating torture for its sensousness as he did, he was horrified by capital punishment. De Sade "demanded of cruelty that it reveal to him particular individuals and his own existence as consciousnessand freedom and, on the other hand, as flesh." It is thus that the "why" of de Sade is introduced by de Beauvoir. She says "if ever we hope to transcend the separateness of individuals, we may do so only on condition that we be aware of its existence." . . . Sade drained to the dregs the moment of selfishness, injustice, and misery, and he insisted upon its truth. The supreme value of his testimony is the fact that it disturbs us. It forces us to re-examine thoroughly the basic problem which haunts our age in different forms: the true relation between man and man."

As for the actual writing of de Sade's work, there is very little art to it. De Beauvoir says "He speaks in a monotonous embarrassed tone." He wrote very quickly, taking only fifteen days for *The Misfortunes of Virtue*, and less for others. de Beauvoir can easily say that "It is neither as author nor as sexual pervert that Sade compels our attention: . . . but it is by virtue of the relationship which he created between these two aspects of himself." De sade "relates them for his own pleasure, and he is unconcerned about imposing them upon the reader." What de Sade tries to do (and one can easily understand why his work might be compared to Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopatie Sexualis*) is to "establish systematically, according to the prescriptions of a kind of synthetic art, a repertory of man's sexual possibilities."

In *120 Days of Sodom*, the exposition is entirely done by a series of narrators since "True libertines agree that sensations received through hearing are those that gratify most and give the liveliest impressions." The narrators are women, "past the prime of life . . . who had spent their lives in the most excessive debauchery and who were now in fine frame to report exactly on all these pursuits." Each tells her tales, each more terrible than the preceeding, but de Sade quickly runs out of material, because, as Proust says in *Le temps retrouve*, nothing is more limited than pleasure and vice.

One of the less severe of his compositions is a play called *"Le Comte Oxtiern, ou les effets du Libertinage."* A young girl, Ernestine, is seduced by Oxtiern who also sends her lover away to prison. Ernestine is rescued by her father, but she plans revenge against Oxtiern by pretending to be her brother and arranging a duel. Prewarned of this, Oxtiern places her father in his stead, and all goes well for evil until the young lover (who has been let out of prison by the good Fabrice, whom the Marquis played in the Versailles production) interferes and kills Oxtiern. The review of the play in *Le Moniteur* describes Oxtiern as one of the "most atrocious, revolting men in all literature. More vile than Lovelace and not at all so likable."

Juliette, or the Triumph of Evil, is perhaps the height of "de Sadism." This sister of the unfortunate Justine chooses vice instead of virtue. Her tutor Noirceuil instructs her in all the elements and practices of vice in every country in the world. It is his conclusion that "feeling for humanity is a fantasy; it can never belong to the passions, nor even to the needs, for in sieges men are seen to devour each other. It is then no more than a feeling of weakness absolutely alien to Nature, an offspring of fear and prejudice."

There remains only one more topic to touch in this "de Sade Notebook," and that is, if de Sade was such a black mark upon humanity, if one cannot accept the worth Simone de Beauvoir attaches to the effect of his ethic, if he was such a poor writer, then why should the contemporary student bother with a study of him. There is one very good reason presented in Mario Praz's *The Romantic Agony*. Under "the shadow of the 'Divine Marquis,'" as Praz puts it, falls nearly every artist of the 19th Century. (All the Gothic novelists; Chateaubriard, Hugo, Sand, Shelly, Mrs. Shelley, Bauldelaire, Berlioz, Delacroix, Flaubert, Stendahl, Swinburne, Verlaine, Dostoievsky all felt his influence according to Praz. There is a mark of de Sade in this century's writings in France's madam Genet or our own Faulkner. Any complete picture of literature from the last hundred and fifty years should include a study of de Sade. Unfortunately for any serious scholar in this period, the censors do not agree.

COLLAGE

By Herb Schiller

A callage af lave—
bits and shreds af letters
ald pictures
a falded handkerchief smelling faintly af a last fragrance
a vacatian card
a birthday greeting, face dawnward
yellawed clippings
—framed by the rim af a waste basket.
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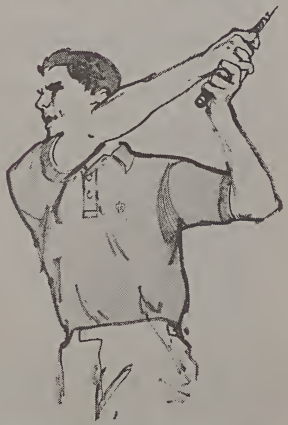

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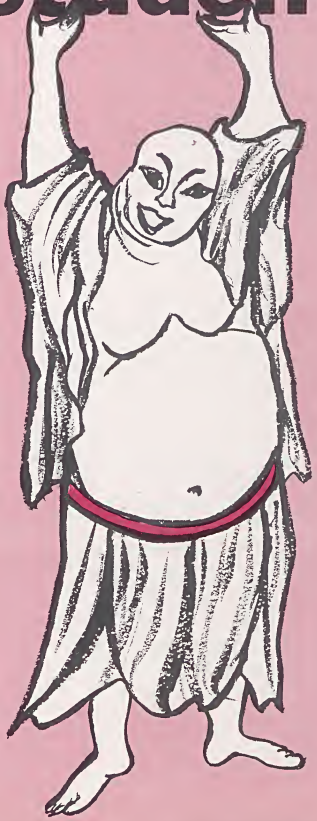

Laughs at You

HUMOR

ISSUE

the student

SOMETIME, 1962 HUMOR ISSUE VOLUME 77

This magazine was thrown together in spare time by BRUCE BACH (me). This terrible thing that I have done to Wake Forest could not have been done without help of people like my mother and father, who have supported me for 20 years now and who I hope will support me for at least another 20. There are many other people who have in some small way influenced this sinful publication, but most of their ugly faces can be found somewhere inside. The only other person connected with the production is HADEN HAMILTON, JR. He took care of the advertising end and uttered vile oaths. I promised not to get anyone else in trouble with the school officials. That is why nobody else is mentioned. Haden and I also refuse to take responsibility, so good luck Mom and Dad.

FICTION

A Silly One by . . . . . Diana Gilliland
An Awful One by . . . . . Jim McKinnon
A Worse One by . . . . . Conrad Smite
Nothing by . . . . . Harry Tribble

POETRY

Some Bad Stuff by . . . . Chris Frost and Bruce Bach
Some Terrible Stuff by . . . . . Lao-Tze
Nothing by . . . . . Fallstaff

ART (not really)

Cover . . . . . Mary Martin Pickard
Most Everything Else . . . . . Gail Wilson

INSPIRATION

Money and Hate and Madness

the student founded January, 1882, is published six times a year by the students of Wake Forest College.

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Profiles–

FBB

This issue of the Student Magazine was kind of put together between the laughs around this place. It is not really very good except that some of the parts are pretty obscene. We did not try to make it that way. We just have "dirty" minds. This fact should be obvious from our past editions. This does not really make any difference to us because our motto is "A Dirty Mind Is A Healthy Mind!"

As you drift aimlessly through these pages we honestly hope that you are not too bored. If you are, then 'da hell wit' ya. A lot of people didn't try too hard to make our annual Humor Issue a big success. Here are a few of them . . .

Diana Gilliland, who is bow-legged, wrote a really lousy story for us. It is all about Knights and horses and bad times. If you are a critic of literature and really want a few laughs, then read it. Nobody is quite sure what class Diana is in, but we do know that she is from somewhere in Africa and her parents are missionaries.

John Rosenthal didn't do a thing for this magazine but he has long hair and he is funny looking and I thought that this would be a good way to tell him so. Kathy Looney must be mad.

Jim Mc Kinnon is on a diet. He is some kind of big wheel in the Independent Council and he wrote a cynical story dealing with campus elections. This is the first time that he has contributed to the Student and it might be his last. Jim works for that second rate newspaper, the Old Gold and Black. His favorite person is Lynne Smuthers, a newspaper editor.

I would like to mention the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, who put up with me and who will like this magazine if I mention them.

Chris Frost and I have written some silly poetry called The Asheville Tales. Chris is a nice guy who wears awful ties, needs a haircut, and who is always singing folk songs. He is a sophomore from New York City and this is his first physical contribution to the Student. He has contributed encouragement all year and we like his music.

I have helped Chris on the Tales but I don't claim much credit, so blame him.

Gail Wilson has done almost all of the illustrations for this issue. She is a regular illustrator for the Student and she is wonderful because she gets her art work in on time. When Gail graduates she hopes to settle down and raise a family. We think that this is wonderful except that we are against marriage. We hope that Gail is too. She is too good of a girl to be institutionalized.

Conrad Smite has written a dumb story called Oog. Conrad is a big fat freshman from Tenafly, N. J. whom we all hate. It is not that he is really such a bad guy, but he has Body Odor and he seldom cleans his teeth. To give you an idea of how bad off this guy is, I can truthfully say that he dates high school girls regularly. This isn't so bad but when he got pinned to one of them we all turned against him. He pinned one of the ugliest ones, showing us that he has very poor taste in women. We hate people who have very poor taste in women, especially ones with B. O. We cut his story.

Mary Martin Pickard did our cover this time. She hangs around with people like Bruce Smith, who promised me a story and who didn't come through with it. Mary Martin is not a bad girl, but she is not a good girl either. She is our art editor and if she wasn't we would tell what she was really like. We do not want to say anything that would reflect badly upon us.

Only a fool would take credit for anything else in this obscene magazine. Once again I would like to thank my parents, blame all of the bad things on them (cause they ain't here) and ask them for more money.

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LANDSLIDE: FALLSKUNK

Lark Fleece Will Flee

by Pike Bunkins

Lark Fleece, the director of the campus S. S. and chief executioner, announced today that he was sponsoring a trip to Havana. The trip is planned for the spring vacation period of the year.

Mr. Fleece, whom everyone affectionately refers to as "The Snooper," says that the trip will be for both a vacation and to study the latest methods used in that country. Fleece said, "We here at Wake Forest should never rest on our merits. We should realize that many new things can be learned in a foreign country. It is fortunate that we have one of this type so close to our shores."

We then asked Fleece to elaborate on some of the planned activities. He said that there would be such things as marksmanship, spying, lying, and cheating. Mr. Fleece said, "We have been entirely too lax in my department. I plan to be able to say one thing and do the exact opposite before I leave Havana."

Mr. Fleece says that this is not all work to him. He enjoys what he does and he does what he enjoys. "I am very dedicated to my cause. I will clean this place up before I leave here. I promised good old Harry that when I took this job," said Lark.

Unfortunately, there will not be any room on this all-expense paid trip for any students due to the fact that Fleece plans to take along his wife, children, grandmother, 2 uncles, 4 cousins, and several of his neighbors. We asked Lark if he thought that this was completely fair or not. He said, "Ha, ha, well, that is just the breaks. You realize that this is based on a first come, first serve plan. I was the first to know about it so naturally I was the first to come. It is rough on the students but I try to remember that they are only students and nothing more."

PIKE BUNKINS, O. G. & B. Staffer, to bring suit against campus barber shop.

W. F. Student Is Honored

Len Chapell, a senior of Portage, Pa., was named today to the first team All-American. Len is a basketball player here at Wake Forest. He has failed to go out for any of the plays or to be on the debate team. In basketball he has broken nearly all of the school records and many persons on campus are very proud of him. He is also a member of the Monogram Club.

Best In Years

by Pike Bunkins

Staff Reporter

Fallskunk, a little brown dog, was elected president of the Etta Pie social fraternity yesterday. The election was won by a landslide. When asked to comment upon his unexpected victory, Fallskunk had this to say, "Arf, Arf!" His mate, a mean looking bull-dog who had served as his campaign manager and chief supporter, was smiling broadly and looking extremely happy.

When we asked Melvin Furd, a past president, to comment upon the situation he said, "I feel that good old Etta Pie made an excellent choice. Fallskunk was definitely the most qualified of the two candidates. He will probably be the best president that we have had in years."

Fallskunk's election was a real surprise in many ways. As far as anyone can remember, this is the first time in the history of social fraternities that an actual dog was elected as an officer. Dan Ackldey, the president of the Inter-Fraternal Council, was asked to comment and he had this to say, "Ha, ha, well I have seen 'um come and go but this is the first time that a real dog was elected. We have had some pretty close representations from some of the houses, but this beats it all. This is a real first for the Ett's."

Another surprising thing about Fallskunk's election was that he only pledged Etta Pie a month and a half ago. This story was run in an earlier addition of the paper. You could not have missed it.

The whole Etta Pie fraternity was overjoyed and they were in an extremely festive mood. They picked Fallskunk up on their shoulders and carried him to their hang-out, the Farmer's Dairy. Before they left Fallskunk was waving his paws and screaming wildly, "Arf, arf!"

Hi, folks, no editorials this week; Just me . . .

Student Prexy Heads Solons

by Aleaman Kink
Staff Reporter

Old Gold and Black's pick of the week this week is the president of the Wake Forest Student Legislature, affectionately known as the Wake Forest Arguing Committee. This guy is also president of the student body.

That august personality is none other than Stancil Hardwood Flapmouth.

Flapmouth's hobby is talking and looking royal. (It is rumored that his teeth are almost worn down to the gums as a result of constant gnashing of the teeth. He doesn't get his way all the time.)

In a past issue on the OG&B, Flapmouth was called the "unattackable, the unchallengeable." He does get upset when somebody does try to defy his words of great wisdom.

On last count, Flapmouth had made 2,348 statements to the Old Gold and Black and his name has appeared 3,794 times in these hallowed pages.

Our leader is married to a very fine gal from Wilson, N. C. She is very quiet and very beautiful. She seems to be on the verge of saying something everything this reporter asked her a question. But she could have saved her muscles the trouble of even half opening her mouth because Flapmouth most assuredly wears the pants in his family. No one else has the chance to.

But this newspaper gives every dog his dues, as the old saying goes. The president of the student body has done a stupendous job of organizing the student government into 99 committees. We salute the PICK OF THE WEEK — Stancil Hardwood Flapmouth.

W. F. TO FORSAKE SIN!

by Pike Bunkins

A fire-eyed, arm-flailing, Bible thumping evangelist hit the Wake Forest campus this week and within a day over a thousand had been converted.

"I'm against sin!" was the theme of Wally Grimes, internationally known, hard-hitting Bible carrier. Grimes' team of 35 sin-shooters had been on the campus a week preparing the students for the great emotional impact of the crusade.

Among the sin-shooters, one of the most prominent was George B. Shayes, a singer with a deep voice. He was so great rendering the special music that after each vocal there was nose-blowing and eye-wiping all over the tremendous assemblage.

During the week of shouting, the campus was a sight to behold. Students walked around in a daze and look scared. Several comments overheard were, "You reckon I really got to give up drinking?" "I wish my grandma could hear Wally." "Maybe I ought to start giving my cigarette money to Foreign Missions." and the most oft-repeated question this reporter heard was, "I've been saved. How about you?"

The tall, big man with the loud voice has made an unforgettable impression on the campus. Right away the toilet paper was cleaned out of the trees on the plaza. Cussing was cut to a minimum. Students snuck around to take a drink. Girls immediately upped their neckline and lowered their hemlines.

It would appear that Wally Grimes has been God's answer to the many Baptists in North Carolina. Now Wake Forest IS REALLY an institution to scare people back into the ways of the Lord. And it is all because of Wally Grimes.

Greeks Who Are Freaks

by "Chic" Rock
Chief Greek Freak

Kappa Sligma

The Kappa Sligmas have taken first place again this year in the annual APO look-alike contest. The hairy-chested boy performed this amazing feat for the sixth straight year. The truly fantastic thing is that while most organizations entered two persons the Kappa Sligs entered 43 brothers and 11 pledges who look almost exactly alike. This unchallenged display carried off first prize.

Etta Pie

The Ett's have pledged a dog named Fallskunk into their fraternity and he was elected president the same night. Past president Melvin Furd told this columnist, "With this recent addition of Fallskunk into our brotherhood we can safely say that we have more animals in good old Etta Pie than does any other frat on campus."

Pi Kapper Alpher

Brother Sam Grunt was elected "Piker of the Year." Sam won the fraternities highest honor after having been drunk for 67 consecutive days, engaging in 72 street fights and brawls during that time, and losing 71 of the aforeto mentioned brawls.

The fraternity recently sent flowers to little Charlie Cramton, age 6 of the Wake Forest kindergarden who is suffering from multiple wounds that he received when he was mistakenly attacked by one of the brothers.

Sligma Pii

No news.

Alphre Sligma

All three brothers left town last weekend.

Delma Sligma Pii

All of our theater straps will appear in the next play as usual. Norman Sneed was elected "Brother of the Year." The whole frat gave a vote of confidence to the "Carrie Nation Prohibition Society."

Sligma Phi Upsolon

The chapter room of the house was recently redecorated to look like a hot house. Slig Up president Stubby Shinless said that this would be a suitable place to house all of "our plants." (the only form of life lower than an animal.)

Sligma Cry

The Slig's recently had a "clean up those white low-cut sneckers" party. All of the "fellers" went their separate ways.

Seven brothers saw each other for the first time.

Kapper Alpher

A "furniture-breaking" party was held in the house last week. Bob Stunkie won the prize for breaking 2 sofas, 7 chairs, and smashing a picture of Robert E. Lee.

A "Drop Your Drawers" party is planned for next week.

● ● ●

No More Politics!

The Young Democrats Club of Wake Forest and the Young Republicans Club announced today that they were joining forces. This startling announcement came in the form of a joint communique issued by the presidents of the two clubs, Harvey Block and Aleaman Kinck.

The two were seen together, drinking at the Rat. When asked to comment they staggered up, arm in arm, and said, "We have had (hic) enough of this damn (hic) fighting. From now (hic) on we are going to (hic) put up posters together (hic)."

The two presidents were shaking hands and laughing loudly. "You be for my man and I'll be for yours" was the general tone of the conversation. The leaders of the two clubs vowed to work together for, "Less (hic) government and more (hic) parties."

All year the two clubs have been at each others throats, making charge and counter charge. Both clubs have claimed to represent the thinking of the student body. The two leaders said, "With our (hic) new program we are (hic) sure that we have (hic) captured the real (hic) feeling of the student body." They went back to their drinking, and singing of smutty songs with a vow of party unity. The name of the newly organized club will be the Young Party Club.

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Santa

VOTE FOR S(-)NT(-)
THE REAL SANTA
SANTA FOR TAX
GO TO THE POLLS (NORTH) ON X-MAS
VOTE WITH THE MASSES
I LIKE SANTA
VOTE FOR THE "CLAUS"

Something for Nothing

by Jim McKinnon

'Twas the night before elections, and all through the house everyone was scurring, even the mouse. The big day was only hours off, and there were still votes to be pleaded for and still promises to be made about how much improvement would result if A were elected rather than B or vice versa.

THE people on campus would soon be elected, and everyone knows that to be anybody, you must be one of THE leaders, one who guides the destiny of the college with his always capable leadership at some elective office.

For several weeks now, all of Santa's little elves have been busily working in an effort to see that all the little kids with the power of the vote did not see who Santa really was. After all, Santa is supposed to be someone from way off in Never-Never Land where only wheels live. Surely this great man could not be someone mundane and someone that everyone (including those who are not in THE group) could know.

So the little elves have been hard at work making preparations for Santa's triumphal entry into the world of the THE'S. This preparation had been thorough, so that everyone would appreciate the real worth of Santa when he came.

The funny thing is that there are two groups of elves, both vieing for their Santa's victory. All kinds of promises have been made. Santa will give you this, that, and the other thing, and if you don't like what he gives you, he'll even be glad to exchange it for you . . . that is if you are a good little kid and vote for Santa and make sure that he gets to be THE Santa and is in a position to give you these wonderous things that his elfs so eagerly promise. With all the different things that Santa will be busy doing it is hard to see how he can give anyone a present that is really worthwhile. The elves make it all sound very good, but come January everybody will have forgotten all the trivial promises anyway so what difference does it make whether or not Santa can carry all these high sounding ideas through to their completion. (At least this is what the elfs think!)

Santa himself has been making periodic visits to the Land of the Masses in an effort to convince its inhabitants that he really is Santa and really is going to bring them gifts of joy and good will. Santa even loses his aloofness for a few minutes and becomes the choice for all everything. His appearance is that of being one of the THE'S and one of the non-THE'S at the same time. There is no situation that he can't handle, no problem that he is not interested in, and what is most important no toy that he can't manufacture. Whether one likes it or not Santa is a good guy, and has the amazing ability to agree with the right people at the right time. Yes, he's quite a guy. Boy, Santa Claus can do anything; yes sir he gets my vote for all everything! What a guy, What a guy!

As X-Mas Day approaches everyone is filled with apprehension about just what the day will bring. Will it really bring all the solutions and toys that the kids have been asking for, or will it mean that some poor dumb, fool who just knows nothing about toys will be made master of the Give-out Squad? No one knows, everyone just hopes that he'll get that red fire truck; he has been such a good boy and surely Santa has no one that deserves it more. With pamphlets expounding the goodness of Santa, the Masses drop off into the arms of Morpheus feeling assured that the morrow will bring them the desired sugarplums.

'Tis now X-Day. All the final preparations are being made for Santa's arrival shortly after sundown. There in the midst of the beautiful moonlight he will come across the Plaza and be greeted by all his loyal little firetruck seekers.

Now this is really the busy day for Santa and the elfs, all of the last minute preparations must be made. All the elves are busy reassuring any who may have fallen by the wayside that Santa is THE Santa.

They even start filling the stockings early with punch and cookies under pretty little green tents; there is even good twist music since this is a festive occasion and everyone wants to get in the mood for the Santa's crowning as head toymaker.

The day proceeds, elves work, scheme, and worry. Both Santa's wonder just how in the world they can miss being picked for top job. They are "obviously" THE only choice.

The Masses have their day, and at least for a few hours are really somebody. They are important, they count, they are really in THE group. That is until they have decided on their Santa, at that time they once again become ostracized and slowly go back into the land of Nothingness. They are nothing once they find their Santa, and the Masses suddenly wake up to the horrible truth that Santa only has a certain amount of firetrucks and Darby dolls.

The Masses have now been accounted for and the REAL Santa chosen. He is coming down the stairs in triumphal entry now. All the Masses that happened to be lucky enough to know the REAL Santa are cheering wildly. The elves too are very happy, and why shouldn't they be; they worked the hardest, they undoubtedly will get the biggest fire truck. Santa won, boy, oh boy, what a great day this is! The land of the Masses will surely be a land of the THE'S in only a matter of hours. SANTA is in, may all the world sleep in peace and rest easy for everything will soon be "hunkie-dorey".

X-Day has come to an end, Santa reigns supreme, and once again the real meaning of Christmas has been missed.

The Asheville Tales

By

Chris Frost and Bruce Bach

This is the saga of a jaunty group of contemporary Rakes and Rogues on a modern-day pilgrimage. Their actual destination is the folk-festival that is held each April in Asheville but they travel under the guise of visiting the shrine of the patron saint of that town, Thomas Wolfe.

When April with its showers wet
And final exams not on us yet
When magnolia blossoms begin to bloom
And we think of leaving our winter tomb
When maidens skirts will not stay still
Oh! That eastern wind from Kernersville
With a month or two left in school
We begin to want to play and fool
"I will not take that mid-term test
The time has come for wandering west."
He crashed his fist upon the sill
And cried "God's arms, I'll have my will
Er, week's end Asheville will see
Me and my lusty company
To the shrine of Thomas we shall wend
The Wolfe I mean, and may God send
Many a full-bloom wench and fair
To comfort give on our way there
When I think of this bold company
Each of us with woman three
Prayerful thoughts would perhaps be best
But crimson wine will fulfill our quest."
And thus it was on that fine day
To a sporting green they made their way
A tavern there was upon that green
Where lusty men and maids were seen
With tankards clank and rowdy cries
Rogues, hard muscles and maid's soft eyes
In such an assemblage, They were the best
And with laughter gay we faced the west
And off we went on our journey long
With a maid's sweet kiss and a bard's brave song.

A player there was of football fame
Although I can not recall his name
Who on his sport was terribly keen
And many a bloody field had he seen
With helm of black and stripe of gold
He'd root them out and knock them cold
He'd grind them down to pulpy fodder
For his dear beloved Alma Mater
At Clemson, at Duke, at U.VA.
Many a fan was heard to say
"There is a man of honor and glory
Although his sport is amazingly gory
The shows in Rome did seem nigh tame
When placed beside this fellows game."
His arms and legs were extremely large
And at Chapel Hill he led the charge
But for all his lusty blood and guts
His strongest oath it was "Ah Nuts!"

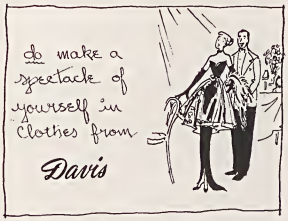
A scholar there was within our midst
A bright young fellow with bookish wits
With straw-like hair and face so pale
And library dust 'neath his fingernail
With weakly arms and pimply skin
His only love was the librarian
He never laughed nor drank a lick
And the specks he wore were a full inch thick
When lively music filled the air
This young scholar was never there
For the free and crass he had no use
And he eyed a maid as he would a goose
He loved his text over all he had said
And a lithe limbed lass he never would bed
And on this gay pilgrimage he did serve
As a weighty burden on each man's nerve.

So onward our company wended its way
With a lusty official of the W.G.A.
Her two long legs were both straight and fine
Methought her lips always stained with wine
Her breasts were as soft as two white doves
And her talk was all of her many loves
Before hard riders she did ride
Such was her lust for life and pride
That no man should take without her consent
But her love things and talents she readily lent
And many a Knight and many a Squire
Will attest to the fact that she was filled with fire
The gayest of we all she did seem
This fair-haired, buxom libertine.

A Lawman there was in surcoat blue
And for all his slow gait me thought him true
Steadfast withal though he did not race
With shambling Brogans at a workhorses pace
His ample belly was girt about
With a wide black belt of leather stout
And on this belt there did hang keys
Full many a one and if you please
This lawman was ready if you bent your knee
To open your door for a nominal fee
But though an out-rider would mumble his beads
And give to his Yahweh the best of fine deeds
Even then the arm of the law was long
And so though he were deaf he'd pay heed to no song
And as sure as lush wenches and wine are great needs
He would always slap summons on overparked steeds.

Actually, these tales go on and on but after this they get quite obscene so we have decided to stop them here. Generally, what happens is that these brave pilgrims get to Asheville after many a wild adventure. Once in Asheville they buy all of Wolfe's books and throw a three-day party. The W.G.A. official had a nervous breakdown and she is in a hospital somewhere in Kansas. The football player was last seen roaming the streets of Bat Cave, North Carolina, in a drunken stupor. Our scholar had a complete change of heart. He is now the proud owner of a string of brothels that go from Boston to Sinolora, Mexico. The policeman was the only one who returned. He is now 26 years old and he is often seen giving out tickets in the parking lot. You can't miss him because his hair is snow white.

—The Harvard Lampoon.



Before **After**

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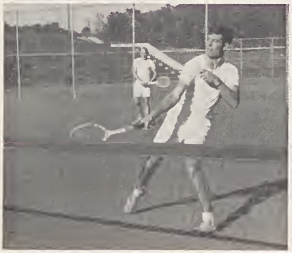

"Catalog" students at play

"Real" students at play

"Catalog" students at study

"Real" students at study

Walton Is An Earl's Pearl

"Catalog" picture of campus

"Real" picture of campus

"Catalog" student courtship

"Real" student courtship

A "modern" Poem

You're the most,
Man like a ghost,
And God too.
The eternal cosmic host.
We toast—Gin!

by
pike
bunkins

KRT
WILSON

The Rescue Of Dia--na!!!

by diana gilliland

It happened once in Camelot that there was a youthful squire who waited at the king's right hand to do his lord's bidding or to hand the noble Arthur an extra ace. At this time the truest test for young knighthood was the poker game and the young squire followed earnestly the fine intricacies of the game. The knights still sat around the Round Table which was engulfed in a haze of smoke from their cigars. This young squire was known by the name of Tryalot and had been raised in a convent by his mother, as had been every other decent knight of the Round Table. Due to his cloistered background he was still enamoured of the stories of the Goode Olde Dayes when knighthood was in flower, of the days of chivalry, of fair damsels and dragons, and so he began to dream.

Camelot at this time was a dry county because Merlin in a fit of anger had turned all the stills into Coca-Cola machines so the bootleg liquor business was a flourishing one. Oftentimes a knight crossing into another kingdom would return wearing a suit of armor several sizes too large, ready to defend his booty with his life. Tryalot had accompanied Galahad and Lancelot on one of these forays and because of his merit they proposed to the king that he be made a pledge of the KRT, the Knights of the Round Table.

As proof that he was qualified to be initiated into the KRT three knights were allowed to suggest trials which he must needs undergo. These were the usual three . . . rescue a damsel in distress, kill a dragon, and find the Grail. He set out on a borrowed horse and a suite of armor from the Camelot Pawn Shop. After three days of keeping his horse awake young Tryalot arrived at a ruined chapel in a forest glade. There were a couple of Runic stones, half a dozen ravens, and definite signs of dragon tracks. The horse imitated a setter and they were off, following the dragon tracks. Presently they came upon a fair damsel leaning against a tree, robed in silk of the purest white, her flowing golden hair forming a veil about her, and her two eyes pools of the clearest blue—at any rate there was a girl leaning against a tree surrounded by a dragon.

A dragon. It was small but it was a dragon, green with golden claws and billowing smoke and flames like an oil fire, and a tail covered with red and blue scales. Tryalot reined in his horse and meditated. He adjusted his spear and charged. The dragon rolled to one side and the spear stuck into the tree.

"You crazy or something?" shrieked the damsel.

"Fear not, fair damsel," he squeaked, trying to wrench his spear from the tree. "I shall save thee from yon dastardly beast."

"What kind of beast?" she asked, coming closer.

"Dastardly." He had the spear out.

"He is not. He was raised in our own kennels." She was livid.

"Oh."

"Were you trying to kill Polly?"

"Polly?"

"My dragon."

"Fair damsel, having thought you were in danger from this beast, I endeavored to . . ."

"I'll bet you're one of those KRTs."

"I have that honor."

"Get away from me you. I know about you KRTs. Help!" She ran off into the sunset.

This was a great blow to young Tryalot. She was supposed to have fainted and given him a token to wear in his helm. He mounted his charger and rode sadly off in the other direction. After many days of wandering and earnest searchings he came upon a castle. It stood huge and black upon a distant hill and Tryalot trembled and rode toward it. As he approached he saw a white cloth waving from the tower and a woman's form holding it. He galloped over the drawbridge, squeezed through the portcullis and galloped up the winding tower stairs. He burst through the iron-banded door and came upon a woman, tall and majestic, clothed in black. Her eyes flashed in horror.

"Fear not. I . . ."

"Get that filthy horse out of my castle."

"Fair madam I beheld your signal of distress from afar and I have come to aid you."

"What signal of distress."

He went to the window and pulled in a handful of nylon and ribbons.

"Oh."

"I always hang my lingerie out the window to dry. Saves walking all the way down to the courtyard. Now get that filthy horse out of my castle."

Tryalot rode slowly down the stairs. Thus had ended the episode of the dragon and thus had ended the episode of the lady in distress and he was pretty sick of the whole thing. Yet he persevered.

Tryalot decided it was time to search for the Grail. He spent the next week in prayer and the next two weeks in fasting, and awaited a vision. He envisioned fried chicken and ham and butter and eggs and nut-brown ale. He beheld alternate visions of No-Doze and feather beds. No Grail. He went back to the vision of the nut-brown ale but still no Grail so he decided to set out.

He rode and rode, through rain and storm and burning heat and sandy wastes and icy winds. Finally he came to the great mountains and after many days of searching he found the only path. After a couple of months he arrived at the top of the greatest mountain which was surrounded by a rustic enclosure. He hacked his way through it and immediately strange sweet odors assailed his nostrils. Held as if by a dream, and compelled by the music, he approached the little hut in the clearing. A small child stepped out of the hut bearing a vessel and followed by another who was performing on a stringed instrument. Tryalot dropped to his knees and bowed his head.

The kid dropped the jug with a crash and dashed into the hut yelling "Revenooers, Pa!"

Tryalot returned to Camelot a broken man. The KRT realized he had changed and initiated him into the brotherhood. After two years he was elected honorary vice-president. Arthur's Round Table (Open Nightly for Knights) continued in its own inimitable fashion.

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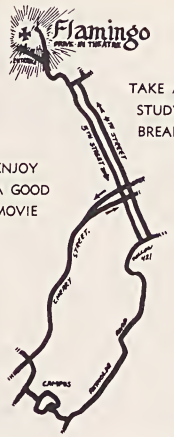

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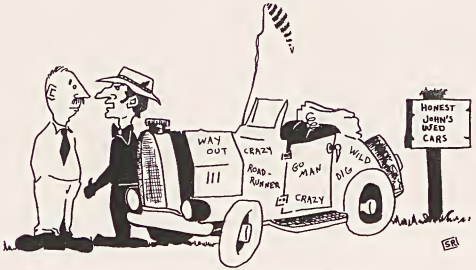

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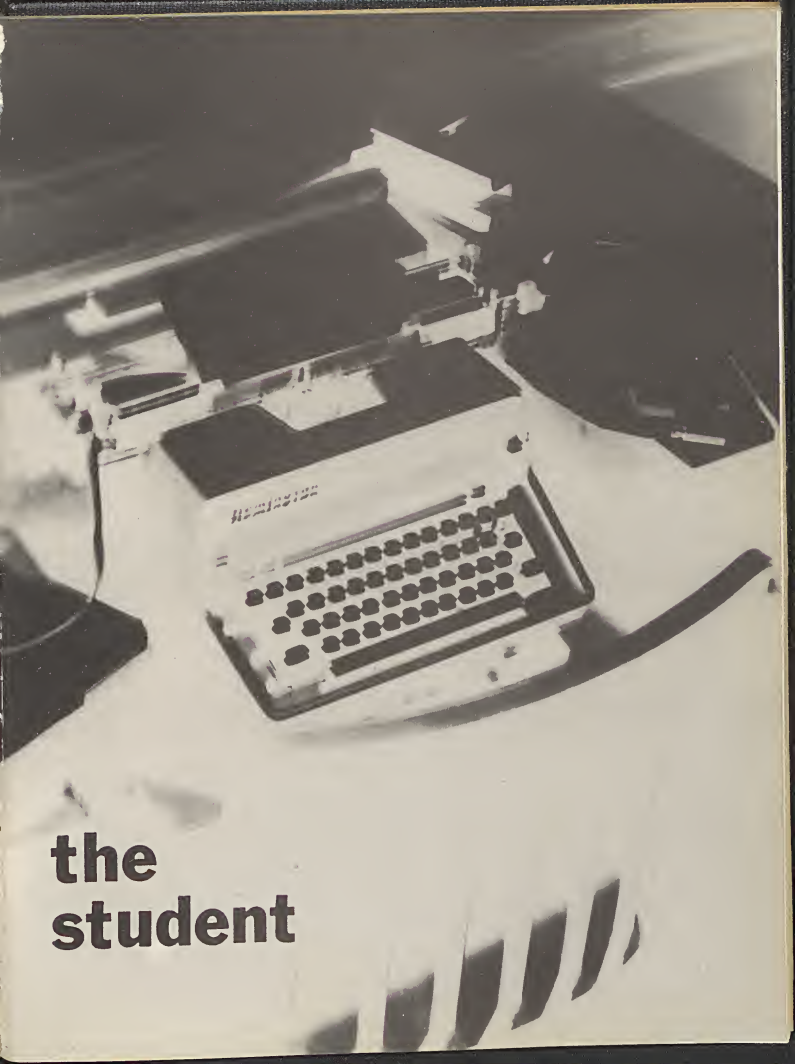

the student

The Student Magazine was founded in 1882. Since that time it has existed as the sole creative, literary, and artistic organ of the students of Wake Forest College. Due to arbitrary action on the part of the college administration, this will probably be the last issue of *The Student*. We, the editorial staff of *The Student*, would like to express our united opposition to this action. We also encourage the faculty and student body of Wake Forest College to demonstrate their concern this fall.

—FBB

Cover Photo By BUD CREECH

the student

VOLUME 77 NUMBER 7 MAY, 1962
(Summer Issue)

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ARTICLES

The First Lady of W.F.C. ..... Diana Gilliland
The Last of the Old School ..... Bruce Bach
A Stout Squeeze in the Middle ..... Jo De Young

FICTION

Grath, Inc. ..... George Cleland

POETRY

Collection of Four ..... Donia Ann Whiteley

ART

Kay Overman and Mary Martin Pickard

BOOK REVIEWS

Carolyn Zanger

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Profiles -F. B. B.

The summer is always long and hot. It is not a time for rushing around, but rather a time of leisure and just plain "taking it easy." This, the Summer Issue of *The Student*, was conceived with these things in mind. The Editorial Staff feels that this issue is a good balance of some very fine material. We hope that you will enjoy it, for we have enjoyed presenting it to you.

GEORGE CLELAND, a senior from Larchmont, New York and Business Manager of *The Student* last year, has turned writer for this issue. He has written a short story entitled *Grath, Inc.* It is a very interesting and well written capitalistic sequal to Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. George plans to graduate this August and attend Law School at Tulane next fall, but the main thing on his mind right now is a pretty young lady named Alice McDevitt. George and Alice are going to be married at the end of the summer. We wish them the best of luck.

DIANA GILLILAND is one of the more seasoned writers on our staff. Her poems and short stories should be familiar to all regular readers of *The Student*. For this issue Diana has written and edited an article about the career of our retired Dean of Women, Miss Lois Johnson. Diana claims that it is "a work of inspiration and love." We think that she is probably right. Besides writing for *The Student*, Diana also works for the *Old Gold & Black* and WFDD. She has lent invaluable assistance as associate editor for this issue of *The Student*.

Once in a great while we discover some poetry which we think is really exciting. We have done it this time, and the work is that of DONIA ANN WHITELEY. This is her first contribution to *The Student*, although her poetry has been published numerous times in other magazines. Donia is a sophomore honor student from Bethesda, Maryland. She is in the Honors Program here and so far her major is undecided. We hope to see a lot more of Donia's work in the future.

JO DE YOUNG has written a humorous essay entitled *A Stout Squeeze in the Middle* for this issue of *the Student*. Jo is a very pretty sophomore from Fairfax, Virginia. She is in the Honors Program here at the college. Her wit and fine style of writing have been demonstrated many times in her feature articles for the *Old Gold & Black*. This js the first of what we hope will be many contributions to *The Student*.

Our cover and all of the photography for this issue was done by BUD CREECH. Bud is a senior from New Orleans and he is an English major. He is a member of Sigma Chi Fraternity. Bud hopes to graduate this summer and go into the Marine officer's training program in the fall. We always hate to see someone with Bud's talent and imagination leave our staff, and we wish him the best of luck.

CAROLYN ZANGER is our book reviewer for this issue. She is a junior from Miami, Florida, and she too has come to us from the Honors Program. So far she is undecided as to her professional interest. This is her first contribution to the pages of *The Student*, although she has lent moral support and encouragement all year.

BRUCE BACH is a senior from Arlington, Virginia. He has served a editor for this issue of *The Student*, and has written a humorous article dealing with the last undergraduate student from the old campus still at Wake Forest. Bruce is a member of Kappa Sigma Fraternity. He plans to go to Madison Ave. and make a million dollars when he graduates.

The illustrators for this issue are BETTY KAY OVERMAN and MARY MARTIN PICKARD.

KAY OVERMAN is a senior from Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. She is an English major and she plans to teach when she graduates. This past semester Kay took art lessons at Salem College. She is one of our regular and most stable artists. The editorial board hopes to be working a lot more with Kay next year.

MARY MARTIN PICKARD is the "old-timer" on our art staff. This issue marks the end of her third year as an artist for *The Student*. This past year Mary Martin served as our Art Editor. She is a senior English major and she calls Lexington, N. C. home. When Mary Martin graduates next June, she plans to go to San Francisco to work and further her art career.

This rounds out the list of persons who have contributed to this issue. There are many more who have worked in various capacities to make this publication possible. We wish that all of them could be mentioned, but for the usual reasons, they cannot. We thank them too.

The First Lady of Wake Forest College

by Diana Gilliland

For twenty years of outstanding leadership, integrity, friendship, and good humor, to Dean Lois Johnson, First Lady of Wake Forest College, we the students express our love and appreciation.

Commencement 1962 with Dr. Liston Pope, Deon of the Yale Divinity School.

Maybe the best comment is her own. A recent article in the *Journal-Sentinel* gave her answer to the question of what she would miss the most.

"Men! I like men. Women my age are most often surrounded by widows or spinsters. I will miss talking and arguing with male faculty members. And I'll miss the exhilaration of being associated with youth, of being in a place where there's intellectual ferment."

In closing our interview with Miss Johnson, we asked if she had any particular comment she would like to make. She thought for a moment, then smiled and held out her arms. "I'd like to start all over again."

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A Stout Squeeze in the Middle

by

Jo De Young

Lurking in the closets, cupboards, medicine chests, and refrigerators of America is a creeping menace to our precarious sanity, a danger so insidious that neither the John Birch Society nor a congressional sub-committee has investigated it yet. The seemingly innocuous boxes, tubes, cartons, and packages that contain every daily essential have a characteristic that may soon become our Number One Frustration—they are impossible to open.

These products cleverly hoodwink the gullible with such names as "Instant Fizz" (by the time one finally rips it from its welded aluminum package with his teeth, the ancient tablet will only drown in the bottom of the glass) or "Quik Pak," a name invented by some wag for an assortment of little cereal boxes which collapse like a pile of bricks when any one of their number is extracted.

Directions lure the unsuspecting opener from every corner, side, or top. The yellow crescent on the edge of the box of soap screams "Press Here!" Perhaps they painted it on backwards. Why else must one push and push and PUSH to no avail, only to surrender and stab it in the middle with a knife? If one persists in the pressure method—with a box of powdered sugar, for example—the front of the box will suddenly crumple quite drastically, and lo! A soft white halo covereth wrath!

Cereal boxes are the worst offenders, although they boast handy, pop-up, flip-out, resealable (for those paragons of patience who don't simply jam the waxed paper back into the box), super-duper lids. In considering these containers, one must exclude those with cut-out baseball cards or cartoon masks on the back. Their contents erupts the instant they arrive from the supermarket. I accuse the most common offender—the ordinary perforated boxtop with the classic direction "Open Along Dotted Line." If one pushes hard enough along this little slitted line, the entire ten ounces of chocolate-covered cereal is guaranteed to come bouncing out the bottom of the box.

These conspirators against our peace of mind list scores of members in their party—the egg cartons that break in two for easy storage—for people who enjoy scrambled eggs—or, perhaps, the opener that lets one wind ¾ of the way around the top of the coffee can before the entire spool of metal springs from key to hand.

Door jams, hot water, and bottle openers are obsolete weapons when dealing with women's cosmetics. These bottles and jars come with lids so secure that no amount of feminine straining or crying can remove them. Not even Paul Bunyan could wrest the glued tops from bottles of nail polish or cold cream. Speaking of bottles . . . An attempt at the hurried removal of the top of a bottle of cough syrup or iodine is an interesting experience matched only by pulling the red string on a bandage to get nothing but a hole in the paper or fishing around in the bottom of a box for a "pop up" tissue.

Complaints meet little sympathy from manufacturers. Any moron, they maintain, can open their products effortlessly; and they spend millions demonstrating this on television. Misuse alone causes waste and irritation, they assert, smugly citing the toothpaste tube as an example. Imagine, if possible, the toothpaste tycoon at 6 a.m. with soap in his eyes and his wife's shrieks that he's late for work rasping in his ears . . . . Would he carefully roll HIS toothpaste tube from the end? Even a survey taken in leading dental colleges would reveal that nine out of ten dentists would strongly recommend a stout squeeze in the middle!

What can be done about this desperate situation? Legions of containers with tabs, dotted lines, keys, tops, spouts, and red strings surround us. This is war! For once as civilized animals, we MUST do what our instincts advise in the first place—slash with knives, tear with nails, twist with teeth, pound with fists, bounce on the floor—and, by all means, give an appropriate vocal accompaniment to lend atmosphere to the proceedings.

MARY MARTIN

Grath, Inc.

by George Cleland

Political and ethical implications expressed in this story intend to convey character images and do not necessarily reflect the views of the author . . . G. C.

"My God, Martha, it's not my fault. I didn't make the world the way it is — I just was born into it. I didn't make it, and I didn't make myself . . . and I didn't make them either. I just got here. Here it was — hundreds of thousands of years, and just as screwed up as it was when Adam and Eve got here and ate the Genesis apple. So it's still apples or peaches or cotton; what difference does it make? It's still the same screwed up mess . . . only on a grander scale, and Grath Incorporated can't change it."

He walked across the room and tossed the stub of his cigarette over the screen and under the mantle into the polished black marble fireplace. His sleeves were rolled up, but sagged down around his wrists — the humidity had taken the starch out of his shirt. His trousers were wrinkled behind his knees and limply sagged across the top of his shoes, where earlier in the day they had broken smartly. He turned and ran his hand up his face and into his hair, dragging his sleeve across one side of his face as he did so. Where the sleeve passed, the glistening of his face was momentarily erased, and the stubble of his afternoon growth of beard could be seen for a moment or two before it was again hidden by the light which reflected off the thin coat of sweat which reappeared. A trickle of that sweat eased down his temple into the corner of his eyebrow, which was heavy and dark, and which, when he had his Panama on, belied the increasing lightness of his graying hair. The trickle of sweat would build up behind the amber vein that crossed his temple, and then suddenly burst over that dam and rush down into his eyebrow. After his turn, he again faced the serene and downcast eyes of the woman.

Couldn't he make her understand, or did those downcast eyes that combatted his best reasoning understand more than any man could begin to comprehend. Had he ever understood her? Yes, he had . . . but then she had gotten pregnant with that son who was now almost thirty. Was woman somehow so unknowingly involved in creation that she couldn't ever really be incarnate and understand the hard facts of living in the world of real dirt, of real steel and real God-knows-what-all else — just like he couldn't understand niggers singing in a death cell? Or was she some mule-hard-headed bitch who wouldn't understand him?

"Look, Martha," he said, demanding at least her outward attention, but half pleading at the same time. "Look," he said, "I can't help it if I'm rich. I can't help it if great great damned granddaddy Grath grabbed up half of southern California after the gold petered out, and nobody wanted it badly enough to fight for it — the great Bear flag something-or-other and one lousy train and piles of Indians, half nigger, half wetback, half Irish and half any other damned thing that would crawl into a teepee with tobacco or fire water. Nobody wanted it badly enough to take it from him, and now everybody wants to take it from me: the Okies, that sick crippled ass a continent away from here, a pack of disciples of a malignant band of Russian revolutionaries. They all want to take it away from me — and you, . . . you want me to give it away."

She was silent.

Good God, couldn't she see that that wouldn't solve a thing? And that, even if he could do it, they'd just trample each other and drain the land into another dust bowl anyway.

"Martha, even if I wanted to give it away, I couldn't — it isn't mine to give. Don't you understand that 'Incorporated' means it's not mine? It belongs to literally hundreds of people, and I only work for them . . . and they don't want to give it away because they've invested all they own in it."

He wasn't getting through.

She sat there transfixed, hearing, but not understanding or not accepting. She was beautiful — no, no longer beautiful, though she had aged gracefully, as she had been when they were children together before Tom was born, but beautiful as the memory of their lives together. When they slept

together, she lay in his arms in the dark, not as a girl or a woman, but a tangible configuration of all that made his life full. She was not arms and legs then, nor face nor breasts, but an unseen manifestation of beauty and security and warmth, . . . and a strange something divine. She was all that really mattered; not the children, nor money nor the Grath empire — but couldn't she see that all he did or was was for her?

He wanted to throw his head in her lap and beg her to understand; and at the same time he wanted to grab her up by the arms and shout at her, and shake her into realizing. But he could do neither. He ran both hands up the side of his face and into his hair, as he sat down across from her; and then he unconsciously ran his hands along the sides of his trousers in a nervous attempt to rid them of the sticky sweaty feeling.

"O.K., Martha, perhaps I am rationalizing. We still control Grath, Incorporated. Tom has the figures — brought them into the office yesterday. The family owns almost sixty percent of the stock, and Tom figures that we could corral somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty, if it ever came to a proxy mess. But, Martha, even if we relinquished our holdings, it wouldn't do any good. Even if we gave every blessed displaced Okie a share of our holdings, it wouldn't accomplish a thing. Even if we had the resources to give every one of them the forty acres they claim they were robbed of back in Oklahoma, we'd just be denying reality and starting the cycle all over again.

"No bank ran them out of Oklahoma; they ran themselves out. They drained, each one of them, their land dry. They were the robbers, not the bank. They kept plowing back in that cotton and sucking the soil, until there was no more to suck. Then they borrowed money from the banks to try to suck more milk from the mother that had no more milk to give. So they sucked and sucked so hard that they sucked the mother's blood; and when they sucked all the blood, there was nothing left but dust. And they borrowed more money from the bank to be able to eat the dust of the mother that they destroyed. And when there was nothing more, they cursed the mother that was too loving to wean them years before."

He wanted to break down and sob and make her understand. He knew he couldn't, but he had to keep on explaining — she was the one person who had to understand, even if the rest of the world couldn't. But that was just it; the rest of the world did understand. Business is business, and he didn't invent or discover business any more than the tractor. A tractor is a tractor. Couldn't she understand that he could not will away tractors? It wasn't the tractors anyway; they were only the means to the inescapable end. Damn Marx and Lenin and whoever it was that put those harmless words into that concept. The tractors weren't the offenders any more than himself or the banks. It was those sucking, unrelenting parasites themselves. God, maybe the banks were responsible after all . . . for having loaned them the money in the first place.

He reached across and held her hand in his, and it was strangely cool; and it somehow transfused strength back into him.

She was looking down now — not at anything, but just down.

"Martha, look at me now," he said. "The banks didn't want their land and the tractors didn't take it from them. They took it away from themselves; they misused what God put there for them." Her look changed, almost imperceptably, but it changed. It changed from a benign bewilderment to a penetrating stare. Then he realized what he had said that made the impression — 'misused what God had put there for them.' It was the first time that he had thought of it that way himself, and the words had just flowed out. "They were unreliable stewards; and God, in his infinite wisdom, is banishing them — sending them into Egypt to be slaves." Then he thought to himself, that probably makes Roosevelt Moses; and that gave him a fleeting inner glow of amusement, but it did not show through in his expression.

He thought of the church, the Presbyterian Church that Grath money had built, and from which the Graths had never demanded anything in return — the church where each Sunday he and Martha would go and listen. They sat in the congregation wherever the usher chose to put them, and they never asked for any special treatment. He never served on any of the seemingly hundreds of committees that he was asked to serve on, simply because he didn't want to be influential. It was his gift, and he wanted it to be a gift. It was his way. And when they prayed, Martha always put her hand in his. And he thought of George in prison.

She was still looking at him — no, through him — when he began again, and her expression changed back and she was again distant, though she was listening.

"Oh, damnit." For some reason he had to be profane. "Damnit, damnit, damnit, Martha, I can't help it if the banks have investors who demand a return on their investments. Martha, a bank is a business; it borrows money from people and lends it to others. It is entrusted with some peoples' money, and it must have it when they want it. So if they lend money and can't get it back, then eventually all the money of the investors will be dissipated. The banks would be out of business, and the people would be out of their life-savings. And men would jump out of windows or hang themselves in basements, and kids couldn't go to college, and men's whole life's work would vanish. So the banks have to foreclose to protect their investments . . . and there is nothing unreasonable about it. Even then the banks are stuck with a valley of useless dust, and it's useless because those very people who claim they were robbed made it so. They made it so by sucking the life out of it. So the bank has to auction it off in order to get back that money with which their investors entrusted them."

I only hope she can follow me, he thought. Lord knows, I can't make it any more elementary.

She never had meddled in his business affairs, but she wasn't naive. She was more intelligent than himself, if the truth be known. But she'd not wanted to know the business; but at dinner when he'd tell her of all that went on at the office, she'd listen attentively, perhaps it was respectfully. Yet, to this day she didn't know an option from a proxy. Her intelligence was a resource that they had taken the luxury not to use. It was a cover crop, and was plowed back in to enrich the soil of the souls that she bore. She existed solely for him and their family: Tom, who already replaced him in the office; Mary, who was both beautiful and charming and discreetly uninformed; and Ruth, the change-of-life baby, who at twelve was so wonderfully spoiled and delightfully happy; and George, who was in jail awaiting a grand jury to be chosen.

She owns the control of the Company, he thought. Legally, she could do whatever she damned well pleased with it. Four years ago his lawyers had told him to convert all their personal holdings into her name so that, if he died, that limping socialist in Washington couldn't eat it away in taxes. He had done so, and he had told her about it at the time . . . but that was business, and she wouldn't have paid any attention to it.

He looked at her, and he loved her with an all-consuming love. And she responded with a look that made him aware of her anxious desire to understand, yet a look anxious desire to understand, but a look that made him know that there was no penetration to understanding.

"Try to understand me, Martha," he said. "So people like Grath, Incorporated, bought the worthless land. They bought it because they knew that with care and time the land would produce again. These people bought and owned the land, and they bought and owned tractors, and they bought it all because they knew that it would produce again.

"Martha, can't you see that when these new owners evicted the people who had

depleted the land, they were committing an act of unwilled mercy? These people who had lived there were already below the subsistence level. They couldn't even make their forty or sixty or however many acres produce enough to feed themselves; and if they'd stayed there, they would just have starved; slowly but surely the land that they had desecrated, defiled, destroyed, would have seen them die slow, anguished deaths. And it was a land that only wanted to see them live. The new owners brought in their tractors and pushed them out of their ignorance and shame. They wouldn't leave by themselves, for they still had something left to kill — themselves.

"These tractors came and plowed in cotton, only because cotton was the only crop that these people couldn't eat. If they had planted anything else, the people would have stayed to eat whatever meager offerings the spent soil might produce. Whatever it would produce would be like the whiskers that grow on a dead man — no life left in him, but the last hairs — the last dead hairs of his existence grow just a little more. So the people had to leave; they had a blessing that they did not deserve and did not recognize. And that cotton that was planted in the ruin that they left behind them barely paid for its planting. But then the old tenants that had turned their fully equipped apartments into decayed tenements had left. And the new owners went about reclaiming the land — God knows for how many years they need to plant cover crops and let the land sit idle before even the smallest glimpse of life will return to the soil.

"Now there are three hundred thousand of them streaming West from the Dust Bowl, all looking for a land of milk and honey, a utopia where they can begin their destructive ravishing of the land all over again. Manifest Destiny was accomplished over a hundred years ago. The blue Pacific was reached. The wall on the other side of California was reached, and Destiny rebounded off it and headed back East again — back where the tractors are made — back where they deal with dead things: coal and iron and steel and rivets. These people belong with those dead things. They belong where they can kill no more; where they can work among the dead."

She heard him, and she was silent. God, how he loved this woman.

"Of course I'm sorry for them; sorry because they're ignorant and bewildered and somehow cut off from their creator. But I'm not their creator, and I can't be their salvation. Every man has to find his own salvation. How can I help but feel sorry for them? More than that, I pity them; I don't want to, but I pity them. And no man wants to be pitied, but I pity them none the less. Those sick and diseased people, those miserable and wretched children suffering for the ignorance of their parents . . . my God, Martha, what can I do? I can't get down and grovel with them. Don't you think it breaks my heart to see man so wretched that I must pity him for being so miserable? Yes, Martha, I'm sorry for them all . . . even him."

He stopped, got up, wrung his hands until his knuckles turned white, and went to the window. He put one knee on the cushioned leather window seat and stared across the grass yard, trying to collect his thoughts. He leaned his elbow on his knee and thought to himself, why must I go through such agony to justify myself, when I know that what I do, I must do? Without her he could simply go on doing what he knew he must do, but here he was on the verge of raving, and she hadn't said a word.

She keeps me from being a machine, he thought, with just that look of quiet bewilderment. And he thought of the stained glass Madonna over the entrance to the Catholic Church on the way to town. She just knows it's wrong—not why or how, but just wrong. It's wrong all right, and I know it's wrong, and she makes me know it's wrong. It's so simple for her to simply know it's wrong. And I go through agony to try to tell her it's right—oh, hell, not right, but a fact . . . a fact that I have absolutely no control over.

He turned and walked toward the chair again, with his trousers still stuck to the back of his leg with sweat. He pulled at the back of his trouser legs and freed the material, and then sat down facing her again—only this time he leaned back in the stiff upright chair, rather than forward. Damn that effeminate decorator who made them get rid of his comfortable old red leather armchair, with the stuffing hanging out of the bottom where a spring had broken through: " . . . because it didn't conform with the decor," he had said. So he replaced it with the straight-backed abomination from some damn, moldy antique shop. Like a witness stand, he thought, as he began talking to the unchanged expression that made him love her all the more and hate himself.

"So they trek out here in broken-down cars that are as unworthy as the people who sold them to them in the first place. And they pile into this great coastal valley—like those African ants that crawl to the sea to drown themselves every so often—and destroy everything between where they've been and where they're going. And nobody knows where they came from exactly, or where they go to after they drown.

"These Oklahoma immigrants somehow claw their way here to California, saying there was some sort of a pamphlet that brought them. And they're not lying; there was some sort of a pamphlet . . . only that isn't what brought them. They came because there was nothing left to destroy where they were."

"There sure enough was a pamphlet; we've seen them at the office and the Executive Club. It says that there is work for five thousand crop workers, but nobody knows who got them out. Martha, there's scum in every profession and trade. Whoever got those pamphlets out knew damn well that those Okies would come streaming out here and drive pickers' wages down. But I didn't do it, and I'm not that scum. The fact is that they are here, and they're cutting each others' throats. And they're menaces to themselves and anybody who comes into contact with them. How typhoid or some other damn plague hasn't wiped out their shanty-towns long ago is a mystery to all of us. Even the wetbacks steer clear of them. So they'll pick your fruit and eat your heart out. They're as degradated as man can get before he retrogresses to animal."

She was silent, but he could tell that she winced inside at the word animal. He'd have to take a different tack if he didn't want to hurt her with the reality that really could do nothing but hurt. She had been hurt enough. Why did it have to be George?

"At the Club the other day somebody said that the whole mess is linked up with Communist underground activities. I didn't really get the connection, but there was something about everybody according to his capabilities and each according to his needs—a lot of idealistic slop. I wish it were that easy. Then we could root them out and be done with the whole mess. But this is no underground; this is the result of a changing way of life.

"Oh, God, Martha, I don't know. I keep on contradicting myself all over the place. Tom says he can see the handwriting on the wall. He says that Roosevelt will get us into that European mess, where we can get raped at every diplomatic turn . . . and the economy will boom, and nobody will be hungry and all these people will get on the Government payroll as soldiers, and most of them will get killed anyway . . . and that will be that. He says we could cut out Washington as a middle by just giving all our money to them as they come across th border. That way they'd be able to get drunker and more useless than they are now, before that corrupt bunch of creeping socialists down in Washington gets to line their pockets with it before it filters back here, . . . that's what he says . . . and that will be that."

He could see that his talking of Tom had her mind on George. He had to keep himself from thinking about George too.

"So we pay them as little as we can to pick our fruit; and if we paid them any more, the wetbacks would be streaming back across the border to take the work anyway. Or a machine could be brought in that would do all the field picking more cheaply. And without the field work they couldn't survive to work the fruit. There's another angle too: if we pay them more, then the retail prices go up and other people are priced out—people back in the East—people who are just barely able to keep their heads above water as it is, having to pay to keep all those damned Democrats digging a ditch one day and filling it the next.

"What am I to do: fold up Grath, Incoprated, and watch thousands of acres dis on the vine? Pay them executive wages and watch cans sit on the shelf until some damn fool is willing to pay thirty-nine dollars a can for peaches? . . . convert the house and gardens into a gigantic soup kitchin, and read their prayers while they eat, and wait until the world straightens out and they can make wages that don't offend their prides too much? Or maybe we could put a white uniform on Ruthie and send her into the shanties with baskets of food to do missionary work . . . and get George back out of jail to shoot them one at a time as the venereal-ridden little bastards try to beat her again and again."

"Oh, God, why did he say that? Why did he ever get started on this in the first place, . . . but most of all what made him throw up George?

George had come home that night and said he wanted to speak to him in the library. When he had closed the door behind him, and the shaded light of the desk was between them, George had looked him in the eye and said, "Dad, Ruthis isn't spending the night at the Hamilton's; she's in the hospital. I took her there myself." The young man, only a year out of Stanford, looked him calmly in the eyes but didn't focus on anything. Grath had stood there conmused and afraid to speak, as his son went on calmly and quietly. "I was coming home from the San Loomis fields, and when I got almost to the front gate, about halfway between here and the Hamilton's, I heard it. The top was down, and I heard Ruthie's scream from the brush a little beyond the gardener's cottage. By the time I got there, it was too late. I guess he saw me coming, but I got a glimpse at him. I found Ruthie sobbing hysterically in the cover grass. I wrapped her in the horse blanket from the rumble seat and drove her to County General. Here's the number and the name of the intern," he said, and he held out a piece of paper. Grath couldn't see the paper; he couldn't see anything. George dropped the paper on the desk and went on in the same calm, unmoved manner. "I guess he was waiting for her outside the gate and followed her. She's gonna be O.K. They're going to keep her overnight to make sure that she's over the shock and that there's no infection.

He went on. "I left her and got the horse gun from the stables." He was calm, and his blank gaze was steady. "I drove down to Hooverville. I knew he'd have to come back sooner or later, and it's a six-mile walk. He showed up about half an hour ago. He walked into the clearing at the entrance to the camp, and I stepped out of the car and emptied the gun into his head. I killed him, Dad. I shot him down in cold blood . . . not more than three feet away. I got back in the car and drove home. I blew his head clean off."

Later, when they got to the jail, George told the story over again with the same calm lack of emotion. Never had Garth felt closer to the boy. He had walked calmly into the first cell in the block behind the county jail and lay down and stared at the springs of the bunk above him. At the other end of the corridor a condemned Negro was humming in a penetrating deep-throated baritone. But it wasn't a sad sound. It was melancholy. The jailer didn't lock the cell door, and it stood half-open as Grath looked back at the boy who still stared calmly at the springs above him. There was a trickle down his cheek, but he was not crying . . . just staring. His face had the expression that experience wouldn't allow him for another fifty years. The expression belonged to an old man looking at the purple sky over a distant hill. He turned to the wall.

That had been three weeks ago. No publicity. Grath had seen to it that George would be freed after the "due process of law" found that temporary insanity obscured manslaughter. But the scars were there, and one ant would never make it to the sea. But the scars were burned in behind their eyes where they would look black in the daytime and red at night when the eyes were closed.

He'd come back home after seeing Ruthie sleeping in the hospital ,and he'd told her. And all she'd said is that she felt tired and had to go to bed, and he'd gone with her, and they said nothing more. And he lay awake all night with the red scars burning behind his eyes, and she lay in his arms and never moved.

He leaned forward and held her hands again, but he could say no more, for she knew. She knew it was wrong—not how or why, but it was simply wrong. And he couldn't do anything about it. He thought, hundreds of thousands of years for this. Oh God, God, I love her.

And they were tired at once and without a word. They walked up the stairs to the bedroom and lay down with their clothes on. It was getting dark, and she lay on his arm .In the dusk light the scars were changing from black to red, only not so vivid now.

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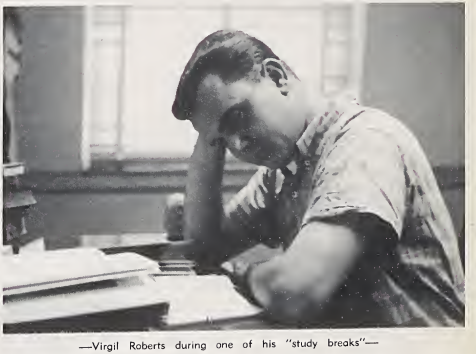
The Last of the Old School

by

Bruce Bach



—Virgil Roberts during one of his "study breaks"—

Clarence Virgil Roberts is the last remnant of a now almost extinct breed. He is the only remaining undergraduate student who began his college career at the Old Wake Forest.

Virgil left his home in Whiteville, North Carolina, seven long years ago when he entered Wake Forest in the fall of 1955. Since that time he has passed over 170 semester hours and no one is able to determine how many hours he has attempted. Virgil has had four different majors and the catalog has been changed on him twice. Somehow he still has not graduated, and he is not too hopeful that he will receive his diploma any time soon.

Virgil claims that he "heard the call to preach the word of God" when he was nine years old. His vocation remained with him from that time on, and he entered Wake Forest as a religion major. After a short stay in the Religion Department, Virgil decided that maybe he wasn't cut out to be a preacher.

Sociology was to be Virgil's second field of study. He did well in Sociology, but he just couldn't seem to get ahead because of the foreign language requirement. Another consideration also entered into Virgil's plans. In the summer of 1957 he was married. That fall he brought his wife back to college with him and he got the worst grades that he had ever had. In December of that year Virgil was forced to drop out of school in order to prevent failing all of his courses. He returned to school a short time later without his wife and his grades immediately improved. This experience of his has given Virgil some rather strong views concerning marriage in college. He advises, "I am definitely against people being married in college, especially if they have their wives with them. On the other hand, I have a two-year-old daughter who doesn't even know me."

Despite his success in Sociology, Virgil was still plagued by the problem of foreign language. The odds seemed against him, so he entered the School of Business Administration in order to get a fresh start. In the Business Department things went from bad to worse for Virgil. He failed Introductory Economics three times and this helped him to decide that the world of business was not for him.

"I always felt the call," Virgil says, "to work with the young people of our nation. We are in need, not of coaches, but of dedicated physical educators." Virgil had found his home, at last, in the Physical Education Department. He is doing well there and he enjoys what he is doing.

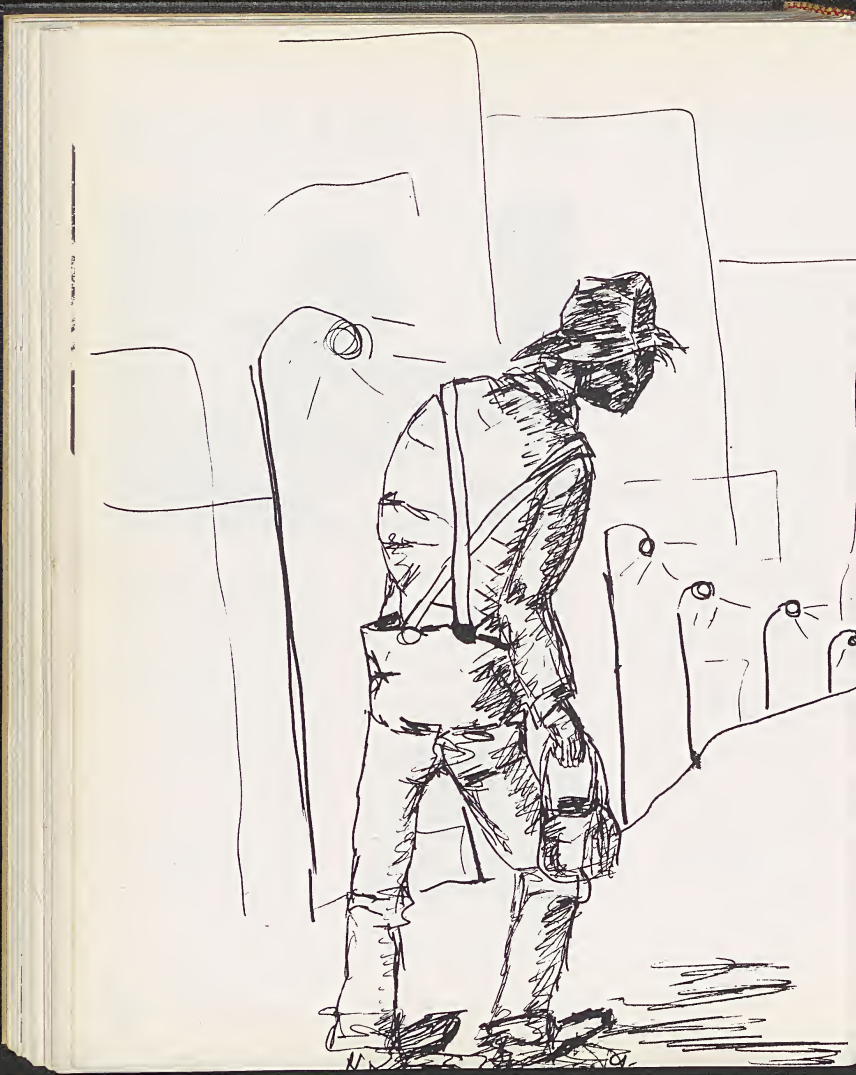
Virgil considers himself to be the most well-rounded individual at Wake Forest College. He says that he has learned to do everything from dealing with criminals in Sociology to weaving baskets in Physical Education to nothing in the Business Department. He has taken most of the required courses and all of the electives offered except for Calculus. This alone should qualify Virgil for graduation, but "because of the way that Spanish is offered" he does not think that he can possibly graduate until the summer of 1965.

In spite of this, Virgil still remains rather good-natured but he says, "This whole thing is quite frustrating. My father has been up here four times already to see me graduate and I just haven't got the heart to tell him that I am not going to make it again this summer."

Over the years Virgil has seen many changes at Wake Forest. The greatest change is the fact that the academics have become much more difficult. "There was a time," he says, "when all you had to do was attend classes and take notes. Things have gotten progressively harder and now it seems practically impossible to get out of this place." The other biggest change is that "the girls are better looking than they ever were."

Virgil is very proud of the fact that he is the last of the old school but he holds another record of which he is even more proud. Virgil holds the record for the most traffic tickets ever received in one semester ($148 worth). When confronted with this astounding bill, Virgil offered his automobile to the school in settlement. Captain Byrd turned him down cold.

When we asked Virgil to share his years of experience and give us a general impression of his college career, he summed it up this way, "It has been an awfully expensive proposition for my parents, but the past decade has been a barrel of fun."



Collection of four . . .

. . . by Donia Ann Whitely

NIGHT WORKER

I.

The sun sets, and he rises.
The kitchen is dark; he stumbles over a chair.
He closes the door softly, his bag of lunch under one arm.
The night is warm, close,
But the half-moon rises cold and hard.
His heels resound with hollow clicks on the empty sidewalk
And the fragrance of night-blooming jasmine assails him sweetly,
Unmuted by the emptiness.
Guardian of the night, he watches the mochines
While the city sleeps.
He checks the tonks and the gauges
While the stars converse in their silent, busy language.
He speoks to another worker, in a hushed tone
So as not to woke the sprawled city.
He eats his egg sandwich and opple omid the whirring of machines
While a next door neighbor tosses in his sleep, dreoming.
A cock crows; it is almost dawn
As he walks toward home with heavy feet.
The sun rises hotly.
The birds begin to converse in their noisy, busy language.
His children play among the flowers and trees.
His dog chases a bird and a butterfly
And thirstily laps water from a standing pool.
His wife cleans the house and cooks the stew
And packs an egg sandwich and an apple into a brown paper sack.
But he hears and sees them not,
For now he sleeps.

II.

The sun sets, ond he rises.
The kitchen is dark; he corefully walks around the chair.
He closes the door softly, his bog lunch under one arm.
What need has he of the sun?
He hos the frosty coolness of the moon!
What need has he to heor the murmur of the city,
Or the song of the birds?
He is audience to the silent conversation of the stars!
Whot need hos he to smell the stew cooking on the stove?
The frogrance of the sweet, sad, night-blooming jasmine is his,
And his alone.
What need has he to see his children and his dog
Ploying omong the flowers?
He sees the emptiness of the quiet city streets at midnight,
And the yellow circles from the street lights ot each corner.
And between the street corners
He sees the darkness.
When he grows lonely and heartsick amid the whirring of machines,
When his soul becomes weory, and he hungers,
Then he can eat his egg sandwich and his apple.

A TIME-MINDED MAN

He wos driving us toward the blue Volkswagen
In the black ond white stotion wagon
Becouse the blue Volkswogen
Had broken down.
One of the 40 horses had stopped going, I guess—
(I think its name was Bottery.)
We were moving down some highway
With other station wagons and Volkswagens (with all 40 horses going)
All around us . . .
I did as a Child would do ond looked out my window,
For he was busy with his own thoughts,
High thoughts, and important—
Befitting o man of his position.
Then, after a bit, I saw a creek cutting through a meadow;
"And there the trees ," I thought,
"Poised over the creek with their hair hanging down
As if eternally arrested on the brink of fulfillment
By some sudden, parolyzing voice . . . ",
I wos obout to say it oloud, too
But he spoke first (a time-minded man):
"Five minutes to get to where it's parked," he mused,
"Five more to start it, ond five to get it to the neorest garage.
Then ten more minutes and I'll have you home."
(And he was proud to have figured it out so well.)
My thirsty trees slipped quickly by,
And soon we were at The Spot,
And there it wos, resting leisurely in the shade of o lane
(Smorter than he'd give it credit for being, I'd say).
But the horse co-orperated better than expected.
And the gorage was closer thon we thought;
So we soon found ourselves on the highway home.
Agoin his silence left me to my own Childish devices,
So I turned to the window once more . . .
Then, after a while, I saw some trees standing in a wood;
"And there the trees," I thought, "whose trunks and limbs
Stond smothered in thick ivy, looking like soft ond woolly green babies
Protected from a world of sharp edges . . . "
I was obout to say it aloud, too,
But suddenly he looked ot his watch
And spoke first agoin (a time-minded mon):
"We're ten minutes ahead of schedule," he soid;
And there was o triumphant smugness to his voice
As of a sort of conquest.
My woolly trees slipped quickly by
As I sat back to contemplate our cunning.
I guess we really outfoxed someone;
We really put one over on somebody,
I guess.

NIGHT GAMES

Sometimes in summer I hear them,
The children ot their night gomes,
When worm winds corry muffled shouting saunds
Around o hause's carner,
Across the josmine-sweetened velvet yards.

Star-maddened
They blindly run their nether ways
In o night thot is nat o night,
But o dorkly fair extensian of a day,
Wrapped in gaad wormness and kindly claaked
With cricket saunds af happy dark.

Oblivious
They play their breathless night games
In following withaut restroint
The thrilling, nameless passian af pursuit
That strangely paunds every small,
Uncamprehending breast.
And saftly an those summer nights
And high oport, within a stiff canfine of oge,

I weep
Ta know again the wicked-dark campulsion
Thot stirs the quickening delight of chose
And tauches with cald fingers of desire

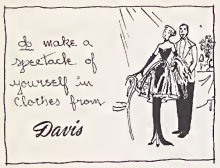
The quorry,
Chilled with deliciaus fear of finol apprehensian . . .
With heoviness barn of taa mony yeors,
And saftly then,

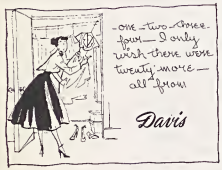
I weep—
For helter-skelter thraugh thase nights af na sadness
We taa ance raced thraugh gomes af innacent passian.

AN EPICUREAN ON DEATH

Heed not the paets' prattled praise
Of light and jay and peace af mind
And brilliont Heoven-gotes which wait
Thy soul's orrival after death.
O' be ye not deceived by praise!
Sing not of triumph post the grave—
Far post the grave is nought but nought,
And after once the finol veil
Is drown ocross thy oshen face
It lifts no more. O' foithful faols!
Heed now the stark ond naked truth,
And knaw thot when ye die,
Ye die.

Why grosp ye not, o' sans 'af opes,
This doy—thy given time to live?
Stand ye up stroight, ond feost upan
That hill, thase rocks, that butterfly.
Open wide thine eyes, and see
That life connat be pushed aside
Until a glorious, future day!
Ye shall not see another dawn,
But bitterly shall weep ta find
Thy years lie crumbled 'mid the ruin
Of hollow hope ond wosted chonce.
The trees, the stors, the skies—are thine!
Awake! Embrace them oll, thot when
The finol veil's forever drown
Ye die a man—and well content
Ta knaw that while ye lived,
Ye lived.





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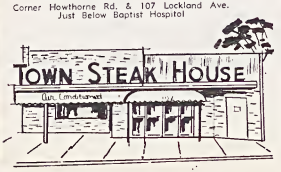

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The Student Review

by

Carolyn Zanger

PLATERO AND I
AN ANDALUSIAN ELEGY
Juan Ramon Jimenez

Juan Ramon Jimenez was born in an Andalusian Village in the south of Spain in 1881. In 1956, the world recognized his artistic genius by awarding him the Nobel Prize for Literature. *Platero and I*, written in his later years, is a poetical prose work which captures all of the gaity, charm, melancholy, and anachronistic character of Andalusia—an Old World province in a Modern Age. Although the book focuses on this small section of Spain, it is far from provincial because of the author's broad perspective gained from wide travel and study.

The book contains one hundred and seven brief chapters which reveal the author's different moods—ironic, idealistic, realistic, etc. Each chapter reveals some aspect of Andalusian life or customs—eating, drinking, carnivals, religion. All seasons of the year and all times of day and night are described.

Because of the charm and simplicity of Jimenez's writing, *Platero and I* is appealing to children, who delight in the adventure of Platero, the happy burro—made of "both steel and quicksilver," and to adults, who respond to the conversations between Platero and the author which are symbolic of Jimenez's communion with all of nature.

Although conscious of social inequalities, the attitude of the poet is not moral but aesthetic. Writing in an impressionistic style, the poet's guiding ideal is never morality or sentiment but always Beauty.

> Intelligence, give me
> the exact name of things!
> Let my word be
> the thing itself, newly created by my soul.

The above phrase from one of his poems is the poet's expression of his own ability to blend intellect and emotion, to capture the essence of an experince. These qualities are suggested by the very titles of the chapters in *Platero and I*—"Nightfall," "Ride," "Bread,"—and it is these qualities which give the book its universal appeal.

AIMEZ-VOUS BRAHMS . . .
Francoise Sagan

In *Aimez-vous Brahms*, Francoise Sagan reshuffles her *Bonjour Tristesse* and *A Certain Smile* characters and deals the reader an unsophisticated young man named Simon (naturally) who falls in love with an "older" woman, Paule. Paule is thirty-nine, beautiful, and a little bit desperate—the tired kind of desperate, because her established lover, Roger, refuses to commit himself to her completely. He is having an affair with Maisy, a vapid creature reminiscent of Elsa in *Bonjour Tristesse*.

The three main characters seem incapable of any action which would extricate them from the unsatisfying situation in which they find themselves. Paule cannot find escape from Roger with Simon even though he would live for her alone as Roger never would. Simon can face no reality except Paule—She is the strength in their relationship, and consequently he loses her. Roger cannot accept the responsibility of marriage to Paule although he can objectively see the absurdity of his position, as Paule can see hers.

In spite of these lucid moments of self-perception, Paule and Roger accept the disillusioned world of middle age as inevitable. The novel closes with the same world-weary tone in which it begins with Roger breaking a dinner date with Paule.

The impact of the story is not achieved by outstanding characterization—the characters are not interesting in themselves and therefore do not interest Sagan, who wastes few words on description of character or setting—but from effective narrative and dialogue. At times the dialogue is unreal as evidenced by the conversation in the movie based on the book, "Goodbye Again," which closely follows the text of the novel. The words actually spoken occasionaly border on the absurd. Generally, however, Sagan, with one brief conversation, reflects the mood of an era. "Aimez-vous Brahms?" Simon asks Paule. This one trite question assumes great significance for Paule when she realizes she can't answer the question. Does she really care about anything except herself and her existence? Paule is typical of our generation—she has lost track of herself, of where she is going on a treadmill of everyday routine. Herein lies the book's significance.

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